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THE RETURN OF THE PRINCESS.

PART FIRST.

I.

MARTHA! Your little princess has reached Marseilles! Alas, dearest, scarcely a day has flown, and I am already so far away! It seems almost a century since we parted, and I feel so lonely. After our cruel separation at the station, it is unnecessary to tell you that, despite my pretended courage, you had no sooner left the car than I burst into tears, and wept as if my heart would break. While I thus indulged my grief, poor Bell, in the methodical manner which is her second nature, busied herself in arranging our traveling-luggage, and silently let the crisis pass. An overwhelming sense of loneliness oppressed me. Torn so suddenly from those I loved, it seemed as if all the ties which attached me to earth were uprooted; and with my desolation was mixed a vague terror. Can this unknown family that recall me make me forget the one I lose, and with whom I have been so happy? From my earliest recollection I have known only your home, and, although destiny carries me to Egypt, my heart will dwell with you alone. I will always in memory remain in that dear house and great garden, filled with our dreams; and one half of me will always be with your dear mother and yourself.

"Bell," I cried, "*you* will never leave me?" and seizing her hands I sobbed aloud.

In my utter desolation I was amazed at the thoughtlessness in which I had so long lived. Life had been so sweet in your home that you had seemed like a true sister, and your mother's affection, almost as deep as that she bore you, always made me feel like one of your own family. Why, indeed, should I have distressed myself about the future? All I know of myself is, that I was born in Cairo, a princess, and rich; that I

was five years old when M. Güttler, my father's banker, brought me to you. Speaking no language but Arabic, I was for a whole week so thoroughly obstinate and untamable that the poor baroness, in despair, seriously thought of sending me back to my native pyramids. Thanks to you, however, I was subdued, and Bell transformed me into a little creature—I will not say reasonable, but at least civilized. In your home I was too happy to regret my own. Do you remember the morning when my old Arab professor, who came daily to converse with me in my own tongue, observed that I was nearly grown; and the astonishment with which we learned that the customs of my country required that girls should be shut up in the harems before the age of twelve? I was then fifteen.

You threw yourself on my neck crying, "Then they have forgotten you!"

Martha, I had hoped they always would forget me. Though so grieved, I wept myself to sleep; but even in slumber my distress continued, and the break of day found me still engrossed with my sad reminiscences. One of those lovely October suns, that we so loved under our shady trees, shone through my windows, recalling our journey together last year over this same road, in going to Nice, and sweet memories rushed in crowds to my heart, dimming my eyes.

"*Poor little thing,*" whispered Bell, suspecting something of this. I let my head fall on her shoulder, and she soothingly spoke of you, of hope, of the future, of the happiness I should feel when you came to visit me in Egypt. As I doubted if your mother would ever come so far, she suggested that it might be your bridal excursion. So hasten, dearest; lose no time in getting married—and come. When we reached Marseilles, we went to the same hotel, and had

the identical apartments we occupied together. Alas! how lonely I did feel! I was chilled to the heart. All was over for me; I had lost you, and the future loomed dark and desolate.

The vessel was not to sail until the next morning, so Bell, to divert my mind, took me round the town. A very sharp altercation disagreeably marked our promenade. It was the first disagreement between us. I went to a florist to purchase some camellia-plants and dwarf bananas, and ordered them to be expressed to Paris, to you. Bell led me out of the greenhouse.

"A bouquet," she said to me, as we passed along; "a thousand francs for flowers. We must be economical, Miriam. Egypt is bankrupt."

You know me well enough to understand what my outburst was at this unlooked-for prudence; but I had my way, and you shall have your flowers.

We continued our walk, and I scolded Bell, who did not seem to mind it in the least. In a half hour I was so weary that she stopped a carriage.

"It is marvelous," I said, "that you do not compel me to walk—to 'economize.'"

"You are not accustomed to walk," she answered, "and a carriage is necessary for you. God forbid that I should ever deprive you of necessary things!"

"It is also necessary for me to afford pleasures to my friends."

She pressed both my hands in hers. "Darling," she said. But this caress did not mollify me.

After dinner, where I behaved very crossly, as soon as the servant left the room, she rose with that quiet smile which gives her the appearance of irritating wisdom, and unfolded that unlucky letter, the cause of all my trouble.

I scornfully threw it aside, but, without being in the least disconcerted, she picked it up and read aloud:

"DEAR M. GUTLER: I beg you will send my daughter home to me by the first steamer. My superintendent will only pay half your account, for I have no more money at present. Egypt is ruined!"

How dull this hotel seems without you! Curled up in the corner of the fireplace, in an easy-chair, I dream of Egypt. . . . Am I not like one of those children we sometimes read of, who, deserted for the best part of a lifetime, are at length hunted up and recalled, like a package deposited and forgotten in the interval? This is certainly a romance, and, if my heart were not

involved, my imagination, which you always think extravagant, would recognize the resemblance. What am I to find out there? I try to picture that father whom I have never seen; that country which only seems to offer one advantage—heat—for I am always as cold as a dead fish. I try to jest, my poor Martha, but at heart I tremble, and that word "forgotten," that in your tenderness you one day uttered, is it not the painful disclosure of long indifference, or some misfortune to which I have no key?

Do not scold. Your last little lecture is still remembered. It is, that reasons or circumstances are more compulsory than inclination. If my father separated from his daughter, it was because it was necessary; if he now recalls her, it is because the obstacle to her return is removed. All this may be very true, but what of that? You know I am not gifted by nature with that passive submission which yields blindly and unquestioningly. I must inquire into things. My brain will be active in spite of me. Must I own it? At this moment when I am going to rejoin my family, my feelings are those of agony. I am terrified. Yes, I am terrified at the unknown! I picture my father cold, severe, hostile even to this daughter reared so far away from him. Why should he love me? He does not know me; and, besides, what bond unites us to each other? The thought of my mother alone would console me; but I well know that my mother is dead, for she would not have abandoned me.

Come, dearest, marry quickly, because I wish it, and you never refuse me anything. Then you can come and seek me, and we can consult together with your husband, whether I shall keep you with me, or you shall carry me off with you. Divide with your mother my tenderest love.

II.

I HAVE seen my father! He is good, tender, and charming—and I love him!

My arrival at Chimilah was a bewilderment—a dream, and I write you from the Palace of a Thousand and One Nights. And yet Egypt is ruined! But I see, if I do not tell you my adventures connectedly, you will think I am crazy.

After writing my letter from Marseilles I went to rest, as we had to rise very early the next morning to take the Alexandria boat. I will pass over the night, which, as usual with me, was one of unbroken sleep. I will not describe the scene in the morning: Bell forcibly tore me out of bed and dressed me. The account of our voyage will not interest you any more than the portraits of Madame Panafy, the wife of the most important banker of Cairo, and her two daughters, with hanging, disheveled hair. It must

suffice you to know that from first to last, from larboard to starboard, I inspired universal curiosity, and was a subject of general conversation. Bell soon learned the secret of this astonishing sensation, caused by the name of the Princess Miriam among the list of passengers first, and afterward, because, according to the habits and usages of Egypt, it was an unheard-of thing, incredible and extraordinary, that my highness, seventeen years of age, should go thus without a veil, or *habarah*, a shrouding robe, and without guardians of the harem.

The seventh day rose. From daylight until evening we were in sight of Alexandria. It was very rough, but we were on deck by day-dawn. Bell that morning had no need to rouse me. Leaning against the side of the vessel, I gazed upon the muddy stream, upon which floated a crowd of white vessels. We advanced slowly. Some small boats left the bank and came to meet us. All around us the passengers, lorgnette in hand, eagerly sought to find their friends and relations. It was a joyous moment for them all. I sadly remembered that the ruin was the cause of my return, and that I was about to fall into the midst of misfortune. I repressed my tears, holding tightly to Bell's arm as if I were clinging to her protection as the only love left me. A half hour flew thus. Trembling and anxious I thought of you. The vessel stopped and an anchor was thrown out, while the little boats crowded like a flock of birds around our ship and exchanged signals. There was no one for me to recognize. The boatmen, clothed in a long blue robe, their heads covered by turbans (or *takies*), with their guttural voices uttering a strange dialect, seemed to be heard by me for the first time. I entered my native land as a stranger. Yet under this warm light these types, these costumes, this butterfly assortment of colors, this uproar and busy life—what can I say of it? My curiosity so carried me away that I forgot everything—I looked only. A very large boat with a canopy, rowed by twelve oarsmen, soon absorbed my attention. At its approach the others made way. It came toward the ship leaving a light track upon the water, its twelve oars falling in measured cadence, its curtains flying in the breeze. At the back a man was seated, his head erect and haughty, his arms crossed upon his breast; he was doubtless some grand personage. When the boat reached us he rose and ascended the ladder to the deck, where the captain received him with uncovered head. What was my surprise when both came toward me! When they reached me the captain introduced me. Martha! This individual, to whom every one paid homage, was my father! He opened his arms, and I threw myself into them.

My father, Martha, is young and elegant. He is barely thirty-nine years old. Tall, slender, very graceful, with deep, dark, proud eyes, a chiseled nose, and of a pale complexion. What more can I tell you? You already recognize the portrait of his daughter—in beauty.

He bowed to Bell with the loveliest smile, thanking her in some graceful sentences, and in very easy French, for having been willing to accompany me to Egypt and continue her charge of me; after that he led me to my cabin, where my women were awaiting me. I could not disembark nor show myself clothed as a European. My harem-life had begun. One could not oppose my father. His air, his bearing, and his tone, a nameless something about him, command at the same time respect and submission. I obeyed without uttering a word. At the door of my cabin, negroes mounted guard. I entered, and found myself in the presence of two phantoms hidden under their *habaraks*—a sort of black silk bag or sack which conceals their heads, hands, and bodies—through two holes their eyes shine like glowing charcoal. A little later I went out exactly like these phantoms, except that I wore a white *habarah* and a heavy lace veil.

Bell was all black. I laughed as I went stumbling in my drapery, and had to walk with the greatest care to prevent my falling down. I looked in vain for my father, the Koran forbidding any Mussulman to go about with a woman. I was alone with my attendants. We took our places in a superb boat, hidden under awnings. On landing, a carriage was awaiting us. I entered it, followed by Bella, and my attendants in front. Think how it all must have interested me. The costume of the *rais* (runners) appeared charming to me. A vest embroidered in gold, with long sleeves of gauze floating like wings. The black men mounted horses richly caparisoned, and rode one at each door, the blinds of which had been carefully lowered by my women in waiting. Two of the men rode in front of the carriage, and two in the rear closed the procession—a veritable *cortège*.

Then, my dear, a strange thing occurred. You know how I always have jested myself about my title of princess. But this apparel, these attendants, this respect, so confused me that, rather serious under the gaze of my people, and as though they could see my features under my veil, it seemed to me as if I grew suddenly greater. Laugh at me, my beauty. I was intimidated by my own rank. I was silent, absorbed in this new rôle, dazzled and charmed. The thought of my father transported me, and I loved him already. I also already love this country which is his.

The carriage stopped at the station, where all

were busy. They led us through a road forbidden to people generally, to a car which had been secured for us. The negroes locked us in, and staid outside themselves. Picture to yourself an Arab saloon—divans, carpets, little tables incrustured with mother-of-pearl, and golden curtains before the windows of extraordinary tenuity, like the gauzy film of a fly's wing. It was impossible for any one outside to see within, but from the interior it was very easy to look through this diaphanous curtain. I soon perceived my father gazing on my padlocked prison. I attempted to spring toward him, but the expression of my women proved that I should be guilty of great folly. The princess would forget herself. The journey seemed interminably long to me. At each station our jailers showed themselves, bringing fruits, flowers, and fresh water, and keeping guard at the door. At Cairo the same escort as at Alexandria, horses and carriages so exactly resembling each other that it seemed as if they had been brought along with us.

You expect, doubtless, that I will describe Cairo, but such a reader as you are has already devoured, since my departure, all that has been written on the subject. Cairo! This country of mine! I gazed through a little opening of the closed blinds. What a crowd, what reveling of rich coloring, what rags, what shining array, what a picturesque effect, what dust, and what filth!

We left the town, and our carriage entered a superb grove of sycamores. This place is called Choubrah. Under this arch of foliage the sun cast little spots of gold upon the dark road, while in the distance the white line of palaces deepened yet more the sapphire tint of the Nile, where glided gently the *dahabicks*—those boats with two sails extended like the wings of a bird. I was beside myself with delight—reassured, confiding, and intoxicated.

Then we arrived at Chimilah, the place where I was born. First, we entered an immense door, and passed through a large court; then a second door was seen, on each side of which were two black boys seated upon stone benches, who ran to open it for us. The palace is vast, painted rose-color, and without other architectural decoration than the wonderfully worked gratings in nearly all the windows. The building has a very lofty *rez-de-chaussée*, surmounted by a single story. At each side are two very elegant pavilions. The carriage stopped at the foot of a flight of marble steps, where my father was awaiting me, and who carried me in. A dozen eunuchs were ranged under the peristyle. I was too agitated to observe any of the rooms through which we passed. Alone, we two entered a grand saloon, softly shaded, and opening on a large veranda, blooming as a greenhouse.

He raised my veil and threw it back.

"Let me look at you," he said.

I stood timidly before him, but he made me sit with him on the divan, holding my hand in his. Then we spoke. He inquired with solicitude of the fatigue of the voyage. I answered in Arabic, and he was delighted to see I had not forgotten my mother tongue. He questioned me with tender familiarity. I related my past life, introducing your mother and yourself. He gazed on me with a sort of delighted surprise, seeking to find my childish countenance in my present expression, and interrupting me by paternal admiration, at which I could not help blushing. Then with a sweet smile he said:

"Listen to me, Miriam. Before presenting you to your family, I wish to prepare you for certain very natural surprises. You know nothing of your country, nor of us, nor our customs: you are a child of Europe. I dread this abrupt change in your life, for I fear you will suffer from certain customs totally opposed to your education and ideas. But, while I do not wish to see you suffer, you must promise, my daughter, to render me implicit obedience, so that my happiness in regaining you may not be disturbed by annoyance or dissensions."

"Make your mind easy, father," I warmly answered; "I will obey you."

"I have lived in Europe," continued he, "and do not hide from myself all the difficulty you will have in keeping your promise. The harem has customs which, at first, will seem tyrannical to you; afterward you will find the yoke easy and gentle."

Touched by these words I assured him anew of my submission. Timidly I ventured to question him about my mother. She died young, at twenty years of age. He also informed me that I have a brother named Ali who was educated in England. I discover that, in separating my brother and myself, my father yielded to the influence of his first wife, whose hatred of my mother had extended to us.

"If I tell you these things, Miriam," he added with a tinge of melancholy, "it is because there are details that my affection would not, could not, let others inform you of. They prate a good deal in the harems, and the slaves would have repeated them in their own fashion. This I wished to avoid."

I thanked him warmly. Then, kissing me on the forehead—

"Come, now," said he, "they await us."

He rose and we passed along large galleries deliciously fresh and cool. Suddenly an open door discovered to me the most unexpected, the strangest, the most fairy-like tableau. Here, my dear, begin "The Thousand and One Nights."

Imagine an immense hall dazzling in gilding and silk, shaded into semi-darkness by shrubbery and flowers, filled with about fifty women, wives, servants, or slaves, all clothed in wonderful costumes. I advanced like one in a dream. All were standing, according to the strict etiquette of the harem, motionless and silent. In the silence which welcomed the entrance of the master, two of them approached to salute him in the Arabic fashion, bowing very low, and carrying his hand to their hearts, their lips, and afterward to their foreheads. They were my father's two wives. One, yellow and withered, though she was only thirty-six, apparently an invalid, who walked dragging her sandals, wore a sort of lilac silk pelisse trimmed with fur, falling over pantaloons of green silk; on her head and brow, hidden in a little turban of silver gauze, a large band of diamonds as large as peas formed a sort of diadem which proclaimed her the matron. The other, on the contrary, was very young, original, and charming, her eyes greatly enlarged by a black circle. She had a small, delicate head and features of statuesque regularity—not appearing older than myself. A robe of rose-colored satin, very open in the neck, which sparkled with diamonds, showed her graceful figure; and the baggy pantaloons of cherry silk appeared below the short skirt. Her hair was divided into a multitude of little plaits, and, intermingled with sequins, covered her back.

My father presented me to both, adding that he depended on them to render the customs of the harem pleasant to me. The first, Zeinab-Hanum, the old enemy of my mother, and cause of my long exile, bent earnestly upon me a gaze of which the hardness still remained, though the brightness was extinguished. The second, Saïda-Hanum, kissed me very gently on each cheek. Then came my sisters' and brothers' turn. First Hosnah, aged twenty, eldest daughter of Zeinab, dressed even more magnificently than Saïda, with the same lavish use of kohl, of henna, and of precious stones. Her extraordinary *embonpoint* amazed me. Notwithstanding the sweetest of smiles, I suspect we shall never be friends. Then Farideh, nineteen, with auburn-tinted hair, Parisian costume, and eye-glasses. I was amazed at her. Smilingly she said "Good morning" in French. She seems a very nice person. My father then named my other brothers and sisters—Sulema, Aïssé, Fatma, Cartoum, Saïd, Ahmed, Ibrahim, and Fahahry—according to their ages; the boys, not being yet seven years old, still mingled with the girls. This little crowd shyly received me with gentle kisses. I exerted myself to the utmost at this ceremonial, excusing myself for my ignorance, through which I might perhaps offend some of their most cherished ideas.

Farideh inquired how, having once dwelt in Paris, I could bear to live so far away from it.

"The affection that I shall find here will console me for that which I lose," I replied.

This answer won for me the approval of Zeinab, and another kiss from Saïda. We soon took leave of my family, my father excusing me on the score of a fatiguing journey, and conducting me to my own apartment; for, with a kind forethought for my Christian education, he has assigned me an apartment where I can be free to continue my home habits of civilization. I have my own house, one of the wings of the palace, with a door opening on the garden, and my own attendants, so that I can be perfectly independent. A sort of gallery inclosed in glass, with camellias and other flowers from one end to the other, separates my harem from that of Zeinab and Saïda. My *rez-de-chaussée* is the pretty hall in the form of a rotunda of which I have already told you, and a grand saloon where I shall receive my visitors. I had scarcely entered, when a woman rushed forward and fell at my feet.

"This is Nazly, your nurse," said my father.

I raised her and took her in my arms. Twenty slaves then came to kiss the hem of my robe, and it appears I have others still. "But Egypt is ruined."

A staircase, paved with little mosaics, in the middle of which is placed a thick carpet, leads to the first floor. There my nest is, a *bijou* of a boudoir, where the most refined European is mingled with the most fantastic Oriental luxury; then comes my chamber, and next it Bell's. Birds, penetrating perfumes, the bright horizon, and tropical plants, heightened still more the effect of the brilliant stuffs and the harmonious combination of tone. I am forgetting to tell you that my chamber possesses a bed!—a veritable *bed* in gilded silver, which is, it appears, a *recherché* exotic. Bell will be compelled to teach my women how to arrange it. It is a new art for them; as here they all sleep on divans.

"Behold your home," said my father.

For a last time he took my hands, and, kissing me on the forehead—

"Rest yourself; and above all do not regret too much—"

"I have forgotten all in seeing you," I answered.

And this was true. Are you not jealous?

As soon as I was alone with Bell and Nazly, I began to examine my domain in detail. A sort of wardrobe was arranged as a dressing-room. All the trunks were open and empty. Oh, dearest, the marvelous clothing! We unfolded all: *firedgets* of moire, lace veils, Damascus silks, Brussels mantillas, and all the exquisite phanta-

sies of the Oriental costume. Bell was in ecstasies. I felt a certain malice in recalling *our famous ruin* to her memory. I ran from room to room, dazzled, charmed, looking at everything, touching everything, going from one object to another, to retrace my steps, as I was drawn back by some new thing I had passed over. My boudoir, particularly, enchants me. The walls of white Chinese satin are wadded and caught with pearls. From the cupola in the center of the ceiling depends a filigree luster, the very work of Arachne, with glass pendants of the softest rose-color. My divan is of cloth of gold, my tables inlaid with turquoise, and for a carpet I have ermine. Behold, what an Eastern dream! Weary of admiring, I returned to the hall. It was the dinner-hour, and the thoughtfulness of my father had been exercised even there, for they served me in the French style; but I did justice also to some Arab sweets they sent me from the great harem. I have passed this evening in writing you, though my letter, which I shall send by the English courier to save time, can not leave for three days. Yet I have not been slow to share my enchantment with you. I hastened to tell you immediately of this arrival I have so dreaded. Momently I put down my pen to gaze around. How strange everything seems! Seated at my feet, Nazly, with her eyes filled with tears, looks at me with adoration. She was the one who took me to France. Poor, dear creature! She loved my mother; she was from the same country; both were Circassians. Bell comes to tell me it is very late, and insists I must be tired. I believe she is right. To-morrow, then, dearest, we will continue our conversation.

III.

YOU will not be astonished that this morning, on awaking, I found it necessary to recall my recollections. I felt as if I was returning from a flight into fairyland. My glance fell upon your portrait, which Bell had had the delicate *prudence* of placing before my bed, and my memory returned. Dear Martha, from the heart of this sumptuous chamber, from my home of a princess, I send a sigh of regret for my young girl's nest, resounding with the noise of our outbursts of morning laughter. What are you doing now? You are thinking perhaps of me, awaiting a letter impatiently, asking yourself all that I am now trying to bring before you. The excitement of the voyage, this new family, this luxury, these strange customs, have overwhelmed me at first and stunned me. I had nearly forgotten you in this tumult of surprises and emotions. Calm now, rested from all my fatigues, in the quiet of my curiosity, you were the first whom I sought. My second thought was of my father. My

father!—I have a father! How sweet this word is for me to say! How quickly I have become accustomed to the charm of an affection of which until now I knew nothing! Oh, yes, Martha, he is good, and he loves me. What care for my happiness! What thoughtfulness to accustom me by degrees to a change of life so abrupt and strange! He will be everything to me. He will take the place of all the dear affections of my childhood, and, to resign myself to your loss, I shall love him all the more.

I had slept badly, and rose very early. The harem—mistresses and slaves—still slept. As a child would run, rather anxious on awaking, about a new toy which it fears to have lost while sleeping, I slowly recommenced an inspection of my dwelling, to convince myself that some malicious *génie* had not destroyed it by enchantment. All remained the same. My birds were flying among the flowers of the veranda. The gardens under my windows spread out immense and magnificent; the light-blue sky was lost in the dark-green shadow of the trees. Peeping through the leaves could be seen golden apples and the ripe fruits of the orange- and citron-trees. They had not been gathered, so that they could longer delight and perfume. I called Bell and Nazly, and we all three went down into the garden.

It is now the 1st of December, but it is summer here—summer with the delightfulness of spring, with richest coloring, luxuriant flowers, a serenity that is bright and gay. I went under domes of magnolias in bloom, stopping at parterres of roses, and gathering them without stint. Bell and Nazly bent under the load. We thus reached one of the pavilions, which I entered. A portico, divided into several compartments, surrounded a marble basin, in the waters of which the blue sky was reflected. This is our bath. I was astonished to find there games, pieces of needlework, some chibouks, and an assortment of nargiles; but Nazly tells me that the women of the harem spend many hours there, eating, smoking, and often dancing.

When I returned, my attendants were awaiting me. They relieved me of my prize, and ornamented some baskets under my direction. They were all so young, graceful, and pretty, with their beautiful dresses, that I greatly admired them. They look like daughters of sultans, and yet they are only poor slaves, whose sole business is to serve and please me. I had finished my breakfast, when I saw my father enter, and I ran to him, holding up my brow to be kissed.

"I come to inquire after your health," he said, "and to have a long talk with you."

He drew me to the veranda, and made me sit beside him.

"I strongly suspect," he cried, smiling, "that you are a spoiled child."

"Why?"

"From the manner in which you described the family who had charge of you, I am convinced that they have greatly spoiled you."

"Will not you continue to do the same?"

"Yes, I will do all I can to render your prison more attractive—for, after your European life, the harem must seem nearly a prison to you—but I can not release you from the customs which are established among us. You must submit to them without rebellion or murmuring."

He then explained to me that, in allowing me my own home, and the privilege of living there in my own fashion, taking my French repasts, and preserving all my Parisian habits, he imposed on me the duty of extreme deference to Zeinab-Hanum and her daughter Hosnah, my eldest sister.

"I have no necessity to speak of Saïda," he said, "for I am sure you will be friends."

It was very requisite, then, that I should not keep aloof from the grand harem. I must show myself docile and observant of all their forms of etiquette, which would very soon become familiar to me.

"My visits to your apartments are very serious departures from our usual habits," he continued. "I must only see you in the midst of your family. Yet I will try to steal in sometimes; but this must be a secret between us."

I promised what he required with a submission that delighted him.

"Do you know that I am utterly surprised to find you so intelligent and reasonable?"

"Father, you are a flatterer."

"No, I am proud of you."

He continued his directions, and my course of life is arranged: rights and duties are clearly defined; the code can not be infringed. I can act as I choose between the high walls of Chimilah, but I can not go beyond them, except in a coach accompanied by some women, and escorted after our Eastern mode.

My father instructed me then in the details of governing my house. The management of things outside devolves on the eunuchs; their chief, who represents me outside, is quite a personage. The control of the slaves belongs to the *chiaïa*—that is to say, to my dear Nazly.

"In short, you have only to float along," he concluded; "you will very soon have plenty of company, and amusements will not be lacking."

In the course of our conversation I made inquiries about my brother Ali. He has a mission in the provinces. I am anxious to know this son of my mother, educated, like myself, far from his own people. My father's manner of speaking

proves that he loves him, but he did not conceal from me the grief that his marriage has caused him. Ali has married an infidel—an Englishwoman who is not received at Chimilah. Though I dared not venture a remark, this ostracism appears to me a little barbarous.

My father had just left me, when a knocking was heard. It was Saïda-Hanum, my young step-mother. She hastened to embrace me.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Seventeen and a half."

"I am sixteen. Will you be my friend?"

"With all my heart."

The compact sealed, we had a very pleasant talk. It appears that my arrival has upset everything. The manner in which my father had treated me was the most amazing of all. Heaven only knows all the questions she had to ask me. To her the word Europe seemed to have a wonderful and alarming effect. With the attractive, coquettish airs of a young savage, she eagerly ferreted in my still full trunks, dying to try on everything; then she again turned to me, asking a thousand explanations, listening amazed and incredulous, frequently interrupting me in her childish way to show the difference between Mohammedan and other customs. Far from envying the liberty of Christian women, she testified a lively terror of them. What! to go out alone, without a veil; to speak to men; to have to think for one's self; to watch over one's self; to direct one's own life! What work it must be; what a care; what difficulty! She was astonished that the good God had created women for them to suffer in such work.

Very soon again we were chattering nonsense, and laughing like children. She spoke of Zeinab, who was called the "Great Lady," as was the custom, and in virtue of the precedence of her age and rank, and she irreverently mimicked her.

"And what do they call you?" I asked.

"The Durrah, which means parrot!"

When we had chatted a long time, she said:

"I came to carry you over to the harem; they are impatiently awaiting you; but first I must dress you. You are a Hanum-Effendim now."

She called Nazly, and, with the abandon of a child, she carried me into the dressing-room, where my slaves were busy putting things in order. It was difficult for her to decide, but after many doubts my little step-mother was satisfied.

Drawing me away from the mirror, assisted by Nazly, she proceeded to transform me. The work required time, for each detail entailed a fresh consultation. Saïda-Hanum wished me to look beautiful. When they had adjusted the last bracelet, they solemnly led me to a mirror, and I

will own that I was struck with surprise and wonder. A robe of gold lama gauze, open in front, was cut in three lappets of equal length, the one in the middle of the back forming a train, the two others crossing each other and caught up at the waist. My sash alone defined my figure. Under this robe very large pantalets of white silk fell over my ankles, half covering my slippers, which were embroidered with pearls. But, more than all, my eyes amazed me, for a line of kohl increased them to an immense size. These wonderful eyes made the red of my lips intense. Shall I own, Martha, that for a moment of unspeakable pride I found myself nearly pretty?

My entrance into the harem caused a lively sensation. I remembered my father's instructions and went to pay my respects to the Great Lady, who lisped a few words without rising from her cushions. The others all crowded round me, for you can readily imagine I was a curiosity. I think their character is simply a blending of egotism and childishness. After an hour or so they became accustomed to my presence. Zeinab, lying on her divan, smoked silently. Some sat in a circle listening to a story-teller, and others sang, playing *darboukas* and beating *tara-bouks*, the noise of which did not seem to annoy the *hanums* in the least. My youngest sisters chased each other in pursuit of a gauze-fly—an Eastern token of cheerfulness. Through the open doors the noise of the women and children reached the gardens, like a short recreation of prisoners. In the midst of all this the eunuch remained grave and solemn, occasionally vouchsafing a grim smile at some pretty slave—some Circassian who, freighted with beauty, was decorating the house with magnificent flowers.

My duty to my family accomplished, I returned to my own apartments and found Bell. Need I say of whom we spoke? Ah! dearest Martha, If you were only here!

IV.

THREE weeks have flown, my well-beloved, and, recovered from my surprise and amazement, I can now exactly relate to you this new life of your poor Miriam. This singular return to my family, to this unknown fireside where I came as a stranger, in vain seeking some distant recollection, some link to attach me to it, often causes me incredible amazement, and in the heart of this palace, under these skies of unchanging blue, in the midst of these flowery gardens, I frequently ask myself if all is more than some curious dream. All the customs and manners of the harem are so strange to me that it is an effort to recognize myself in this *role* of an Arab princess surrounded by slaves. The sweet and tender idea that I was to meet a family has quickly van-

ished, as you can conceive, disconcerted by the confused crowd, who first made me realize my isolation. You know I am brave; the reaction has taken place, and, with a heart full of love for my father, I have come to hope only in him. In asking, dearest, an exact account of the employment of the days of your Scheherezade, as you style me, you greatly embarrass me. It is not that the programme is very complicated; but this strange course of life resembles the ideal so little that in truth I can not compare it to anything that we have conceived, so as to describe its mingled charm and emptiness. It has a stream of ideas and impressions which one must have experienced to understand. Is this living? Is it dreaming? I do not know, for the height of these enjoyments may be summed up in three words—eating, drinking, sleeping—but these are done in an Eastern, that is to say, indolent and magnificent manner. One rises late, takes a bath, dresses, nibbles a little, lounges on the divan, listens to the chattering of the slaves, and awaits the visit of the master. Add to this, some sailing in *dahabiehs* on the Nile, or drives in a coach under the shady groves of Choubrah, and you will have an idea of this daily life, which, despite all its sumptuous surroundings, is as monotonous as the blue stream that flows under my windows upon its bed of golden sand. Yet there are hours the indescribable charm of which I can not define. In the evening, by the light of the lusters, the *gavazies* dancing to the music of their instruments, the young slaves shaking in the air their hands moistened with rose-water, waiters passed around laden with sherbet, the nargiles and chibouks mixing their smoke in a light cloud which escapes through the perfuming-pan in which they burn lumps of amber, the light gleaming upon the stones and rich dresses—all these make the time fly, by absorption of being in a sentiment at once material and ecstatic.

My natural idleness fits me well for this course of life, where one scarcely takes the trouble to form a wish; though my Parisian tastes, you will readily comprehend, demand some diversion from this superb *far niente*. You have already divined that I isolate myself from this pretty feminine flock, whose whole intelligence scarcely rises beyond the admiration of a pearl or the choice of a slipper. At my own home with Bell and Nazly, I spend my time in this manner: I read, I write, I dream. Then, as Saïda says, I am a Frenchwoman.

My pretty Durrah, now my friend, soon made me *au fait* to all the *can-cans* of the harem; and I am now well informed on the usages. This union of Zeinab and Saïda, as incomprehensible and puzzling as it appears to you, is here the simplest thing in the world. The laws of the coun-

try allow each to have her own harem, but they never have felt the need of invoking the law, and together form an admirable household. The Great Lady is nearly a mother to the Durrah. Far from being jealous of her juvenile beauty, she willingly decorates her with her own hands, giving most judicious advice about placing the henna, which, with Zeinab, they say has reached the highest degree of art. Saïda, on her side, treats Zeinab with all the respect of a daughter: she does not plume herself too much on her influence as favorite, but puts that influence very amiably at the service of the Great Lady. In short, they divide the sovereignty of the harem.

Zeinab has kept up a reverence for the traditions, wonderfully understanding all the forms of etiquette and ceremonies of Mussulman home-life. Saïda only desires jewels and dresses. She frolics like a child with her slaves, surrounding herself with the youngest, while the eldest naturally group around the severe spouse. It is a very strange spectacle to see the two enthrone themselves at each extremity of the immense hall, the one gravely lying on her divan, smoking her nargile, drowsy, exhausted, sometimes raising herself on her cushions to speak with the *chiaïa* or with some eunuch; the other, dazzling as the sun, laughing, eager for new games, mixing in the singing and dancing. Saïda pointed out to me Farideh's mother, a Greek slave, whom the rules of Oriental etiquette prevent from seating herself in her daughter's presence. The name of Farideh alone always brings a peal of laughter from the lips of my step-mother. On the other hand, she evades all questions about my sister Hosnah. Her voice changes, even, in pronouncing her name. She seems to be afraid of her.

I have not seen Hosnah again since she left Cairo, on the morning of my arrival, for her home at Mansourah; but Farideh has been to Chimi-lah. If I had allowed it, she would have upset everything in my pretty boudoir, so as to crowd it with trash from the French bazaar, the refuse from the Marseilles shops. She spoke with much animation of her Parisian dresses, and her hatred of Hosnah, giving me the reason for the latter feeling. It seems that the "Catherine gentry" are divided into two female parties, which my two sisters represent. Hosnah heads that of Old Egypt, the ultras, the adherents of old forms, while Farideh leads the schism—the opposition—in favor of reform and a new future.

Now, dearest, you know my mode of life. I see you smile. But, what can I do? Yes! something is wanting, and sometimes I am a prey to the feelings of loneliness which so much oppressed me at first. My father is not always here; yet what I scarcely dared to hope for has come to

pass. He often comes to surprise me in the morning, and we converse as friends, sometimes in Arabic, sometimes in French, mingling the two at will. He is thoroughly unreserved, even going so far as to confide to me secrets of state, so you can think how proud I feel. You can not tell what a charming bond of tenderness unites us; and the little air of mystery which surrounds his visits decks them with a romantic charm. As you can readily imagine, in our conversations I have inquired into the great business—the principal motive of my recall! It is the settlement of the young princess. As yet, this is only a threat; no plans are formed, so I can still laugh.

One of my pleasures, you may know, is to speak with Nazly about my mother. Zeinab, the first wife—the *grand dame*—is the daughter of a pasha. My mother was a poor slave, with whom my father fell in love, and was a Durrah, like Saïda—a reason which makes me love my little step-mother.

While I am writing, the hour of *siesta* has sounded. Silence descends upon the palace. Some slaves are lying at my feet asleep. What a pretty tableau! There is one of them, particularly, a Smyrniote of about fourteen years of age, with hair and lashes of jet. Poor little one! Where are her family? In looking on her, I no longer dare to complain. Well, dearest, I, too, must go to sleep. Shall I tell you my foolish belief? I am sure I shall see you in my dreams.

Great news! My brother Ali has arrived!

V.

As you may conceive, our first interview was a momentous affair. My father brought Ali to my house. During the first few moments we stood before each other silent and immovable, both seized with the same agitation. Suddenly my brother held out his hands, and I put mine in them, and a little later we were seated together on the divan.

"What a pretty surprise you are, sister!" he said, touched and charmed.

He looked at me, and I could not remove my eyes from his face. My father left us alone.

Ali is twenty years of age. Of medium size, there is an air of rare elegance about him. His great velvet eyes alone betray his Eastern origin. His smile is refined, but slightly malicious, veiled by a long, black mustache. He is vivacious and witty, with an indolent, attractive grace, the striking charm of which I can not describe. It was a true happiness to find each other again, to make each other's acquaintance, so to speak, after so many years of separation and forgetfulness. Being older than myself, Ali had retained a recollection of me. He recalled a thousand little incidents of our childhood, which seemed to awake

in his mind as an image half effaced, in which one feature often suffices to decide the contour. He spoke of our mother, and it seemed to me that, far off as that time was, I could go back with him. I took up those visions of the past, so full of melancholy and of sweetness, and these dear memories suddenly renewed the interrupted link of our fraternal relations. The exile we both had undergone was yet another bond of affection. We thought aloud, exchanging our sentiments and betraying in our hearts the affinity of feeling deep in our souls.

We talked a long time, and he enlarged on a subject of which they never speak in the family. I have told you already that my brother married an infidel. The history of their union is romantic and touching. At eighteen years of age Ali returned from England wild with love for a poor but noble young girl. After having refused his consent for a long time, my father yielded to the overwhelming despair of his son. They have been married nearly two years now, and, though she has yielded, with the best grace in the world, to all the observances of a Mussulman life, the poor Christian has not been able to disarm prejudice. My sisters do not visit her; even my father, good and enlightened as he is, has never consented to see her. Their love suffices and consoles them, and nothing is more charming than the love of Ali for his *dear little soul*.

"I am very sure, Miriam, that you would love my poor little Adilah," said my brother.

"I love her already Ali, because she is your wife; and, besides, I feel a sympathy for her loneliness, without family or friends."

"She knows that I am with you now. I can not understand by what intuition she should have divined you as you are. She has even drawn your portrait nearly exactly. What a delight it would be for her to see you!"

"And for me also!" I cried.

"Alas!" he replied, "will our father ever permit you to know her?"

Though sharing this fear, I had at heart a secret hope. I confided it to Ali, without inspiring him with confidence.

"The severity of our father has its weaknesses," I said; "he has already yielded so much to me that I can not believe he will deprive us both of this happiness."

"Adilah is a Christian," he answered, "and here that is a heavy crime."

"Bah! our father is too intelligent—"

"Our father, alas! yields to rigid laws stronger than his will, my dear Miriam."

A little discouraged, I had nothing to say. We parted with regret, promising to see each other very soon.

This visit from Ali had a very sweet effect on

me. I felt it would fill the void in which I had lived since my return. This charming brother would be a support and a friend. Educated in Europe, and married to a European, he would know how to understand me. With him I could speak fearlessly of the past and of the future. A feeling of pity, united to a lively curiosity, seized me in recalling his confidences with regard to his marriage. I already adored this lonely girl, repulsed by a family she vainly sought to conciliate. I could imagine her melancholy, her discouragement, during the long absences of my brother, who, in the discharge of his business, is often obliged to be away from her. Full of these thoughts, I impatiently awaited the next morning to talk over Ali's visit with my father. He was enchanted to hear me speak of the affection which had already arisen between us. Then, with innumerable precautions, I managed to express my desire of knowing my sister-in-law; but at the first words I met with such lively opposition that I realized I was attacking scruples hard to vanquish. He appeared astonished that such an idea had occurred to me.

"None of your sisters visit her," he said, as if to settle the matter.

"They! But I?—"

He could not repress a smile at my obstinacy.

"Oh, you!—you are a little rebel," he replied.

"There is no doubt of that."

"Well, then, that will be the excuse. Ali will be so happy! Nothing but a little meeting—very mysterious—hidden—"

"Hidden! You have it all well arranged!—but I shall know it."

"No! You shall shut your eyes—just like that," I said, making a bandage of my hands over his eyes.

"You arrange your plan easily."

"What could be more simple? I will go out some day with Bell and Nazly, who will not betray me."

"And your people?"

"I will stop at the house of Nazly's sister, where I will leave them. From there, through the little garden, we shall reach the bank of the Nile. If by chance Ali's house should be there, what is to be done?"

"Do you not see this scheme, with its risk, will revolutionize the family?"

"You are so good—and love your rebellious daughter so much. Come! is it agreed on?"

"I say nothing; but take care I do not catch you there," he added, with one of those sweet smiles which so charm me in him.

Tremble, Martha; I had not deceived myself. You have found a rival! but I know that your tenderness will not turn to jealousy, and that you

will never find I can be too much beloved, nor too happy.

The same morning that I had wrested this permission so hard to obtain from my father, I went out in the carriage with Bell and Nazly. I have not yet told you, I believe, that Nazly has a sister—the widow of an officer—who frequently comes to see her. Desirous of showing some token of esteem to my good nurse, I have sometimes stopped at her house.

All was executed as I had planned. On reaching Zourah's house (her discretion is beyond doubt), we descended, and while my people awaited me at the gate we went out through the garden. It was the first time since my residence in Egypt that I had walked abroad. Nazly guided us. The path, bordered with India cane, with spreading red flowers, had a sort of dazzling effect which added to the pleasure of our flight. The absence of my keepers, the blue heavens, and the calm of the fields seemed to take my breath away. In ten minutes, by following the bank of the river, we reached a palace, with roofs in the form of domes, of the purest Byzantine style. As we attempted to enter the door, the porters hastened to bar our passage. It is not easy to get into an Arab house. By much persistence, governed perhaps by a certain command, under which they recognized some powerful *hanum*, they allowed us to enter the court; but there we encountered a still more serious obstacle. Luckily, through the thoughtfulness of Bell, who had remembered to carry her bank-book, I got round it. I tore a leaf from it, and, writing my name with a pencil, waited while a eunuch carried it to his master. My brother instantly ran—wild with joy—and drew me toward a flight of steps on the terrace, leading to a shaded veranda carpeted with flowers.

Scarcely had we entered, than he darted to me, and kissed me on my forehead above my veil.

"This is against the rules!" I cried.

"Here we infringe the rules," he replied.

The rooms that we passed through all exhibited the taste and comfort of an almost European household. We went alone without any *cortège* of eunuchs and slaves. Soon we reached the saloon, where the first object that attracted my notice was an open, magnificent Erard piano; a library, pictures—but I could observe no more, for an airy, floating form, rising from a divan, ran to me, and taking me in her arms kissed me on each cheek. I can never make you understand the impression Adilah produced on me, nor the ravishing type of beauty, which took me by storm. It is dazzling, like something one dreams of—angel, woman, nymph, houri—combined. Imagine a coronal of crimped golden hair, an eye

black as mine, fringed with long lashes, which contrast admirably with her English complexion, at the same time rosy and of milky whiteness. The contrast is so wonderful that one does not think of observing the other features, which are of rare perfection. Her expansive nature conveys the impression of ardent and vivacious youth, combined with animated grace, which once seen is never forgotten.

"You have much taste, brother," I said to Ali, holding Adilah by the hand.

"Say much happiness, Miriam."

They could not get over the surprise my appearance caused them. I had to give an account of how I gained the victory; how I had interceded with my father, and by what miracle I had gained his tacit consent. Though an Englishwoman, Adilah speaks French admirably. Ali has not been able to dispense with the exterior observances of Mussulman life, to which she has submitted without trouble or regret, but the interior of their home has nothing of the harem about it. The eunuchs are there only for form's sake, and the slaves are servants.

Ali takes his meals with his wife. This incident, which seems so natural to you, is an extraordinary exception here. When the dinner-hour came, we went into a dining-room inclosed with glass, looking on the Nile. You can never begin to imagine my brother's manner to Adilah—his loving attention, his tender glances and smiles! I was absorbed in the contemplation of this happiness. They feel that they are all in all to each other, and that nothing exists or touches them apart from each other. He observed my absence of mind.

"Why do you not speak more, Miriam?" he inquired.

"I am looking at you!"

Adilah divined my thought.

"This life will soon be yours," she said, "when you are married."

I own these words made a very singular impression on me. Marriage is, in fact, the end of woman's life. I also shall marry as others do. Do you recollect our jesting on this subject—and how our husbands should be—with what gifts we endowed them—and what miraculous qualities? You even made again and again numerous pictures of mine; I must say, with shame at my requirements, you never succeeded in satisfying me. I can not tell why, on seeing my brother and his wife, these idle memories recurred to me. A lively curiosity as to the future took possession of me. What was to be my destiny? At this idea I could not prevent a feeling almost of terror.

My too short visit passed in calm and friendly manner. I felt that they had given me a place

in their hearts. Adilah took me to the piano, and I played one of those nocturnes of Chopin's that you always say make you weep. All three of us felt sad and disquieted. When Ali's glance met mine I read the same thought in his eyes. "What if we should not see each other again?" But we did not part without hope of future meetings.

I returned home gently agitated. I will believe—I will hope. The void in my heart will be filled. I have a family who may yet replace the one I have lost. How changed now appears my life in Egypt!

VI.

WHEN my father appeared the next morning, I cried out: "She is an angel! and if you knew her you would adore her."

"Who? What?" he asked, amazed at such an explosion.

I had burned my ships, and before so much goodness I should have thought it disloyal not to make him a frank avowal.

"How are your eyes this morning?" I asked with effrontery.

"My eyes! What do you mean?"

"Did you not suffer yesterday?"

He looked into my face and shook his finger at me.

"You have made some guilty escapade."

I hung my head like a true hypocrite.

"Pardon! I have deceived the best of fathers, to go and see a certain brother whom I love."

"Already?"

Without noticing his interruption I related to him all the incidents of the previous day, and made him listen to my admiration of Adilah. It was the first time he had heard her truly spoken of, or even a word in her favor. Ali never alludes to his wife. I did not conceal the length of my visit.

"I am so happy," I said, "that you must not scold me. And, besides, I have not disobeyed you. You are so good that you did not dictate the time—"

I was not long in securing pardon.

"Your visit can scarcely be repeated, though," he added.

This answer was rather categorical, but encouraged by the result I will be sure to conquer. I am not the daughter of my father for nothing. In spite of his decided tone and positive manner, I know the weakness which renders him so tender and indulgent to me. At first he will argue—then I shall reason; perhaps even he will consent to become totally blind.

There exists between myself and my little step-mother a very pleasant friendship. I defend myself a little from those childish outbursts which

would engross all my time. Though she is very much attached to me, the poor little thing can not change or be other than a charming bird. We often go out together. Nearly every day she entices me to Choubrah, the *tour du lac* of Cairo. There is the gorgeous display of equipages and toilets, the European colony in great numbers, tourists, and harem-carriages parade there in rich array. Saïda has a wonderful tact in recognizing her friends through their veils. Choubrah is the field where the rival parties of *Old* and *Young Egypt* wage their warfare. The contrast is so striking that I had remarked it even before Saïda mentioned it: The ultras, retrograde, shrouded in the *habarah* of black silk, even their hands hidden, and the curtains of their carriages carefully drawn down. The new school, on the contrary, wear the Turkish *fi-redjé* carelessly over the shoulders, so as to let the Parisian dress be seen. Upon their heads they wear an illusion bonnet with a wreath of flowers, and a veil so thin as scarcely to conceal the countenance, and gloved hands. They affectedly coquette with passers-by from the depths of their *coupes*, and with their English coachmen and liveries do not seem separated from European manners except by the fragile barrier of the *yachmak*, which scarcely conceals the features more than your veils. Their eunuchs even keep at a discreet distance, as if their functions were at an end. These Parisianized Arabs fraternize with the foreigners, whom they strive to imitate in everything (though they despise them as infidels)—apart from that, intimacy, quarrels, intrigues, all the *outside* show of an amiable society where each respects the other.

The gentle Durrah took me to visit my sister Farideh, who is the head of the new party, and I was very agreeably pleased with her, though strange and eccentric. Married to a Turk, very heavy in body and brain, she lives in the midst of the Esbékieh, in a flashy new palace, only distinguishable from the French houses by a light grating on the windows. An Italian architect built this marvel of bad taste, which she has decorated in French style, the furniture coming direct from the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, even to the carpets. All around are musical boxes, mechanical pianos, etc. Farideh adores noise. With these curious tastes, she is a Cairene chronicle, and one of the celebrities of the country. Visitors flock to her house at all hours. They do not discuss the singing girls or the *gavazies*, but are interested in conversing about the actresses of Cairo, the Viceroy's balls, and the Paris fashions. Her receptions are all the rage. Last year she gave a sort of French rout. Men being naturally excluded from the harem, she had to fill their places. The largest of her

slaves, dressed like men in white cravats and black suits, offered their arms to the *hanums*. A dancing-mistress taught them the quadrille. They acted their part as gentlemen very awkwardly, but the idea, as you see, was not wanting in originality: the effect was very fine. Every one spoke of it for a month. To finish the picture, an English governess educates her children; her *femme de chambre* is a Marseillaise, which is the reason that Farideh speaks French with the accent of Canebière.

Encouraged by the indulgence of my father, you may be sure I renewed my visits to Adilah. My brother having duties at court, often left us alone, and confidences naturally followed. Of course, we speak of you. She knows you and loves you; so we are three friends. I can not describe the happiness that I feel in this pretty nest of love. When Ali returns one would think the heavens had opened. Jesting charmingly, he relates to us all the court gossip, which we receive with bursts of laughter. While he adores his wife, he is still a perfect boy. Adilah jested him on some little social success at which she pretended to be jealous. Elegant, intellectual, and gallant, he plays, it seems, a conspicuous part in the European colony. Even his manner of wearing the *tarbock* is imitated.

The style of living is much like that at Chimi-lah. There are fewer slaves perhaps, but this is a country unsurpassed for caprice and phantasy. The other day that remark of my father's in his letter to M. Gütlér, and which I had nearly forgotten, recurred to me, and I asked an explanation of it.

"Nothing is more true," answered Ali, "Egypt is ruined!"

"Decidedly that is nonsense," cried I laughing.

"But, my dear Miriam, we owe enormous sums that we probably never can pay."

"What will you do about it?"

With his thoughtless shifting of responsibility, he answered:

"That is the business of our *wakil*."

This *wakil*, the superintendent of all respectable Arab houses, is often very rich, at his master's cost. The great lords here do not know any material trouble; they are born only to enjoy themselves. My father is ruined!—Ali is ruined, or, as he jestingly says, he has always been poor. Hosnah alone, in our family, is rich.

This name of Hosnah, drawn into our conversation, led to a remark of my brother's which struck me.

"Listen to me," he said, "and be very little with her."

I have already spoken of the *dahabihs*. Ali owns a charming, roomy one. After dinner the

other evening, he proposed a sail on the Nile. Lying under the canopy of crimson silk, I tried to forget everything. The stream, flecked by the moon, extended its limpid sheet between the somber banks of the river, pierced at intervals by spots of white—the huts of the Fellahs. Under this pale light of the transparent skies, where the shade seemed a twilight, a guttural chant reached us borne on the limpid air. The flowing of the water mingled with this savage melody. There were in all a quietude, calm, and poesy, that I can not define. I listened, I looked, I dreamed. Suddenly Adilah bent over me.

"Of what are you thinking?" she asked.

The truth was, I was thinking of the happiness before my eyes. Alas! I sometimes feel lonely—oh, so lonely—in this life of fairy tales to which I have been transplanted.

VII.

MARTHA! an adventure, a true romance in the uniform course of my harem-life.

It was one of those days when one awakens glad at heart, when one feels happy without cause or reason, when I went the other morning to Adilah's, knowing her to be alone. A delightful cry of surprise greeted me, for I had come to spend the day. You can tell it was to be a fête-day. The weather was superb. Not a breath of air, but the balminess of January, which is our spring; the trees with their emerald leaves and the skies with the purest azure. Adilah led me into the garden. The gardens in Egypt have a splendor unknown to those in Europe. A garden is the only place where a *hanum* has a right to go on foot—the boundary of her prison. Ali has done wonders with his.

Aviaries filled with rare birds, jets of water falling in diamond-dust upon hedges of oranges and mimosa, walks bordered by banana-trees, dates, and bamboo, parterres of lilies, and, like an impenetrable dome, great sycamores mingle with the palm-trees, forming a thick shade which keeps cool in the greatest heat of summer.

We reached a kiosk built upon the Nile. Adilah passes there the hot hours of the afternoon, those hours of *siesta* when the entire town rests and sleeps. The interior of this *buen retiro* is enchanting. The walls are of rose-colored marble, with long Indian blinds; favorite books and refreshing drinks are scattered around.

After chattering awhile, I observed that the softness of *kief* made my pretty sultana languid, and she listened to me smiling in her lazy idleness. A sort of dullness weighed upon and oppressed us. By degrees our conversation ceased; her eyes closed, and she slept. Surprised by one of those vague, intangible reveries, where images meet and blend with each other, I tasted in this

silence, this repose, a happiness purely physical, an exquisite sensation of quietude and peace. At the extremity of the room a window of very delicate work forms a charming angle. Some sprays of Virginia jasmine have penetrated through the interstices, and are so intermingled with the fine carving that the window is only a screen of gilded wood and flowers. While I was mechanically looking, some of these sprigs loosened, and sowed with white stars the wooden steps that led to the window. Leaning my elbows on the velvet sill, I inhaled the delicious and enervating odors. When my hand had made an opening in the leaves, I discovered that the window looked out on another garden which was deserted. Weeds, a crowd of trees, and a carpet of high dry grass were in view everywhere. Believing the place uninhabited, my eyes explored without ceremony this corner of a wild paradise, when suddenly I perceived, just below me, a young man seated at a bamboo table upon which were spread letters and papers; his head resting on the back of his cane chair, his eyes fixed on vacancy, he appeared absorbed in deep reverie. At first sight I thought him ugly. His forehead was high, his eyes dark, and at the same time melancholy and haughty; his profile irregular, but vigorous and severe. Everything about him betokened a mind and a will—a something which surprised the gaze and enchained it. Suddenly a slight frown wrinkled his brow, and his head fell on his hand. Hidden behind my grating, I thought I had discovered the secret of grief and despair. Then he rose and opened a bundle of letters, reading rapidly and with feverish eagerness. He stopped at one page to read it again, and a bitter smile parted his lips, as he crushed the letter in his hand. I do not know why, but the thought occurred to me that the letter was from a woman. Poor lover! he suffered perhaps from some deception. I was still there thinking, when a slave came up and spoke to him. The unknown rose, and followed him. When he had disappeared I could not prevent myself from speculating upon the vision which had, in spite of myself, captivated my curiosity, like an enigma of which I wished to decipher the answer.

The voice of Adilah roused me from this idle investigation. Martha! There is a mystery under this. Who can this young solitary, confined like a bear in this sad garden, be? One thing at least I can certainly tell you—he is not Prince Charming.

VIII.

IT is very evident that you have already built up a romance in your pretty head. My dear, your imagination is too active on the subject of my famous hero discovered from the window. There is a romance, truly, but it is this:

This morning I expected my father to breakfast. Do you read that? To breakfast! This innovation on established usage was an exceptional favor. We have reached that point.

I had the table placed in the veranda, in the midst of the flowers. My father came in with his pleasant smile. When he was seated, he asked, "Is it well with you?"

I wished to wait on him, to have him all to myself, and delightedly offered him a thousand little attentions that I was jealous of the slaves for rendering; and, truly, I was not so very awkward.

The coffee was brought while I was chattering on, gay and smiling.

"Do you know, Miriam," said he, suddenly, "that, with your eighteen years, you are a very old girl here?"

"I know it."

"I must think of having you married, my dear."

"You have a scheme, father?" I cried, a little troubled.

He looked at me, smiling, then putting his finger on his lips—

"Chut! It is a secret," he said.

I went nearer, trying to read it in his eyes.

"A secret? One you can not tell?"

"My dear child, at present it is only a vague project. I have often reflected on the future which awaits you. With your education and ideas," he continued, "I can not disguise from myself how you would suffer in this harem-life, where you would only be a first slave. I wish to consult you."

This confidence caused me a certain agitation, for I was touched at being thus understood by my father.

"How good you are, father!" I murmured.

"I love a rebellious daughter, that is all; and I am very ambitious for her."

I do not know why the recollection of Adilah's mysterious neighbor rose to my mind. Fate has such strange caprices! I burned to question, but an insurmountable embarrassment arrested the words on my lips.

"Then, father," I timidly ventured, "who is he?"

"He is very rich, and occupies the highest position. I do not know a more desirable *parti* in Egypt."

Though I am very sure of the power of my father, and have the blindest confidence in his judgment, I can not be silent as to the fear and repulsion I feel for the manner in which they arrange Mussulman marriages. To marry a stranger, who is met for the first time on the wedding-day, knowing nothing of him—not even the sound of his voice—is it not terrible?

"I can believe in all your solicitude, father," I added, "but to me this man will be an indifferent stranger—and, then, if I could not love him?"

My father smiled, and was thoughtful for a few moments; then, as if yielding to a sudden inspiration—

"Decidedly, I am on a dangerous precipice," he said. "You have made me commit so many infractions that I do not know where to stop."

"What do you mean?"

"A foolish idea has occurred to me, that I can show you your husband; then on the promenade you will know his voice. You shall also speak to him."

"How can that be?"

"We shall see! we shall see!" he replied, as if he feared having gone too far. "This time, at least, I promise nothing."

You can imagine how my curiosity was aroused after this conversation. My brain reeled. Who could this *fiancé* be, whose name, even, my father dared not reveal? In vain I pondered. The *Selamlık* is closed to us, it is true, but in my drives I have often met my father in company with the sons of princes and pashas, and I tried now to recall some of the faces. To which one of them must I look for all the qualities I have dreamed of? Martha! if he should be the one? You will, no doubt, deceive yourself, for have I not told you he is ugly?

A week has flown, and in none of my interviews with Adilah have I again seen the mysterious neighbor. He never appears at Choubrah at the hour when one meets all Cairo there. Was he a phantom? and has he flown? Twice I have gone to my sister-in-law's house without any success. Happily, it does not make me thin.

IX.

NURSING the strange illusion which unites my reader in the garden with the great project that my father had unfolded, I passed several days in weaving my romance. You know my busy imagination, which carries me so easily to what you call the land of fiction. My Prince Charming, you must own, does not this time exceed the ideal of a modest ambition. Why should I think of him? I do not know. The truth is, perhaps, that in this harem-life behind my grating I have no one else to think of. A true daughter of Eve, I am enchanted at having a secret adventure. I arrange in my head a charming course of circumstances, with the most adorable effect. One day my father brings him to me, and presents him as a skirmisher; I have an unconscious air of not knowing him; then, unlooked-for surprise, I accidentally appear the next morning from the height of my window

among the bushes of his Eden. Then secret encounters, and all the course of graceful gallantries of Eastern poesy!

Is not all that beautifully worked out? Well! my poor Martha, my dream has vanished in the clouds, with my hero, and, as the height of humiliation, there only remains of it an unheard-of imprudence, which I must here confide to you.

Always compelled by order of my father to observe great prudence, for three days I had not been able to escape to see Adilah. At that hour I knew I should find her in that well-beloved kiosk, from which my curious gaze could search the forbidden garden. Would he appear there this day? Though I despised his stupidity at not having suspected his happiness in being gazed at by two such beautiful eyes as mine piercing through the leaves, I had a great desire to pay him off in my turn with utter indifference. Fancy that I have arrived. Adilah was writing.

"What happiness!" she cried on seeing me. "Wait until I finish this letter, and then I will be yours entirely."

"Good! Do not disturb yourself, I will take a book."

And, in fact, I stationed myself on a divan with a collection of Arab poems by a poet called Hassan, which Ali had left there. Need I add that in ten minutes I was distracted by the songs of the birds at the neighbor's garden? An impertinent bullfinch perched upon our grating thrust in his head inquisitively. I rose to drive him off.

"How delicious these jasmines are!" I say to Adilah.

You will know that already I was at my tower of observation, arranging the sprays with an indifferent air.

Nothing was visible on the other side in the deserted walks. The bullfinch, which had flown to a palm, from his lofty perch seemed to mock me, as if he suspected my anger. I swallowed my confusion, and, in truth, your little princess well merited the disappointment. Adilah still wrote. Disgusted at staying planted there like a fool, I was about to leave the place, when I suddenly heard a rustling among the leaves. Martha, it was he! I soon saw him appear at the turn of the path. He came toward me. Was it chance, or sympathy? Twice he raised his eyes to my window. It seemed to me that his gaze, deep and burning, encountered mine. My dear, I turned crimson, though I knew he could not see me, and remained hidden behind my flowery curtain. He approached nearer, and was disappearing behind the kiosk, when a mad idea flashed across my brain. I once read a pretty Persian legend which seems invented for my case: "At the foot of a tower on a bank of turf

the poet Hafiz slept. . . . Above him at a window the Princess Gulnare leaned out inquisitively, and played with a rose. Suddenly the rose slipped from her fingers, and, falling on the sleeper, awakened him." In default of the rose, I have but to stretch out my hand to gather one of these branches. My dear, the act followed the thought; my flowers fell at his feet as he passed below me. Surprised, he stopped and looked up. I withdrew so rapidly that Adilah rose.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Heavens! Only think of it! I have thrown a flower to your neighbor."

"Are you crazy?"

"I think I have been dreaming for about five minutes."

"But, to begin with, I have no neighbor."

I drew her to the window. He was still there, half smiling, and smelling my flowers.

Amazed, Adilah uttered a little cry; but we were too secure in our shelter to fear anything from his curiosity.

"What do you think of him?" I whispered.

"Ugly."

"Look well at him."

She looked at him intently.

"And now?" I added.

"He does not improve."

This answer delighted me. I have always been jealous, you know, of my impressions; it seems to me that any one who shares them steals them.

But the amazement of Adilah was boundless. Now that she was convinced of the existence of a neighbor, I related my adventure. Heaven only knows how much delicate irony this prank cost me. Happily, there is nothing to betray me. The Lord Hafiz, who was there, as disconcerted as myself, can not suppose it anything but perhaps the malice of some slave.

I entreated Adilah to keep my folly secret, when, to finish my disgrace, Ali entered at the moment. Our discovery was a great surprise to him, for he, like his wife, had believed the garden uninhabited.

While we stood still he went to the window. An exclamation of amazement escaped his lips.

"What is it?" inquired Adilah.

"It is Hassan," he answered.

"Do you know him?" I asked, with my heart beating violently.

"Yes! He is the very poet who wrote the book now in your hand. But how does the imprudent man dare to come to Cairo?"

"Has he not the right to come?"

"No! He is proscribed."

You can not tell what an effect that word produced on me.

"Proscribed!" I said after a brief silence.

"Has he, then, committed some crime?"

"Oh! worse than that! He has compromised himself in the gravest political intrigues. He is mad, dreaming of senseless reforms—and even of the Fellahs."

I questioned him further, and he informed us then that my Prince Charming was of high rank, and had a most romantic history, and was the son of a minister of Mehemet Ali, who fell into disgrace under Abbas. Abbas had all his relations massacred, and confiscated their immense fortune. Hassan's rare endowments made that suspicious prince so uneasy that he exiled him. Hassan has acquired renown as a poet and as a soldier. In the last war he was at Plevna, where, it seems, he fought like a hero at the head of one of the regiments of Osman Pasha."

"Then he runs great risk?" I said, with a stricture at my heart as I realized that my inconceivable giddiness had betrayed him.

"Certainly! But I shall not be the one to denounce him. The police is so poor that he is safe in this deserted quarter, buried in this abandoned house; but I know his audacity. If he is here, it is because he has some project, some end in view—there lies the danger!"

I returned home very thoughtful. The romance that my extravagant imagination had conceived was shattered at a single blow. What probability was there that my father would even look at this proscribed man? But a frightful anxiety soon took the place of my silly dreaming. My fatal imprudence had betrayed his retreat. Good Heavens! If they should discover him! I was certain of Ali's silence, but any indiscretion would be fatal to him! At this thought I trembled, as though he were already denounced.

The next morning I could not rest, and escaped to go and get tidings. What might not have happened since the previous evening? I found Ali and Adilah very tranquil, and not in the least uneasy about their poor neighbor. Not daring to question them, under the pretext of going to find a book, I ran to the kiosk.

I had counted without thinking of our terrible Mohammedan customs—the window was walled up!

*From the French of JACQUES VINCENT
(Revue des Deux Mondes).*

(To be continued.)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW WORLD.

II.

A CRUISE in the *Druid* along the northern shores of the Bay of Chaleur, as far as Gaspé, gave me an opportunity of seeing a very interesting coast in reference to the resources of the "inshore fisheries." The settled country extends but a very short distance inland—the skyline shows invariably an outline of low, rounded hills covered entirely with forest. But along certain portions of the coast the sea was well covered with powerful boats fishing for cod. On hailing some of these for the purpose of buying fish, it was pleasant to see the abundant "take," which often covered the bottom of the boats. The cod were generally small—that is to say, not above three or four pounds' weight—and a large proportion of them not above two pounds. But they were of excellent quality. At several stations along the shore, and especially at the picturesque little village of Gaspé, there were large establishments for the curing and export of these fish. From the great abundance of the supply, it could not be otherwise than that the price should be low; but I heard with regret that the fishery was generally prosecuted on a system of "advances" by the curing-houses—which was, in fact, the truck system on an extended scale—and that the final result to the fishermen was a very low rate of remuneration for an occupation very toilsome, involving great exposure, and often not devoid of danger. The northeastern shores of the Bay of Chaleur are very open, and in easterly and northeasterly winds are exposed to the full sweep of the Atlantic.

When at Gaspé, which is a most picturesque little town with an excellent harbor, I saw one of the fast American schooners, whose operations in the mackerel-fishery of this coast are much complained of by the Canadian fishermen. Their complaints reminded me much of the similar complaints on the west coast of Scotland, against what is called "trawling" for herrings. In both cases new and more efficient modes of catch have been at least coincident with a departure of the shoals from former places of resort, if not with diminished productiveness over a larger area. This is one of the allegations which will probably form the subject of inquiry between the Governments concerned on the pending question of the fishery treaties.

As regards another branch of the fishing industry, the provincial population have it all to themselves. I refer to the lobster-fisheries. The abundance of lobsters on this part of the Cana-

dian coast is astonishing to those who are acquainted only with this pursuit on the almost exhausted shores of Scotland. Until quite lately any number of the finest lobsters could be caught by a noose at the end of a short rod, from boats rowing gently along the shores, with a torchlight, at night. Of late, however, the introduction of more skilled methods of capture has sensibly thinned them. And no wonder, for I was told of one man taking in a single night upward of six hundred lobsters, getting only about sixty cents, or about half a crown, per hundred. The fishermen in this trade also are very much in the hands of large capitalists, who supply the gear and tackle, purchase the shell-fish, boil them in great caldrons, and "tin" them for export to the United States and to Europe. It is impossible that any supply can long support the present rate of capture without being very speedily reduced. But the shores along which the lobsters are found are so extensive that, if proper regulations are made and enforced as to a close time and as to the size of fish, they may continue for many years to yield a profitable return.

The northern shores of the Bay of Chaleur, although higher than the southern, are nevertheless low and far from picturesque. Small farms, divided by straight lines, with wooden houses of various shapes and sizes, cover a gentle declivity, which ends in a steep bank or an insignificant precipice of red sandstone. But at one point, Cape Bonaventure, the carboniferous strata have been thrown on edge, and rise into a high and sharp-pointed cliff, which has been cut off by the action of the sea and of floating ice from the mainland. This island is perpendicular on all sides, very narrow, and about three hundred feet high, with an undulating platform at the top, inhabited by thousands of cormorants and other sea-fowl, where they are absolutely secure from molestation. Through this great cliff the sea has worked its way in an arched cave, which pierces from one side to the other, and through which, at high water, a boat can row. It is from this peculiar feature, I presume, that the place is called Percé. When the colors of the sunset were thrown on this island, with its splintered plates of rock, its deep cracks and fissures, and its own fine local tints, it formed one of the most curious and beautiful objects I have ever seen on any coast.

A drive of ten miles up the valley of the Cascapédiac and a descent from that point to the

sea in canoes enabled us to see another of the most lovely rivers of Canada. Smaller than the Restigouche, but with a greater extent of fine alluvial soil between its banks and the surrounding hills, fringed consequently by forests with a larger proportion of deciduous trees, its windings presented scenes of almost ideal beauty, as we floated down the river on a delicious evening in the beginning of July. Some of the elms were particularly fine, and maple, ash, and black birch, with thickets of a feathery willow, hung over or fringed the water with every variety of foliage, while some park-like openings in the wood and occasional clearings and comfortable farms gave their own interest and their own charm. We were most hospitably received at our farthest point by Mr. Woodman, a farmer who had cleared and cultivated a large extent of fine meadow-land on the banks of the river. His capacious homestead, surrounded by fields of luxuriant grass, and presided over by a most kind and comfortable Scotch wife from Ayrshire, afforded us welcome rest and refreshment, after the jolting of one of the roughest of Canadian roads. But not even the attractions of my countrywoman's delicious milk and home-made bread could keep me long from the banks of that glorious river, with the crimson finches, which were flitting among its birches and alders, the striped squirrels running under drift-logs, and the great belted kingfisher plunging into its eddies. Although somewhat far from "kirk and market," the whole place seemed the perfection of a happy agricultural home. *Vivret memoria!*

On our return home, we passed by the Intercolonial Line to St. John's, the capital of New Brunswick, and embarked there in a steamer for Boston. The valley along which the line passes in approaching St. John's, called Sussex Vale, is drained by the Kenabecacis River. With its large lake-like expanses of water, its mixture of rock, and its abundance and variety of wood, it was much prettier than any description of New Brunswick had led me to expect. In St. John's itself the effects of the recent great fire are only too apparent. But rebuilding and revival had begun, and the effects of these were fortunately even more obvious to the eye.

One of the thick fogs so common on the coasts of North America shrouded the low, rocky shores of New Brunswick as we passed, and when it cleared off we were running along the coast of the State of Maine. We found ourselves then threading our way among an archipelago of beautiful little islands, rocky and wooded, full of comfortable little farms, and villa residences, and fishing-stations, with multitudes of boats of all sorts and sizes rowing or sailing between them and the mainland. The whole was bathed in

glorious sunlight, the sea was unruffled, and the sky showed on every side those immense spaces of horizon which are so rare in the more vaporous atmosphere of Great Britain. The coast of Maine, though generally low, is far from being flat, and is deeply indented by a multitude of creeks and inlets, which afford a charming intricacy and variety to its shores. After a splendid sunset night fell upon an ocean with a surface of polished glass, and for a long time I watched the shoals of mackerel darting away from under the steamer's bow in courses which were marked by miniature rockets of phosphorescent light. The sea seemed alive with fish, and yet we saw very few fishing-boats engaged in taking them.

We entered the magnificent harbor of Boston on one of the first very hot days of the cold and late summer of 1879. It is certainly one of the very finest harbors in the world: immensely capacious, absolutely sheltered, and easily defensible. As the virtual birthplace of American Independence, it has an historic interest as remarkable as its beauty.

The main object of my visit to Boston was accomplished in the kind and hospitable reception I received from Mr. Longfellow. I did not previously know that the charming residence in which he lives at Cambridge is the very house, timber-built, and now more than one hundred and fifty years old, which for several months was the headquarters of General Washington when or soon after he first took the command of the American army. In the society of Mr. Longfellow and of his family, of Mr. Norton, and of my old friend Mr. Richard Dana, we spent a delightful summer evening under the shadows of a deep veranda and of umbrageous trees, with the lights of sunset streaming across distant meadows upon the picturesque and comfortable house. I can only express my earnest hope that it may long continue to be, as it has so long been, the abode of genius and of virtue.

I have already mentioned that few things in the New World surprised me more than the appearance of the country along the short railway line between Boston and Fall River. The great extent of what may be called uncleared or wild land in one of the oldest States of the Union is very curious. It is not, of course, primeval forest; but to a large extent it is what in Australia would be called "bush," and in India "jungle." It is land wholly uncultivated—much of it marshy, or covered with thickets of pretty but useless wood. Here, as everywhere else in the Eastern States, it is obvious that the soils of poorer quality do not pay for cereal cultivation, or indeed for any cultivation at all. I should have thought that, if for nothing else, much of this waste surface might be profitably used for sheep-pasture.

But the truth is that the inexhaustible areas of land, which are naturally rich, in the far West, and the products of which can be cheaply conveyed to the coast by the railway system, determine all industry and all enterprise in that direction. Thus even in the heart of Massachusetts, and in the immediate vicinity of some of the oldest and most populous cities of the Union, it is not worth while to lay out much capital on the reclamation of land comparatively poor.

Under the hospitable care of Mr. Cyrus Field, we enjoyed a most agreeable visit to Newport, a watering-place on the coast of Rhode Island which is the favorite resort of the most cultivated society in the United States. The handsome villas and houses of Newport are surrounded by well-kept lawns and shrubberies, and the principal drives are pleasantly shaded, in the New England fashion, by flourishing trees. On the "Ocean Drive," which extends for some miles along the rocky shore, one can enjoy the freshest breezes of the Atlantic, which here washes the low cliffs, and penetrates into the little creeks, with waves of the purest water and of the most lovely green. We visited the venerable old church, and saw the pulpit from which the great Bishop Berkeley had discoursed to the colonists of Rhode Island, and a pleasant road along the shore to the northward led us to the rocks where he is said to have composed his "Minute Philosopher." It gave me great pleasure to renew my acquaintance with Mr. Bancroft, who so long and so worthily represented his Government in London. But it was with deep regret that I missed seeing Professor Agassiz, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, whose zealous pursuit of science and whose high attainments in many departments of knowledge promise to give fresh renown to an already illustrious name.

Our journey from Newport to New York was performed by sea, in one of those gigantic steamers which are more like immense floating hotels than boats of any kind, and which are peculiar to America. To see one of these immense vessels approach a pier or quay, on which one is standing, is quite a new sensation. It is the pier which seems to move, and not the vessel, which from the vastness of its proportions can not be accepted, as it were, by the eye, as a moving body. It is impossible by any effort to get rid of this illusion. The momentum of a floating body of such vast weight is, of course, enormous, and the slightest collision with any structure on the shore would be correspondingly destructive either to the vessel or to the pier. Consequently they have to come up to these places with the utmost caution, and nothing but great experience and great skill enables them to be brought alongside with the requisite nicety. By the kind per-

mission of the captain we were allowed to be in the wheel-house in coming up to the pier at Newport. Although the water was perfectly calm, and there was no wind which could affect even that huge structure, there were six men at the wheel. The approach was made in perfect silence, with an intentness of attention on the part of the officers in command which showed the great care requisite in the operation. In many respects these great steamers are as comfortable as they can be—excellent sleeping-cabins, excellent cooking, great speed, and the utmost attention on the part of the service on board. But in my opinion they have one great fault, and that is that very much too small a space of uncovered deck is left for the enjoyment of the scenery and of the fresh air. Almost the whole area is occupied by immense saloons, with all the closeness and stuffiness which are inseparable from cabins, however large, especially when they are occupied by a great number of passengers of all kinds and classes, and when they are also lighted with gas. Only a very small space at either end of the vessel is perfectly uncovered and open to the air. The top of the whole structure, the roof of the "Noah's Ark"—the hurricane-deck—is not available for passengers, and the gigantic "walking-beam" of the engine, which swings its arms on the top of every American steamer, would make it a dangerous walk for careless people.

The intense heat which brooded over New York during the very short stay I was able to make there rendered it a work of no small labor to see even the Cypriote collection of General Cesnola and the Museum of Natural History. The first of these ought to have been secured for the British Museum. Its great interest lies in the close links of connection which it supplies between the art of Assyria, of Phœnicia, of Egypt, and of Greece. At New York it is, for the present at least, entirely isolated and separated from all other collections which are related to any one of its many-sided aspects. But our American friends did a good stroke of business in securing it for a sum small in comparison with its great value in the history of ancient art. It must be added that the wealthy and enterprising citizens who secured it for the New World show a proper appreciation of the prize, and that the illustrations and descriptions of the many curious and beautiful objects it contains, which have been executed in America under General Cesnola's directions, are worthy of their theme.

Even a visit of two days to a city like New York leaves some impressions on the mind which can not be very wide of the truth. It is impossible not to be struck by the great wealth and luxury displayed both in its public and in its private buildings. It has been a commonplace to speak

of the growth of luxury in the Old World, and of the increasing separation between the rich and poor. It is often said that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer. I have always doubted the fact. The increase of wealth in recent years in England and in Europe generally has been mainly, I believe, an increase in the number of moderate incomes and an increase in the wages of labor. But, if the common, saying is at all true anywhere, I should say that the appearances of it are most conspicuous in such a city as New York. Costly and ostentatious houses are far more common than in London. Shops for the sale of luxuries are on an enormous scale. I doubt if there exists anywhere in London, or in any capital of the Old World, such an establishment as that of Tiffany, in New York, for the sale of jewelry and other articles of great cost. It is an establishment, too, it must be added, not more remarkable for its enormous extent than for the admirable taste of its designs. Other "stores" on a similar scale, for the sale of women's attire, indicate the scale on which luxurious expenditure prevails among the richer classes of America. And it must be so. The growing wealth of America is founded on the secure possession of every element which can yield boundless returns, not only to industry, but, above all, to capital shrewdly used. In the Old World those who gain great profits are accustomed to look to the future, and not to think only of the present. They seek investments which will be a permanent record of their success, and be a lasting influence in the society to which they belong. They buy an estate, they build cottages, they drain and reclaim land. In the New World this incentive to saving does not exist. Fortunes are expended as rapidly as they are made. A few individuals of great public spirit found or endow public institutions, or become munificent supporters of scientific research. But such persons are, and always must be, a very small minority. The tendency of things is to lavish expenditure and to luxurious living. I am not now arguing as to which of the two systems is the best. One great moralist of the last century has said in a celebrated passage that "whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." But many political philosophers do not accept this doctrine, and are jealous of the wealth or of the distinctions which may be gained by individuals in one generation surviving in another. Whether this jealousy be good or bad, it is certain that laws or customs which are inspired by it tend to the quicker dissipation rather than to the more equal distribution of wealth. New York has all the appearance of being one of the most luxurious cities

in the world, while the discontent of the working classes is often propitiated, if I may believe the general consensus of my American friends, by tolerating heavy taxation which these classes impose, but to which they do not contribute, and by an expenditure of the funds so raised in a manner which is generally extravagant and very often corrupt.

There is another subject on which I derived a strong impression in America, and that is the really irrational character of the agricultural panic which has prevailed of late in many parts of the United Kingdom. If, indeed, we are to assume that the succession of bad seasons which has recently occurred in England marks a permanent change for the worse in our climate, there might be room for the most serious alarm. But, so far as the mere fall in the price of certain agricultural products is concerned, that fall is one which has affected a great part of the world, and is quite as marked in America as in Europe. It has been the result mainly of the universal depression in almost all other branches of industry; and, after the repeated experience we have had of the history of such depressions, it seems difficult to account for the exaggerated tone of alarm which has prevailed when its natural and inevitable effects have been felt in the price of certain articles, which, after all, are only a very few among those on which successful farming must depend in Europe. The unbounded wheat-producing powers of the great Western Plains of the American Continent are no new discovery of the year 1879. They have long been known, and the immense importations they have afforded to our markets have been going on for many years, during which, nevertheless, the prices have not been so low as to be considered ruinous to the British farmer. It is possible, however, that the growth of this particular cereal may become permanently unprofitable on many soils which have hitherto been devoted to its growth. The exchange of this crop for other kinds of grain is a process which has been gradually going on for many years. Some thirty years ago, wheat was often grown in certain districts of the west of Scotland where it has been almost entirely discontinued. But the same land has been quite as profitably employed in the growth of other crops; and, until a long and acute depression of manufacturing and commercial industry had supervened for a period unusually long, the business of agriculture has continued to be as attractive and as remunerative as it has ever been. Even as regards the few articles of produce which have been subjected to a sudden and to a heavy fall in price, it seems to be forgotten that such reductions in value have an inevitable tendency to correct themselves. Let us take the case of cheese. For many years

the importations from America have been very large. The price, nevertheless, continued to afford a good return to dairy-farming at home. In 1878 there was a very sudden and a very great reduction. When I sailed for America, in the end of May, it was at about the lowest point. A few days after I landed at New York I found that the farmers of New England were quite as much alarmed as the farmers of Cheshire or of Ayrshire. There was a meeting of a Dairy-men's Association at Utica, at which it was agreed that, at the prices then ruling in the cheese market, this particular form of dairy produce did not pay common interest on the capital invested in the land and in the stock. The conclusion was enforced by a careful and elaborate calculation of the money product of each cow, as compared with the cost of her keep and the cost of dairy labor. The result was, that the cost left a surplus on each cow of only about thirty shillings, from which had to be deducted whatever might be the calculated proportion due for taxes and insurance, and outlay for repairs on buildings and machinery. On the whole, the conclusion was drawn "that, in the case of average cheese dairies, the product of the cows during the year 1878 was scarcely sufficient to pay for their own support." The association consequently recommended its members to "go in" rather for the supply of butter and of fresh milk, and to give up a manufacture which had ceased to pay. On sending this report home to some of my friends in Scotland, I found it made no impression whatever. There is nothing so impregnable to attack as the human mind under the influence of a prevailing fear. But, within two months of my return to England, there was a rise in the price of cheese, even more sudden and violent than the previous fall. In one week, in consequence of telegrams from New York, intimating a great limitation of production, both from the voluntary abandonment of the manufacture and from the scorching effects of a hot summer on the pastures, the price of American cheese rose ninety per cent. But, although the depression of prices was very severely felt in America, it was spoken of and treated there, as all similar depressions of trade ought to be treated—a matter to be dealt with by those concerned—and remedied, in so far as it admitted of remedy, by changes in the direction of agricultural industry. I must add that the universal testimony I heard, in regard to farming in America, so far at least as regards all the Eastern or Atlantic States, was to the effect that it was a business in which nobody expected to make, or ever did "make money," in the sense of realizing even a moderate fortune. It was represented as an industry in which men were contented with a pleasant and healthy occupa-

tion, with a competent and comfortable living. I apprehend that this is very much the position of affairs in the Old World, except that, under the system of letting land with the security of leases, and with definite stipulations, high farming at home does often yield returns largely profitable. I saw nothing in America which gave me the idea that anything like "high farming" was even known there. Prodigality of surface does not induce or tempt one to bestow such pains on restricted areas of land. Strong local attachment to a particular farm was spoken of as almost unknown. The owners were represented as generally willing and anxious to sell if a good profit could be made by doing so. And a shrewd farmer, who crossed with me in the Scythia, and who had emigrated from Scotland early in life, spoke of this circumstance as fully accounting for the indisposition of farmers in America to publish or complain of the smallness of their gains. Such complaints could only tend to damage their own property. In England, he observed, similar complaints had exactly the opposite effect, inasmuch as they aimed at and tended to the reduction of the price or rent for which land was hired. In this difference lay, according to him, the real secret of the difference between the farmer of the Old World and the farmer of the New, in times when agricultural depression was equally oppressing both. If there was much shrewdness, there was also some cynicism in this observation of my Scotch friend, for undoubtedly the exceptionally bad harvests which have lately affected the wheat-producing districts of England and of Scotland have had a very severe effect, greatly aggravating the results of a mere fall in price. But the agricultural interest has had many times of depression quite as serious before. Rents will necessarily adjust themselves to any permanent change either in climate or in price. For my own part, I believe in neither.

Of one great pleasure I derived from my short visit to America I must say a word. Those who have never cared for any department of natural science can form no idea of the intense delight and refreshment of seeing for the first time a fauna or a flora which is entirely new. This can only be felt in perfection by passing direct from Europe to the tropics. The temperate regions of all the great continents of the globe present only varieties of one and the same general aspect. But, as regards my own favorite pursuit, that of ornithology, the passage from Europe to any part of the American Continent is the passage to a new world indeed. One may be quite sure that, with very few exceptions, every bird one sees is a bird one has never seen alive before. One gets out of "sparrowdom," or, at least, one would have got out of it completely in America, if our

old and forward little friend, the *Passer domesticus*, had not been, of *malice prepense*, introduced into the States, and had not bred and flourished there with a success and an impudence in proportion to the care which has been expended on his welfare. In all the Eastern cities of the Union breeding-boxes are provided for the sparrow in the trees which line the streets, and the park at Boston is almost disfigured by the hideous miniatures of houses and cottages which are stuck up everywhere for the accommodation of this favored representative of the old country. If the sparrow is to be educated in architecture, I wish our American friends would take more care as to the models set before him. Coconut-shells, or any other similar vegetable production, or even clay bottles, would be better than the painted sections of street houses which are too generally provided. But, at least, when we get outside the cities we get outside of sparrowdom. The whole avifauna of America is fresh to an English eye. There is indeed that strange likeness in the midst of difference which is one of the mysteries of creation when it is seen in lands separated by several thousand miles of ocean. The swallows are all obvious swallows, but with one exception* they are all different from the swallows of Europe. The starlings are obvious starlings, but with scarlet epaulets. The very crows have a flight in which one detects a difference. The great order of the Flycatchers is represented by forms much more conspicuous and larger than at home. The handsome king-bird (*Tyrannus carolinensis*) was one of the first that attracted my eye from the railway-carriage. The large belted kingfisher (*Ceryle Alcyon*) was passing with a jay-like flight over the creeks and marshes of the Hudson. On looking out of my window in the morning at the glories of Niagara, I was hardly less interested by seeing the lovely American goldfinch (*Chrysomitris tristis*) sitting on the low wall which guards the bushy precipice under the hotel. A golden finch indeed! the whole body of richer yellow than any canary, with black wings and cap. The family of the Warblers was first indicated to my eye by the beautiful *Dendroica aestiva* among the overhanging vegetation of the same place. It reminded me much of our own willow-wren in movement and in manners, although it is much less shy—being common among the trees in the streets of Montreal. The azure of the bluebird, with the strange song and piebald appearance of the bobolink (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*), enlivened our drive

* The exception is curious—it is the common bank-swallow, or sand-martin (*Cotyle riparia*), which is one of the shortest winged of the whole tribe, and the least capable of establishing itself by migration on each side of the ocean.

from Niagara to the heights of Queenstown. The sharp wings and swift, powerful flight of a bird of dark steel-blue color had often attracted my curiosity before I knew that I had before me the purple martin (*Progne purpurea*), the largest and handsomest of all the Hirundinæ. It was with no little surprise that I saw in the seething waters of the pool below the great Falls, and in the whirlpool, some miles farther down the river, one of the Colymbidæ, which was, I believe, the American representative of our own black-throated diver (*Colymbus arcticus*). In the calmer waters of the Lake of Beauport I saw one of the birds common to the two sides of the Atlantic, but now comparatively rare in Britain, that splendid bird the great northern diver (*Colymbus glacialis*). In the forests of the Restigouche, dense, stifling, and almost impervious, my ear caught endless notes of warblers and of tits, and of finches, which were wholly new to it, and had generally a ventriloquistic character that seemed to render sound useless as a guide to sight. I obtained specimens of the lovely American redstart (*Setophaga ruticilla*), of the indigo-bird (*Cyanospiza cyanea*), and of that curious family *Virco-Sylvia*, which constitutes a link between the Flycatchers and the Warblers. In the evenings, high over head, I watched with delight the buoyant and beautiful evolutions of long-winged goat-suckers or night-hawks (*Chordeiles Popetue*), feeding on high-flying lepidoptera, and chasing them with

"Scythe-like sweep of wings that dare
The headlong plunge through eddying gulfs."

In the forest on the banks of Cascapedia River our carriage dashed into a covey of the so-called Canadian partridges, a species representing the widespread and beautiful genus *Tetrao*, or grouse (*Tetrao canadensis*). One of our party attempting to catch some of the young chicks was attacked by the mother with heroic dash, which effected so good a diversion that her object was fully attained, and at the imminent risk of her own capture she effected the escape of every one of her brood. The exquisite pattern of rich browns and russets which marked her plumage was beautifully displayed when her tail-feathers were expanded in the fury of her attack. Near the same spot I saw a fine example of the close analogies of coloring which prevail in certain groups of birds both in the Old and in the New World. We all know that several of the gray linnets of Britain are adorned in the breeding-season by the assumption of crimson feathers on the breast and forehead. But in the kindred or allied species of America the same coloring pervades the whole plumage, and the purple finches of Canada and the Northern States are

among the handsomest of American birds (*Carpodacus purpureus*). On the Cascapedia also I saw, what I did not see on the Restigouche, numbers of the night-heron (*Nycticorax Gardani*), a bird reminding one of the graceful bird at home, but, on the whole, a less conspicuous and a less ornamental species. Of one celebrated American bird—the white-headed eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*)—I must vindicate the character. He has been accused on high authority of living by piracy, not fishing for himself, but basely using his superior weight and strength to compel the osprey or professional fishing-eagle (*Pandion carolinensis*) to give up its prey. On this ground no less a man than Benjamin Franklin expressed his regret that this eagle should have been chosen as the national emblem of the United States. The great American ornithologists, Audubon and Wilson, both repeat the same story, and neither of them appears to have ever seen a white-headed eagle capturing his finny prey from the water, except, indeed, on one occasion, when an eagle was seen in most unaquiline fashion wading in some shallow pool and picking out redfins with his bill. But I had the good fortune on the Restigouche to see a fine white-headed eagle catch a salmon for himself, by what seemed a bold and almost a dangerous manoeuvre. About a thousand yards below our encampment the river disappeared round a sudden bend, with a very sharp current. The eagle appeared coming up stream round this bend, and flying slowly about thirty feet above the level of the water. Over the sharpest part of the current he hovered for a moment, and then dashed into the stream. With a good glass I saw him buried deeply in the water, holding his neck well above it. It was evident he had some difficulty in getting out of it again. A few heavy and laborious flaps of his immense and powerful wings lifted him at last, but with empty talons. Very tired, apparently, he flew to an adjacent bank of gravel and sat there for some minutes to rest. But his countenance and attitude were those of restlessness, eagerness, and disappointment. He then rose and returned to exactly the same point in the air, and thence made a second plunge. It was beautiful to see his bearing in the stream, with the water breaking against his great brown chest, and his arched neck keeping his snowy head clear of its turbulence. This time the difficulty in emerging was much greater, for his talons were fast in a fine salmon. With a strong effort, however, his pinions again lifted him and his prey, which it seemed as much as he could do to carry to the same bank of gravel, where the struggles of the fish were soon put an end to by the eagle's terrific clutches and his powerful beak. This was all honorable work, and, although the osprey was

frequently to be seen on the same river, I never observed it to be followed or molested by the eagle. On another day one of these magnificent birds lighted on a blasted pine, which overhung the river at the height of about five hundred feet, and from that elevation he watched one of our party playing a salmon, an operation which he seemed to regard with great curiosity, and probably with some longing to take his part in the sport. The pure white head and the equally pure tail of this fine eagle, in contrast with the dark chocolate-brown of the rest of the plumage, make it one of the handsomest of its tribe.

The provinces of North America have one great advantage which is not possessed by any part of Europe. They are in unbroken land connection with the tropics. There is no transverse range of mountain, there is no region of desert sands, no strait even of narrow sea, to impede the most delicate forms of the southern fauna from traveling northward with the summer sun. It is wonderful how many tender creatures make out their passage to our own shores with the returning spring; but in Britain there are none which come from a farther distance than that limited belt of the African Continent which lies between the Atlas and the Mediterranean. Very many of them pass their winters no farther off than the sunny banks of the Riviera. Last winter I found the olives at Cannes full of blackcaps and willow wrens, while the whitethroat and the Sardinian warbler sometimes serenaded us from the roses which climbed around our windows. But no bird from tropical Africa can cross the desert and the Atlas. These great transverse barriers in the path of migration are barriers not to be overcome. In America, on the other hand, there is no such impediment in the way of an uninterrupted passage from the lowest southern to the highest northern latitudes. The consequence is, that even Canada, whose soil is fast bound in ice for some five months of the year, is the resort in summer of a joyous company from the far south, who find upon their way a perfect continuity in the supply of food, and in their final goal, even amid a very different vegetation, a summer heat which is fitted for the rearing of their young. It is due to this that the woods of North America are illuminated with the brilliant coloring of not a few species which almost seem to contrast unnaturally with the foliage of birch and pine. Foremost among these visitants from the far south I knew that Canada was visited every year by a single species of that wonderful family of birds which is one of the glories of nature—the humming-birds. It was one of my great expectations in crossing the Atlantic that I might see the rubythroat (*Trochilus colubris*). Everywhere I asked about it—wheth-

er any had been seen, and if so, where? Everywhere I was told that they were more or less common, but that they had not come that season yet, or that they were only to be seen in the evenings—or that they only come out on very hot days—or that they never came except to honey-suckle in the verandas. My eyes searched in vain round every horse-chestnut tree in blossom, under every "piazza" with baskets of flowers, and over the surface of every wall bedecked with creepers. The rubythroat, like Wordsworth's cuckoo, was "still longed for, never seen." At last, in walking one day up the mountain behind Montreal, I leaned over a paling which inclosed the water reservoir of the city. Below me there was a steep bank of grass, facing the south, and rich in the common flowers of such grass in England. Suddenly there emerged from it what first struck me as a very large but also a very narrow-shaped beetle, which flew with the straight, rapid, and steady flight of the larger Coleoptera. As in them, the wings were not distinctly visible, but were represented by a sort of vibratory haze. I was speculating on this extraordinary object, when a clearer light revealed, projecting from the head of my supposed beetle, a long, slender, and curved proboscis or bill. In an instant it was flashed upon me that I was looking for the first time on the flight of a humming-bird in its wild and native state. I have often read of the insect-like habits and appearance of these birds. But until I saw it I had formed no distinct conception of this curious feature in their appearance. Its flight was not in the least like that of a bird. Nor was its gorgeous but partial brilliancy of coloring on the throat visible to me. The metallic green of the back of this particular species, which was turned toward me, being in shadow, produced a very dark effect upon the eye. But there it was—this gem of creation—this migrant from the far south—this representative of a group of birds whose headquarters are in the dense forests or among the luxuriant blossoms or on the lofty volcanic cones of tropical America—there it was living and flying among trees which might have been English trees, and over grass which was indistinguishable from English grass. I was not so fortunate as to see one other specimen alive in any part of Canada or the States. I heard of them, indeed, everywhere. At one place my informant had seen one a few evenings before in his own garden. At another place one had visited that morning some flowers in a window or a veranda. But, strange to say, where one other specimen was seen was near our encampment, thirty miles up the forests of the Restigouche, where there was no garden, not a single cultivated flower, and not even among the woods a single blossoming tree or shrub, except

perhaps the mountain-ash, the sloe, or the bird-cherry. One of our party in search of rare birds saw a strange outline on the topmost twig of a withered pine, and on shooting it found, by the help of the Indians, that he had killed a "rubythroat." It brought home to me how secondary, in the distribution of animals, is the mere effect of climate and of vegetation. This humming-bird could evidently live quite as well in the woods of Scotland as in the woods of the Restigouche, so far as climate or food is concerned. If the Trochilidae existed in any part of the Old World, and had an uninterrupted path of migration, we should doubtless have them every summer in England as surely as we have the swallow, or as Canada has the rubythroat. But this particular form of bird has been born, or created, or developed in the New World alone; and to that one sole area of distribution it is limited by surrounding oceans.

On the other hand, the ornithologist from Europe recognizes in the birds of North America a great number of species so closely allied to those at home that they have precisely the same habits and the same general aspect. The common thrush of America (*Turdus migratorius*), which the first colonists absurdly called the robin, for no other reason than that it has a russet-colored breast, is so like our own common thrush or blackbird that there is no generic difference whatever. Its alarm-notes combine those of the fieldfare and the blackbird. The bluebird (*Sialia sialis*) is the real representative of our robin, though it has not the same habits of familiarity with man. But it is not one or two species merely that exhibit this likeness. There is an obvious cousinship and correspondence between the great bulk of the species which can not be mistaken, and the closeness of which would be unaccountable if their original centers of origin had been separated, as the habitats now are, by three thousand miles of ocean. Naturalists are, therefore, now coming to trace the cause of this near relationship between the European and the North American fauna to that ancient connection which the two continents had at the time when the regions, which are now under Arctic conditions, were in the enjoyment of a climate compatible with a rich development of both animal and vegetable life. In that mysterious Miocene age when abundant forests, like the forests of Japan, flourished in Greenland, and in all probability elsewhere within the Arctic Circle, the Old and the New Worlds may have been united, so to speak—as, indeed, they almost now are—in their northern roots. One thing is quite certain, that if the near likeness to each other of different organic forms is the index of a common origin, if, in short, closely related species can not have

been created or developed in widely separated portions of the globe, then there must have been at some former time some close connection between Europe and America which does not exist at present. It is to be observed, however, that the impossibility of separate origins for forms alike, or even identical, is a mere assumption which may not be true. Although it figures largely in the theory of development as propounded by Mr. Darwin and by Mr. Wallace, it is no necessary part of the idea of creation by birth or by evolution. It is an assumption founded on another assumption—namely, that the natural variations of form which occur from time to time (and which are the supposed origin of species) are variations which can never be identical in two separate places; and this assumption rests again upon a third—namely, that varieties are really accidental, and not due to any internal law of growth inherent in all forms of life. But this is an assumption which not only may be, but probably is, contrary to fact. Mr. Darwin has never pretended to account for variations. He assumes that, as a matter of fact, they do occur, and that once they have occurred they are preserved or rejected according as they do or do not fit well into surrounding conditions. This may be quite true, and yet it may be equally true that these variations are not accidental, but are determined by a law of which we know nothing, but which is as definite and certain in its operation as the law determining the primary and the derivative forms of crystals. In this case the same or closely similar forms may have arisen at widely different parts of the globe; and the necessity of any geographical connection between land-surfaces now widely separated would be either disposed of altogether or would be pushed back to such primordial times as to be incapable of being traced. I am not now propounding this supposition as one which can be verified. It would certainly throw the whole subject of the distribution of species and genera into great confusion. But, then, it is a kind of confusion which closely corresponds with the apparent confusion which actually prevails in nature. The assumption that identical or almost identical forms can not arise at any place but one is an assumption which has a most attractive simplicity about it. It rests, however, upon nothing except upon the doctrine of chances. But if the work of creation and development is not a work subject to chance at all, but has been due to the evolution of germs having potential energies of a fixed and definite kind, then the doctrine of chances does not apply, and would be of little avail against the probability of similar forms appearing in regions very far apart. It is well known that the existing distribution of species is such as to involve the utmost

difficulties in applying to it the theory of exclusive centers of creation. These difficulties are so great that to a naturalist so eminent and so competent as Agassiz they seemed insuperable. The counter-hypothesis, which I have here suggested, does not exclude the probable effects of external conditions in modifying forms which are, nevertheless, mainly due to the laws of internal growth. And, perhaps, in some combination of these hypotheses the most probable solution may be found. The birds of North America present some cases of multiplied variety that suit very well the theory which dwells principally on the effect of surrounding conditions. But, on the other hand, there are many cases in which it does not seem to fit the facts at all. The boundless forests of that country, for example, seem admirably adapted to encourage the establishment of variety in such a family as that of the *Picidae* or woodpeckers. And, accordingly, we do find a very large variety of kindred forms, one of them scarcely distinguishable from its cousin in Europe. I saw at least three or four distinct species in the very limited distance I could penetrate into the forests of the *Restigouche*. But, on the other hand, let us see how the same expectation is disappointed in another remarkable family of birds—the *Alcedinidae* or kingfishers. If there is one feature which more than another distinguishes the North American Continent, it is its wealth of waters. Mighty rivers, with every degree of rapidity and of stillness, smaller streams in every measure of size, and with every variety of character, lakes in millions which are mere ponds, and lakes so large that the navigator upon them loses sight of land, creeks and lagoons of every shape and form, marshes fringed with wood, and marshes on the bare and open coast—and all this immense variety of aqueous surface swarming with fish, and with crustaceans, and with every form of creature that “inhabith the waters under the earth.” Yet, in spite of all this wealth of external conditions, this vast hot-bed, as one might have supposed, for the growth of variety in that peculiar family of birds which is specially adapted for the capture of fish, there is but one solitary species—the belted kingfisher. If the family were wholly unrepresented upon the American Continent, this absence of variety would be less remarkable. But the stock exists. It has thrown off no varieties—one solitary species fishes in the boundless waters of North America from the Delaware to Baffin's Bay. I may mention here that, on examining a nest of this fine bird in a gravel-bank on the *Restigouche* River, we found that the eggs were laid not on fish-bones, but on the broken shells of crawfish—which was the first intimation we had of the existence of these freshwater crustaceans in the stream.

The truth is, that as yet we have made very little way in understanding the origin of species. The general idea of origin by descent, or of creation by birth, fits well into many of the facts. But this general conception does not necessitate our acceptance of the particular theory of Mr. Darwin, that variations occur only as it were by accident, or only by small and almost insensible modifications, or that one particular form can only arise at one time and one place. On the contrary, it may be that all variations arise out of a definite and predetermined law, that this law may determine the appearance of the same forms at many places and at different times, and also that such changes are not always gradual or infinitesimally small, but sometimes comparatively sudden and comparatively large.

With regard to the birds of North America, I can not doubt from what I saw and heard that as songsters they are inferior to our own. This is the testimony of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who was familiar with both. It is a curious circumstance that between one Canadian bird and the corresponding species at home, the only difference I could detect was that the American species was silent, while our own is always talking. I refer to that charming bird, the common sandpiper (*Totanus hypoleucis*), abounding on the banks of every stream and lake in the Highlands. Its American cousin (*Totanus macularius*) is equally abundant on all the rivers of Canada; but while at home its call-notes are incessant, and the male bird has even a continuous and most lively song, I did not hear a solitary sound from the sandpiper of Canada. This, however, may have been an accident, and the sandpipers are nowhere reckoned among the birds of song. One hears the migratory thrush (robin) everywhere, in the midst of the gardens and villas of towns and cities, and in every little clearing of forest on the outskirts of human habitation. It is a pleasant song, but decidedly inferior to any one of its cousins in Britain. It is inferior in power to the missal thrush, in variety to our common "mavis," in melody to the blackbird. Near Niagara I heard one very broken and interrupted song of fine tone, and of considerable power. But although I was in the woods and fields of Canada and of the States in the richest moment of the spring, I heard little of that burst of song which in England comes from the black-

cap and the garden warbler, and the whitethroat, and the reed warbler, and the common wren, and (locally) from the nightingale. Above all, there is one great want which nothing can replace. The meadows of North America were to my eye thoroughly English in appearance, the same rich and luxuriant grass—the same character of wild flowers—and even the same weeds. The skies of America are higher and wider, and more full of sunshine. But there is no skylark to enjoy that "glorious privacy of light." "The sweetest singer in the heavenly Father's choir" * is wanting in the New World. I can not help thinking that it might be introduced. Of course, the winters of Canada and of the Northern States would compel it to follow almost all the other birds which summer there, and to retire with them until the return of spring to Virginia or the Carolinas. It would be an interesting experiment. I do not know whether it has been tried. If not, I would suggest it to my American friends as one worth trying. It would be a happier introduction than that of the "London sparrow."

I can not conclude this very hasty sketch of my first impressions of the New World without thanking the many friends and countrymen both in the States and in the Dominion, who offered their hospitality, or otherwise testified their kindness. Circumstances compelled me to avoid society, and to find my occupations in the woods and on the waters. But I saw enough to assure me that even the most insignificant services in their great and now triumphant cause is never forgotten in the American Union. In Canada I had abundant evidence that old hereditary associations are not less strong than at home. It was a real joy to see the vast regions of hospitable soil which afford there an inexhaustible outlet for the increase of our people, and to feel that the facilities of communication, which are every year extending, will tend more and more to keep up the attachment of the colonists to the land of their fathers.

ARGYLL (*Fraser's Magazine*).

* I quote this line from some verses of great beauty, published in a little volume of poems, "Songs of the Rail," by Alexander Anderson, a surface-man on one of our Scotch railways. Some of these verses on the skylark appear to me to compare not unfavorably with those which have been written on the same subject by several of the masters of English song. (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Edinburgh: J. Menzies & Co.)

RUSSIAN NIHILISM.

I.

RATIONALISM and radicalism exist to a certain extent in every country of Europe. But the Social Democrats of Germany and Austria and the Communists of France and Spain turn with horror from Russian revolutionists, who consider the programme of the Paris Commune of 1871 condemnably weak, and Felix Pyat, Cluseret, and their companions as little better than Conservatives.

The Social Democrats and even the Communists of the rest of Europe have in view aims which, no matter how fantastic, are always of a sufficiently defined nature. They look forward to an entirely democratic form of government, and hope for a reorganization of the social world, under which all capital and property would be held either by the state or commune for the equal benefit of everybody. They are levelers, but they are not destroyers.

The revolutionary party in Russia, on the other hand, has no definite aims of reorganization or improvement in view. In its sight, everything as it now exists is rotten, and, before anything new and good can be created, all existing institutions must be utterly destroyed. Religion, the state, the family, laws, property, morality—all are equally odious, and must be rooted out and abolished.

It is because "nothing" as it exists at present finds favor in their eyes that they have been called "Nihilists." They desire to break up the actual social organization into mere individualism, with entire independence for each separate person. They maintain that no one should be bound by laws or even moral obligations of any kind, but that everybody should be allowed to do exactly as he pleases. Their object is anarchy in the very truest sense of the word. They are only modest enough to decline the attempt to create a new order of things in the place of what they propose to destroy. That they intend to leave for a better and more enlightened generation.

Nihilism can not be better described than by the Nihilists themselves in their speeches, proclamations, and writings. Here is a speech made in 1868, at Geneva, by the father of Nihilism, the arch-conspirator, Michael Bakunin, to whose history we shall have occasion to refer later on:

Brethren, I come to announce unto you a new gospel, which must penetrate to the very ends of the world. This gospel admits of no half-measures and hesitations. The old world must be destroyed, and

replaced by a new one. The *Lie* must be stamped out and give way to Truth.

It is our mission to destroy the *Lie*; and, to effect this, we must begin at the very commencement. Now, the beginning of all those lies which have ground down this poor world in slavery, is God. For many hundred years monarchs and priests have inoculated the hearts and minds of mankind with this notion of a God ruling over the world. They have also invented for the people the notion of another world, in which their God is to punish with eternal torture, those who have refused to obey their degrading laws here on earth. This God is nothing but the personification of absolute tyranny, and has been invented with a view of either frightening or alluring nine tenths of the human race into submission to the remaining tenth. If there were really a God, surely he would use that lightning which he holds in his hand, to destroy those thrones, to the steps of which mankind is chained. He would assuredly use it to overthrow those altars, where the truth is hidden by clouds of lying incense. Tear out of your hearts the belief in the existence of God; for, as long as an atom of that silly superstition remains in your minds, you will never know what freedom is.

When you have got rid of the belief in this priest-begotten God, and when, moreover, you are convinced that your existence, and that of the surrounding world, is due to the conglomeration of atoms, in accordance with the laws of gravity and attraction, then, and then only, you will have accomplished the first step toward liberty, and you will experience less difficulty in ridding your minds of that second lie which tyranny has invented.

The first lie is *God*. The second lie is *Right*. *Might* invented the fiction of *Right* in order to insure and strengthen her reign; that *Right* which she herself does not heed, and which only serves as a barrier against any attacks which may be made by the trembling and stupid masses of mankind.

Might, my friends, forms the sole groundwork of society. *Might* makes and unmakes laws, and that *might* should be in the hands of the majority. It should be in the possession of those nine tenths of the human race whose immense power has been rendered subservient to the remaining tenth by means of that lying fiction of *Right* before which you are accustomed to bow your heads and to drop your arms. Once penetrated with a clear conviction of your own *might*, you will be able to destroy this mere notion of *Right*.

And when you have freed your minds from the fear of a God, and from that childish respect for the fiction of *Right*, then all the remaining chains which bind you, and which are called science, civilization, property, marriage, morality, and justice, will snap asunder like threads.

Let your own happiness be your only law. But, in order to get this law recognized, and to bring about the proper relations which should exist between the majority and minority of mankind, you must destroy everything which exists in the shape of state or social organization. So educate yourselves and your children that, when the great moment for constituting the new world arrives, your eyes may not be blinded and deceived by the falsehoods of the tyrants of throne and altar.

Our first work must be destruction and annihilation of everything as it now exists. You must accustom yourselves to destroy everything, the good with the bad; for, if but an atom of this old world remains, the new will never be created.

According to the priests' fables, in days of old a deluge destroyed all mankind, but their God specially saved Noah in order that the seeds of tyranny and falsehood might be perpetuated in the new world. When you once begin your work of destruction, and when the floods of enslaved masses of the people rise and engulf temples and palaces, then take heed that no ark be allowed to rescue any atom of this old world which we consecrate to destruction.

In another of his speeches, delivered at Berne, in December, 1868, he says:

Your beautiful civilization, ye gentlemen of the West, which you flout in the faces of us barbarians of the East, is based on the compulsory servitude of the immense majority of the human race, which is condemned to a slavish and almost bestial existence, in order that a very small minority may be able to live in luxury. This monstrous inequality in the conditions of life is due to your West-European system. It is incapable of improvement, for it is the necessary consequence of your civilization, which is grounded on the sharply defined separation existing between mental and manual labor. This degrading state of things can not last much longer, for the manual laborers are determined to look after their own interests in future. They have decided that in future there shall be only one great class instead of two; that everybody shall have equal advantages for starting in life; that all shall enjoy the same privileges and support, the same means of education and bringing up; finally, that every one shall have the same advantages from his labor, not in consequence of any law, but by the mere nature of the work which will permit everybody to labor with his brain as well as with his hands.

I detest Communism; it is the denial of freedom, and I do not like to picture to myself any human being without freedom. I oppose it because it concentrates and absorbs all the forces of society, and because it places all property and capital in the hands of the commune or of the state. In demanding the abolition of commune and state, I also wish for the annulment of the law of inheritance, which is nothing but an institution brought into life by the state, and a consequence of its principles. Give all children, from their very birth, the same means of

support and education. Then grant to all grown-up people the same social standing and the same means of supplying their wants by their own labor, and you will see that the inequalities, which are now looked upon as being quite normal, will disappear, for they are merely the result of the difference made in the conditions of development. You can even improve nature by destroying the present social organization. For, when you have succeeded in making everything and everybody equal, when you have equalized all the conditions of development and labor, then many crimes, miseries, and evils, will disappear.

After proceeding to advocate the abolition of marriage, which he condemns as a mere political and religious institution, he concludes by saying:

It is impossible to destroy the superstition of religion by means of arguments or education. Religion is not only an aberration of the brain, but also a protest of human nature and human hearts against the misery and narrowness of the reality by which we are surrounded. As man finds nothing in this world but injustice, stupidity, and misery, he allows his phantasies to beget a new and a better one. When, however, the earth again receives her due, namely, happiness and fraternity, then religion will have lost its *raison d'être*. We need but a social revolution to bring about its disappearance.

And again:

Conscience is a mere matter of education. A Christian living in Europe, who has murdered anybody with cunning and premeditation, usually experiences a certain kind of remorse. But a Red Indian, who is every bit as much a man of flesh and blood, rejoices when he is able to surprise and slay a defenseless enemy. His conscience in no wise suffers from the act, for he has been taught from earliest youth that the more scalps he possesses, the better he will be received in the happy hunting-grounds of the great Manitou.

The speech of another Nihilist is as follows:

Nothing, in the present state of social organization, can be worth much, for the simple reason that our ancestors instituted it. If we are still obliged to confess ourselves ignorant of the exact medium between good and evil, how could our ancestors, less enlightened than we, know it? A German philosopher has said: "Every law is of use. It rules the conduct of individuals who feel for one another and appreciate their respective wants. Every religion, on the other hand, is useless; for, ruling, as it does, our relations with an incommensurable and indefinite Being, it can only be the result of a great terror, or else of a fantastic imagination." Now, we Nihilists say, no law, no religion—*Nihil!* The very men who instituted these laws ruling their fellow creatures have lived and died in complete ignorance of the value of their own acts, and without knowing

in the least how they had accomplished the mission traced for them by destiny at the moment of their birth. Even taking it for granted that our ancestors were competent to order the acts of their fellow creatures, does it necessarily follow that the requirements of their time are similar to those of to-day? Evidently not. Let us, then, cast off this garment of law, for it has not been made according to our measure, and it impedes our free movements. Hither with the axe, and let us demolish everything. Those who come after us will know how to rebuild an edifice quite as solid as that which we now feel trembling over our heads.

In another speech it is asserted that the deeds of political assassins and incendiaries are not the offspring of any sentiment of personal hatred or vengeance. They know full well that one emperor killed will merely be succeeded by another, who in his turn will again nominate the chiefs of police, and of the Third Section. Such deeds are justified by the necessity of rooting out from men's minds the habitual respect for the powers that be. The more the attacks on the Czar and his officials increase, the more will the people get to understand the absurdity of the veneration with which they have been regarded for centuries.

When it becomes evident that a person can not be more severely punished for the assassination of his sovereign than for the murder of a mere comrade, then the people will comprehend that it is quite as just to kill a man guilty of the abuse of power as to execute a poor beggar who has been tempted by hunger to commit murder. Society of to-day, gangrened though it be, has, to a certain extent, understood this, for Damiens-executions are things of the past, and in all legislations regicide is now assimilated to mere homicide. And how many are the murders and incendiaries nowadays which remain unpunished! Soon we shall see the authors of these so-called crimes enjoying the greatest consideration among us. The old world will have had its time. On its ruins the poor and oppressed will take each other by the hand, and the true disciples of Christ, that grand Nihilist, will smile when they remember the parable of the poor man in Abraham's bosom refusing a drop of water to the rich man in hell, and saying, "Thou hast had thy time, now it is mine!"

Then there will arise a new generation, generous-hearted and independent, and all mankind will be happy; until the time when, like the fabulous phoenix, the spirit of evil will arise again from the ashes of the old world. The children of our children will be forced to begin our work anew; but the evils of the future will be of a less monstrous nature than those which we now deplore, just as these in their turn are less crying and odious than those to which our ancestors were subjected. And thus, from struggle to struggle, and after centuries of combat, mankind will finally attain perfection, and become what

is called God. To arms, then, brethren, and follow me to the conquest of the Godhead.

In March, 1876, several Nihilist proclamations, on their way to Russia, were seized by the Prussian authorities at Königsberg. Paragraph sixteen of one of the documents in question ran thus:

You should only allow yourselves to be influenced (in the selection of your victims) by the relative use which the revolution would derive from the death of any particular person. In the foremost rank of such cases stand those people who are most dangerous and injurious to our organization, and whose sudden and violent death would have the effect of terrifying the Government, and shaking its power by robbing it of energetic and intelligent servants.

SECTION 23. The only revolution which can remedy the ills of the people is that which will tear up every notion of government by its very roots, and which will upset all ranks of the Russian Empire with all their traditions.

SEC. 24. Having this object in view, the Revolutionary Committee does not propose to subject the people to any directing organization. The future order of things will doubtless originate with the people themselves; but we must leave that to future generations. Our mission is only one of universal, relentless, and terror-striking destruction.

SEC. 26. The object of our organization and of our conspiracy is to concentrate all the forces of this world into an invincible and all-destroying power.

Among the papers found on the Nihilist Lieutenant Dubrowin, who was hanged at St. Petersburg in May last for his association with the regicide Solowjew, were two letters of some importance. The first, addressed to Nihilist officers in the Russian army, contains the following passage: "Our battalions are numerically so weak, and our enemies, on the other hand, are so mighty, that we are morally justified in making use of all attainable methods of proceeding which may enable us to carry on successfully active hostilities wheresoever it may become expedient."

The second letter, dated December, 1878, is addressed to Russian revolutionists, and is as follows: "The object of our letter is to communicate to Russian revolutionists certain experiences which, according to our ideas, are necessary for the organization of armed resistance to the Bashi-Bazouks of the police, and which, moreover, are indispensable to all those measures which social revolutionists must adopt in order to realize the ideas of the revolution. Unfortunately, the Russian Nihilists have not the revolutionary experience which the Overthrow party of other more favored countries possess," etc.

We have spoken of Bakunin as the founder

of this doctrine of universal chaos; we must not omit to speak also of M. Tschernyschewsky, who has done more than any one else to propagate it in Russia. Formerly editor of a monthly review called the "Sowremennik," which was suppressed in 1862 on account of its radicalism, he was sentenced in 1864 to sixteen years' penal servitude in Siberia for having propagated revolutionary doctrines. This he had chiefly effected by means of a novel which he had written, entitled "What is to be done?" and which, although strictly forbidden in Russia, has been printed both at Berlin and in Switzerland. This book has been described as being not only the encyclopædia, the dictionary of Nihilism, but also as a guide to the practical application of the new doctrine. In its characters Nihilist principles are personified, and examples given as to the means to be employed for their realization. We are shown the ideal of a future state of society, absolutely free from all law and control.

The aim of the author, as stated in the preface, is to increase the type of people which he describes, and it must be acknowledged that his teaching seems too well calculated to effect his object among those prepared to receive it. Twenty or even sixteen years ago Nihilism was comparatively rare in Russia, whereas to-day it has spread throughout the empire. Notwithstanding that the book is strictly forbidden in Russia, we are confidently assured that there is hardly a student of either sex at the universities and colleges who has not read, and almost learned by heart, this most baneful piece of literature.

The first Nihilist with whom we have to deal in the novel is a poor medical student of the name of Alexander who "finds it cheaper to get drunk than to eat or dress himself decently." In illustration of his faithfulness to Nihilistic principles we are favored with the particulars of an intrigue with a rich *danseuse*, which lasted a fortnight, at the end of which she becomes tired of him and turns him out of the house.

We next find him giving lessons to the son of a government clerk, who manages to combine the business of a pawnbroker with his official functions. Finding that the pawnbroker has a pretty daughter of rather an independent character, named Vera, he first of all converts her to Nihilism by means of conversations and books, and then persuades her to make a runaway match with him "in order to escape from the authority of her parents." The success of their plans of elopement was partly due to the friendly services of a Madame Julie Letellier, one of the most notorious *lionnes* of St. Petersburg, "whose language was such that it caused even the greatest *polissons* of the upper classes to blush." At a breakfast given by this lady to the newly married

couple, both the hostess and her two guests drink so much champagne that they all become quite tipsy. Julie, remembering that Vera was now a married woman, judged that it was no longer necessary to be guarded in her conversation, and ended by enthusiastically describing orgies in the most licentious of colors. "Suddenly Julie arose from the table and pinched Vera, who quickly rose in her turn and pursued her friend all through the rooms, jumping over chairs and tables." Having finally succeeded in catching Julie, a struggle ensues, which ends by the two women falling down together in a drunken sleep on the sofa, while Alexander also falls asleep in another corner of the room.

A month or two later Vera takes it into her head to earn her own living; accordingly she sets up a dressmaking business under the immediate patronage of Julie and her friends. Twenty young needlewomen belong to this establishment, which is conducted according to Nihilist notions. At the end of every month the net profits are equally divided among all the members, Vera merely taking her share with the rest. The young women all live in the same house and take their meals together; in this manner they are able to economize a great deal by buying all their provisions and necessaries at wholesale prices. They appear to have possessed everything in common and to have contented themselves with little, for M. Tschernyschewsky expressly informs us that the twenty young ladies only had five umbrellas among them. The financial success of the undertaking is so great that we actually find the girls at a loss how to invest their earnings profitably. Taking advantage, however, of Vera's experience in the matter, they use their money to set up a pawnbroker's business in connection with the dressmaking establishment. The author does not inform us whether the pawnbroking is also conducted according to Nihilistic principles.

About a year after their marriage a third Nihilist makes his appearance on the scene. He is a medical student named Kirsanoff. We are informed that he is exceedingly clever, that he had thoroughly mastered the French language by reading through eight times a French version of the New Testament, "a well-known book"; and finally that he had written a treatise on physiology which "even the great Claude Bernard of Paris had alluded to in terms of respect." In the same manner as Alexander is distinguished for perseverance, so is Kirsanoff remarkable for his kindness of heart, of which the following instance is given: Having fallen in love with a *grisette*, of notoriously drunken habits, he allowed her to come and live with him as soon as she had earned a sufficient sum of money by her vile trade

to pay for a proper outfit. However, drunkenness and debauchery bring on consumption, and she dies shortly after the marriage of Alexander and Vera.

Before proceeding any further the author takes great pains to assure us that Vera, Alexander, and Kirsanoff are persons of the most irreproachable and elevated character, and that their hearts only beat with generous impulses. To illustrate this he goes on to cause Kirsanoff to fall in love with Vera, who, "having now developed into a full-grown woman," returns Kirsanoff's affection, and has no hesitation in telling her husband all about it. The latter is not in the least offended by the news. Far from it! No, after devoting half an hour to considering the matter, he goes to see his friend Kirsanoff, informs him of what Vera had told him, and ends by inviting him to come and live with them, so as to make matters quite nice and comfortable. We are not to feel surprised at this proposal, for Alexander is one of those people who consider that "a man of intellect should not allow himself to be subject to jealousy. It is a false, unnatural, and altogether abominable sentiment, a mere phenomenon of the present order of things, according to which I ought to allow nobody to wear my linen or to smoke my pipe. It is the unfortunate result of a person's considering his helpmate in the light of private ownership." And again, *à propos* of the same subject, "can contraband be considered as a good thing? Isn't it much better to do things openly and aboveboard? In trying to hide matters we are forced to make use of falsehoods and all kinds of deceptions, and then, and then only, we become bad."

However, Kirsanoff declines Alexander's invitation on the ground that, although a *ménage à trois* would be quite in accordance with Nihilist notions, yet that people in general were still too old-fashioned and conservative in their prejudices to approve of such a proceeding. Vera also declines the proposed arrangement. But we must not do her the injustice of attributing her refusal to any false feelings of womanly shame. She distinctly states that "if a husband continues to live with his wife, there can be no cause for scandal, no matter what her relations with any other man may be." She merely refuses because, being under obligations to Alexander for having rendered her independent of the authority of her parents, his continued presence would become irksome to her. Accordingly, Alexander disappears, and is reported to have committed suicide by drowning. On the following day, however, Vera and Kirsanoff receive a letter from him, informing them that under cover of this report he had secretly embarked for the United States. Kirsanoff, having obtained the

necessary papers certifying his friend's death, marries Vera a fortnight later. They live happily, and carry on a most friendly correspondence with Alexander.

Some time after her second marriage, Vera discards dressmaking, and begins to study medicine under the auspices of Kirsanoff, who has now become a professor of it. We are told that she showed a special predilection for the study of anatomy, and the author warmly recommends this kind of occupation to his lady readers.

Two years later Alexander returns from the United States and settles down at St. Petersburg under the assumed name of Charles Belmont. He is now a naturalized American subject, and the agent of a great New York tallow company. Making the acquaintance of a friend of Vera's, named Katia, he converts her to Nihilism, and confides to her his true history, which, however, in no wise shocks her, for she readily consents to become his wife. A few days before their marriage they go together to see Kirsanoff and Vera, and the meeting is described as being of a most affectionate nature. Soon afterward the *soi-disant* Charles Belmont takes his wife to live in the same house with the Kirsanoffs, with whom they continue on terms of the warmest friendship. According to the author, they now become the center of a choice and intellectual circle of friends. The entertainments which take place at their house are minutely described.

Having frequently commended the elevated characters of Vera, Alexander, and Kirsanoff, M. Tschernyschewsky toward the end of his book becomes afraid that we should despair of ever attaining a similar degree of excellence. Accordingly, he assures us that his three friends are the most ordinary Nihilists in the world, and that with very little trouble we may become like them. In order to prove the truth of his assertion, he is good enough to introduce us, before leaving him, to a most superior kind of Nihilist, the quintessence of the new doctrine personified, whose name is Rakhmetoff.

Rakhmetoff, we are told, belongs to an old boyard family and is very wealthy. At the age of sixteen he is obliged to leave home because he has fallen in love with a woman to whom his father was attached, so he comes to St. Petersburg to study at the university. He soon makes the acquaintance of some students, who provide him with Nihilist literature. Thanks partly to the books and chiefly to his friendship and intimate communion with M. Tschernyschewsky himself, Rakhmetoff rapidly attains a degree of Nihilistic excellence which it is useless for us to strive to equal. He now reads but very few books, and only deigns to associate with men who are known to exercise influence on their

fellow creatures. After the perusal of three or four pages of Macaulay's works he throws them down in disgust, calling them a mere bundle of old rags. Nor are Stuart Mill, Adam Smith, and other writers on political economy better treated by this extraordinary youth. We are somewhat relieved, however, to learn that Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" finds favor in his sight.

At the age of eighteen he deems that it is "necessary" that he should cultivate his physical strength, for what reason we are not informed. Accordingly, he declines all food excepting raw beefsteaks and apples, "though he eats oranges when at St. Petersburg because the lower classes of that city also eat them."

Leaving the university before he had completed his studies, he travels through the country as a common laborer, working at the anvil, at road-making, wood-cutting, and all other work calculated to develop the muscles; his favorite occupation being to tow barges up the river. His strength soon becomes so great that he is able to stop a runaway horse and carriage by merely seizing hold of the axletree of the latter. His amusements are of an eccentric nature. One morning he is found lying on a bed composed of inch-long nails pointed upward, and covered with blood. In reply to inquiries, he only vouchsafes to state that it is necessary that he should know whether he could support pain. A little later he leaves Russia, telling his friends that he had done all he can to propagate the new doctrines there, and that now it is necessary that he should make himself acquainted with the various customs and social organizations of other countries. After this we hear no more of him.

M. Tschernyschewsky concludes by regretting that there are but very few people as high-minded as Rakhmetoff, and says that he has known but eight persons who could be compared to him, and that two of these were women.

II.

To Western Europeans it is almost utterly incomprehensible how thousands of human beings can entertain such notions as have now been quoted, and, above all, how they can have been adopted to such an extent as to form a menace to the Government.

In order to understand, in any measure, their ready acceptance in Russia, we must take the character of the people into consideration.

Their most prominent features are superficiality and sensuality. The Russian is the obedient servant of his senses, and is entirely governed by the impressions which his eyes and ears convey to him. He does everything on the impulse of the moment: he laughs with the merry, weeps with the sad, becomes as kindly and gen-

erous to misfortune and misery when they are brought before his eyes as he is cold and indifferent to them at a distance. He is honest with the honest, but readily falls into the ways of thieves when he finds himself in their company. Credulous and full of phantasies, which rapidly flame up and are just as quickly extinguished, all the qualities necessary for steadfastness of purpose are entirely wanting in him. The abstract principles of right and wrong but feebly influence his actions. On the other hand, he is all the more ready to pursue the shadows of principles, and to cling to any theories which the wind of the day may have blown across his path. The more glittering, the more plausible, the more unsubstantial they are, the more likely are they to carry him away. Without philosophical profundity, he nevertheless possesses considerable ingenuity; hence he is too ready to be seduced by specious arguments, and to accept the logical conclusions of premises which he has never duly examined.

Another fact must also be remarked. The Russians have no political history. Until quite recently they were subject to an autocracy which repressed any expression whatever of opinion concerning the Government. All power was concentrated in the hands of the Czar, and administered by an immense bureaucracy. The public discussion of political and administrative questions was forbidden or jealously restricted. Political education under such a condition of things was impossible. Political character is the outcome of political strife in the forum and in the press. It is the political life of a nation which alone can furnish the individual with political character; and there is no such life in Russia. Until the present generation there was no regular organization of classes in Russia; everybody was equally subject to the will and pleasure of the Czar.

Having, therefore, no political experience, the Russian people were ill prepared for the reforms which ushered in the comparatively liberal era of the present Emperor's reign. In quick succession serfdom was abolished, trial by jury and the English system of judicial proceedings introduced, provincial, district, and municipal assemblies instituted, and liberty of the press granted in Moscow and St. Petersburg.

In addition to all these things the construction of an immense network of railways opened up communication with foreign countries, and admitted the influx of the political ideas of Western Europe. The abolition of serfdom introduced the principles of liberty and legal equality; the new provincial, district, and municipal assemblies introduced those of self-government; while the liberty of the press carried with it the

novel right of protest, in the name of the nation, against the evils and oppressions of the Government. The more enlightened classes suddenly became aware of the immense power of the people, which had hitherto lain dormant. But unfortunately, in consequence of political inexperience, they were unable to give it a proper direction.

Again, the ill-considered educational changes recently introduced by the Government have had portentous effects. A Russian youth, more than any other, requires to have his studies regulated for him. Although remarkable for intelligence and quickness of perception, he is unfitted for serious work by want of perseverance and by his proneness to exaggeration. Thus, for instance, a Russian boy, on having the astronomical chart explained to him, will perhaps ask why such and such animals had been selected for the definition of the various constellations. Unless an energetic hand brings him back to his studies, the precocious youth, who is scarcely able to describe three constellations correctly, will surprise his parents and teachers with a new astronomical chart of his own making, entirely different in its arrangement from that in his atlas. Instead of repressing this conceit, he is praised for his cleverness, and the teachers who venture to doubt his genius are accused of being crotchety and narrow-minded. Naturally the lad who imagines that he has commenced by bettering the existing astronomical chart is disinclined to apply himself to the dull routine of mathematical study; conscious of his own genius, he considers that intuition will enable him to dispense with further investigation. And so it is with other departments of study. At the age of thirteen he will have already worked out a constitution for Russia; at fourteen he will have written an essay on the physiological and anatomical failings of the human body, while at fifteen he will have invented a new religion. What we should punish as conceit in England is praised as genius in Russia.

The knowledge of Latin and Greek, which formerly constituted a *sine qua non* of all university and Government-service examinations, had served to a certain extent to compel proper application on the part of the Russian youth; for their study demands downright hard work and perseverance. In 1862, however, Alexander II., desirous of maintaining the reputation of liberal-mindedness which the abolition of serfdom had earned for him, caused great reforms to be made in the Department of Public Instruction. The law limiting to three hundred the number of students at each of the seven universities was repealed, and the colleges and gymnasiums thrown open to all classes. The num-

bers at the St. Petersburg University rose almost immediately to twelve hundred, and at Moscow to fifteen hundred.

M. Golownine, known for his liberal opinions, succeeded the obnoxious Admiral Poutjatine as Minister of Education, and at once relaxed all the severe regulations and discipline by which the students had previously been controlled. Latin and Greek were declared to be no longer necessary for university and Government examinations; and in their stead the study of realism and abstract science was introduced. Professorships of Natural History and Philosophy, which until then had been badly taught by insufficiently instructed priests, were instituted. In imitation of the German universities, student associations and clubs, reading-rooms, and even debating unions, were not only allowed, but even encouraged by the Government. The discussion of politics, until then strictly forbidden, was now openly carried on, and the consequence was that the students began to devote much more of their time to the events of the day, and to criticism of the acts of the Government, than to their studies. They gradually became accustomed to consider themselves as "the coming race" destined to regenerate Russia, and entitled to treat with contempt the conservative notions of their parents and superiors.

The Government, however, soon began to open its eyes to the fact that all these favors and privileges had been dispensed both too suddenly and too lavishly, and that the young men were making a bad use of the independence which they had obtained. Some very serious disturbances, in which students were implicated, and Karasoff's attempt on the Czar's life brought matters to a climax; and in 1866 M. Golownine was obliged to resign.

Count Tolstoy, by whom he was succeeded, and who still remains in office, has the reputation of being the best-hated man in Russia. We are assured that he has done more to render the Government unpopular than any official now living; and the following letter which he received last year from the Central Committee of the Nihilists goes far to prove the truth of the assertion: "Your excellency has nothing to fear from us. We fully acknowledge the value of the services which you have rendered and still continue to render to our cause. We promise that your life shall always be very precious to us."

His first act on entering office was to rule that Latin and Greek should again take an indispensable place in the university and civil-service examinations. The effect of this order can hardly be imagined. Most of the students at Russian colleges and universities are the sons of small government officials, of priests, and of trades-

people; and it may safely be asserted that at least four out of five of them are so poor that they are allowed to pursue their studies free of cost. Their only prospect in life was, and still is, to pass the necessary examinations, and then to be admitted to the lower grades of the Civil Service. For it must be borne in mind that in Russia the Government service is the only career which allows any scope for ambition. In other countries, commerce and industries of all kinds offer a vast field of enterprise to young men. But, in Russia, trade and manufacture are but little developed, and agriculture, which remains in the hands of the liberated serfs, constitutes almost the sole industry of the country at large. Nor do the learned professions offer any great advantages, for the white clergy (as the priests are called, to distinguish them from the black clergy, or monks) are utterly despised in Russia, and in fact only treated a little better than the common peasant; the army is almost entirely reserved to the nobility, and trial by jury and freedom of discussion in courts of justice are of too recent introduction and too little appreciated to afford much scope to the advocate; while a literary career is even less remunerative in Russia than elsewhere.

Despairing of being able to pass the necessary examinations in consequence of their ignorance of classics, many of the students thought it best to leave the universities and colleges at once. Without means of existence, without position, and without any prospect in life, they became ready converts to Nihilism, the ranks of which were constantly augmented, not only by students who had failed to pass, but also by those who, having succeeded, were nevertheless unable to obtain admittance to the Civil Service. For, since the number of the students at the various universities had so largely increased, the Government was no longer able to provide situations for all the young men who had creditably passed their examinations.

Count Tolstoy rendered himself further unpopular to the students by repealing and abolishing many of the privileges which had been granted by his predecessor in office. Most of the former obnoxious regulations were restored. Professors and students were again forced to wear uniforms and subjected to military discipline, and the hated curators were reappointed. These curators are officials who represent the Imperial Government at every university, and are for the most part retired generals and colonels. Students, professors, and even the senate and the rector, are all alike subject to their orders and frequently to their eccentricities.

Herzen tells us of a Prince Galyzin, who, when curator of the Moscow University, issued

an order that, whenever any one of the professors should be prevented by sickness from teaching, his colleagues should all take it in turn to lecture in his stead, no matter what their specialty might be. The result was, that on one occasion a priest who taught logic was called upon to lecture on obstetrics, while at another time the celebrated accoucheur Richter was obliged to hold forth on theology. Another pious old gentleman, curator of the Kazan University, ordered that detached portions of human bodies, which had been used for the study of anatomy, should be afterward solemnly interred with funeral rites. The curators strongly disapprove of all intimacy between the students and their professors, and attach much more importance to the political ideas of the latter than to their capacities for teaching. An excellent regulation ordains that professors of universities and Government colleges should be called upon to retire after twenty-five years' service on a full-pay pension. They may, however, be reelected for a further term of ten years, in which case they draw both their salary and their pension. This regulation has always been held out as a great inducement to men of talent and learning; and formerly the various "chairs" were creditably filled. Now, however, the curator has the power of vetoing their reelection; and this, together with the strict supervision to which they are subjected, has latterly caused a scarcity of competent professors.

The administration of the educational department has been accused, with some justice, of being more anxious to propitiate the Government of the time being than for the welfare of the youth committed to its charge. And this may in a certain measure account for the otherwise inexplicable changes which are of so frequent occurrence.

On one day privileges are withdrawn, on the next others are granted; now certain studies are specially favored, a few months subsequently entirely different ones will have the preponderance. This continual uncertainty and change have a most discouraging and irritating effect on the students. Naturally disinclined to serious study, these interruptions both confirm and excuse their natural indisposition to serious work, and it is not to be wondered at if they discuss among themselves the injustice with which they are treated. Subjected to a system of espionage, there is a risk that any unfavorable expression of opinion concerning Count Tolstoy's administration may reach his ears, in which case it will probably be looked upon as treason; and, indeed, apart from any evidence of disaffection, students are frequently expelled and even exiled, on the merest suspicion and without any hearing.

Thus, for instance, a student at the St. Petersburg University, named Organoff, was suddenly seized by night in 1876, and detained for over two years in a distant town by the police, merely because he had had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of his superiors, nor was he ever able to obtain any hearing, or even explanation of the severe treatment to which he had been subjected.

The Government, on the other hand, consider themselves justified in adopting very severe and even harsh measures in dealing with these institutions, which they regard as the very hot-bed of discontent. This has especially been the case since the trial of Netchaieff and Solowjew brought to light the fact that at least three quarters of the Nihilist party are composed of graduates, students, and young men and women who, for one reason or another, have been unable to complete their academical career. The history of the ex-student Solowjew, who attempted to assassinate the Czar on the 2d of April last, is merely that of most Nihilists. He was the son of a poor village apothecary on one of the estates of the late Grand Duchess Helena. After spending several years at the St. Petersburg Gymnasium, he matriculated at the university, the Grand Duchess very kindly defraying all the expenses of his education; but, for some reason or other, he was obliged to leave without having completed his studies, and consequently experienced great difficulties and delays in obtaining a situation as village schoolmaster at Toropez. While there he became a convert to Nihilism, and was dismissed in 1875 for having been in communication with suspected persons. In imitation of M. Tschernyschewsky's Rakhmetoff, he now devoted his time to wandering about the country disguised as a common laborer, occasionally working at the anvil and propagating revolutionary doctrines among the people. In 1876 he married a young woman of the name of Catherine Tschelichteff merely in order to render her independent of her parents' authority. They separated soon after the marriage, and Solowjew continued his wanderings under an assumed name till 1878, when he came to St. Petersburg and took up his abode there. He remained busily occupied in distributing Nihilist proclamations, pamphlets, and books, until April, when he made his attempt to assassinate the Czar. It may be added as characteristic of this Nihilist, who was hanged a few weeks later, that he spent the night preceding his crime in a house of ill fame.

Before proceeding further we would now draw the reader's attention to the history of Michael Bakunin, the founder of the doctrines of Nihilism, some of whose speeches we have quoted in the early part of this article.

He belonged to a rich boyard family, favorably known both at court and in the army. One of his nearest relations is at the present moment an aide-de-camp-general of the Czar, while another cousin occupied until quite recently the post of Governor-General of Eastern Siberia.

Born in 1814, Michael Bakunin, in accordance with the traditions of his family, was destined for a military career in the Imperial Guard. At the age of twenty he entered the School of Gunnery at St. Petersburg, where, however, he already began to show signs of discontent and insubordination. The consequence was that, although he passed an excellent examination, he was refused admittance into the Guards, and appointed to a line regiment quartered in some out-of-the-way part of the country. In order to fully appreciate the hardship which this treatment entailed, we must explain that while the Guards are stationed at St. Petersburg and Moscow, the officers of line regiments have the prospect of spending their whole lives in some small Russian village or provincial town. Thoroughly disgusted, Bakunin now became a complete misanthrope, and neglected his military duties to such an extent that he was obliged to leave the army.

Thus he found himself, at the age of twenty-two, without any occupation or prospect in life. Taking up his abode in Moscow, he joined Alexander Herzen and several other well-known Russians in forming a club for the discussion and study of Hegel's social philosophy, which was then in vogue. He soon became the acknowledged chief of his circle, and surpassed all his friends in enthusiasm for this new German philosophy; in fact, he began to consider that it was his special mission to propagate its teaching in Russia. In 1841 he went to Berlin in order to pursue his philosophical studies at their very source. Hegel himself was already dead, but his tenets still enjoyed the utmost consideration.

Bakunin lived here for a time with the celebrated novelist, Ivan Tourgeneff; but he soon frightened all his Russian friends by the wild fanaticism with which he sought to adapt Hegel's theories to every-day life. In 1843 we find him at Dresden, writing the most rabid articles for a socialistic review, under the pseudonym of Jules Elizard. A year later he went to Paris, informing his friends that there was nothing more to learn in Germany.

Paris was then regarded as the spot whence the social reorganization of the world would originate; and Proudhon and Louis Blanc were then at their height of influence. The Russian Government, however, which had begun to look upon Bakunin with suspicion, now thought fit to request his return to Russia, and refused to renew his passports. Disregarding his recall, he

spent the next five years of his life partly in France and partly in Switzerland, dependent to a certain extent on the good will and pleasure of the police, owing to his being without papers. In 1847, however, he was formally expelled from French territory at the request of the Emperor Nicholas, in consequence of his having made a speech at a banquet on the anniversary of the Warsaw insurrection, urging the overthrow of the Czar's Government, and the establishment of a confederate republic in its place. Tracked everywhere and constantly watched by the police agents of the Russian Government, which had offered a reward of ten thousand rubles for his capture, he was forced to wander about from one place to another, until the Revolution of 1848 rendered his return to Paris possible. But he was greatly disappointed when the Provisional Government turned a deaf ear to his tempting proposals that France should take the lead in revolutionizing all Europe; and he soon received significant hints which caused him to leave France again toward the end of the year.

Proceeding to Prague he made an abortive attempt to incite the youth of that city to revolt against the Government. Pursued by the Austrian police, he escaped to Dresden, where he arrived just in time to take a very prominent part in the serious disturbances of 1849. The insurgents were in possession of the city, and only surrendered after a three days' siege to the Prussian and Saxon regular troops. Bakunin, whose proposal to set fire to the city when its defense was no longer possible had exasperated even the insurgents against him, was captured on the 10th of May, 1849, at a short distance from Chemnitz. After a year's imprisonment he was condemned to death by the Saxon court-martial. However, before the sentence could be carried into effect, the Austrian Government demanded, and obtained, his extradition. Sentenced to death a second time by the Austrian judges for his doings at Prague, he again escaped the penalty, in consequence of a request made by the Emperor Nicholas that he should be transferred to the Russian Government for punishment. From 1851 to 1856 he remained a close prisoner in the dungeons of the St. Peter and St. Paul fortress at St. Petersburg.

Owing to powerful intercession made in his behalf, Alexander, on the occasion of his coronation, commuted his punishment to banishment for life to the eastern part of Siberia. Being nearly related to Count Mouravieff, the Governor-General of the province, he was treated with comparative leniency, and even allowed a certain amount of liberty on parole. In 1861 he managed to escape in an American trading schooner to Yokohama, whence he traveled through the

United States to England. Here he was received with open arms by his former friends, Alexander Herzen, Ogareff, and the little Russian colony of political refugees established in London.

Herzen was at that time engaged in editing a Russian newspaper, called the "*Kolokol*" (the Bell), directed against the despotism of the Government. The illegitimate son of a Prince Jakowleff, and possessing a large fortune, he was at all times much more moderate in his political views than Bakunin, whose twelve years of prison had only had the effect of developing more thoroughly his doctrine of universal chaos. Herzen, although what we should call an ultra-radical, was never at any time of his life an adherent to Nihilism. Notwithstanding the fact that his paper was strictly forbidden in Russia, it was extensively read and appreciated throughout the empire until the time of Bakunin's arrival in London. The coöperation of the latter in the editorship had a most injurious effect upon it. The comparatively moderate views which it had until then professed were discarded, and Nihilism and universal anarchy preached in every number. In consequence it speedily lost the consideration and influence which it had enjoyed. After taking a prominent part in the organization of the Polish insurrection of 1863, Herzen and Bakunin transferred their quarters to Geneva, where the "*Kolokol*" shortly afterward died a natural death. Soon after their arrival in Switzerland, Bakunin separated from his friend Herzen (who died in 1870, leaving behind him several works of much interest, which are being published by his son), and lost no time in actively interesting himself in the various European revolutionary organizations. In 1867 we find him not only a prominent member of the "*Internationale*," but also on the permanent committee of the "*League of Universal Peace*" in Switzerland. The attempts which he made to convert these two organizations to his views met with but little success, and in 1868 he was formally expelled from both associations. Thereupon he founded the "*Alliance Internationale de la Révolution européenne*," in connection with the Nihilist party in Russia, of which he now became the acknowledged chief. A year later we find him in personal communication with the notorious Netchaieff, whom he ended by sending back to Russia accredited as the emissary of the chief committee of the Nihilists.

In 1870, after the fall of the empire in France, he published a pamphlet entitled "*L'Empire Knouto-Germanique et la Révolution sociale*," in which he summons the proletarian classes of all Europe to assist France in bringing about a social revolution, and to free her from the government which German bayonets had imposed on

her. It also advocates the dismissal of all officials, the imprisonment of all landed proprietors, capitalists, and priests, the distribution of government and private property, and concludes by recommending that all Bonapartists should be transported for life. After the publication of this piece of literature, he betook himself to Lyons, hearing that the Commune had been proclaimed in that city. He arrived there on the morning of the 20th of September, and, after having been most warmly received by Cluseret, Richard, and other Communists, assisted at the storming of the Hôtel de Ville by the insurgents.

Twenty-four hours later the National Guards had recaptured the Hôtel de Ville and dispersed the provisional government established there. Bakunin himself was conducted to the railway-station and seated in a train which brought him back direct to Geneva. The remaining years of his life were spent between Berne, Zurich, and Geneva, and actively employed in directing the revolutionary work in Russia. He died a few months ago at Geneva, and has been succeeded, as leader of the Nihilist party, by a M. Drogonow, who resides in the same city.

Netchaieff, whom we have referred to in connection with Bakunin, was a *déclassé* student of the St. Petersburg University. In 1869 he came to Geneva, saw Bakunin, and obtained from him a card bearing the following mystic words: "Alliance révolutionnaire européenne; le Comité Général, 12 mai, 1869." Armed with this document, he returned to St. Petersburg and spent the next four years in comparative ease, living at the expense of others. Russians still retain much of the Asiatic weakness for conspiracies, and Netchaieff had only to show the card in order to be received with the utmost enthusiasm by students and the discontented youth of both sexes, who regarded him almost in the light of a supernatural being, and were ready to obey his slightest behest.

He greatly impressed them by frequently talking about his "secret chief," and succeeded in swindling many people out of large sums of money, which he demanded in the name of the revolutionary committee. Whenever there was the slightest hesitation about complying with any of his demands, he dropped hints about the deadly vengeance of the committee. In 1873 a young man of the name of Ivanoff, having declined to submit any longer to his extortions, and threatened to betray him to the police, Netchaieff stabbed him in the back, wounding him mortally. Although he managed to escape to Zurich, the Swiss Government made no difficulty about surrendering him to the Russian authorities as a common murderer, and in 1874 he was tried with closed doors at Moscow. In consideration of the

important revelations which he was good enough to make, his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life in the mines of Siberia.

According to a preconcerted arrangement, the one hundred and eighty-three persons implicated by his confessions were all seized on the same day, the 20th of May, 1875. They consisted chiefly of the sons and daughters of priests, tradespeople, Jews, and small officials, and were accused of having sought to propagate Nihilism among the lower classes of the people. Some very curious facts came to light during the trial. One of the accused, a girl named Idalia Polheim, acknowledged that she had received orders from the central committee to become the paramour of a wealthy old landed proprietor, and then to poison and rob him of his riches in favor of the cause. On another occasion the same girl had been instructed by the committee to become the mistress of a certain Larinoff, who had threatened to desert the revolutionary party. A student of the name of Ituschin also confessed that a boy at Moscow had been persuaded to murder and rob his own father, and to hand over the plunder to the committee. Some astonishment has been expressed at the large number of young girls implicated in all these Nihilist conspiracies, who seek to emulate the conduct of M. Tschernyschewsky's Vera. We would, however, remark that in Russia, as elsewhere, women are apt to rush to extremes in politics as well as in religion; with them the heart is stronger than the head.

It is greatly to be regretted that this monster trial, which lasted over eighteen months, should have taken place with open doors, for the conduct of the judges who presided was so weak, and even unseemly, that the dignity of the Court must have suffered in the eyes of the auditors.

The most extraordinary scenes were of daily occurrence. The accused were not only allowed to address the Court, but even to preach the most rampant Nihilism from the prisoners' dock. The lawyers for the defense not only seized every opportunity to vituperate the Government, and to hold up the accused as martyrs to its despotism, but also to excite the popular feeling against the *gendarmérie* and police, who, after all, had only obeyed orders in arresting the prisoners. On one occasion some of the counsel were even allowed to go so far as to insist on the withdrawal of an officer of the *gendarmérie* from the court, on the ground that "the sight of his hated uniform excited the public." The proceedings were not terminated until the month of December, 1877, when ninety-nine of the accused were sentenced to penal servitude in Siberia, thirty-six subjected to police supervision for a certain number of years, and the remainder acquitted.

The great trial was scarcely over, when the

Government was dismayed by the attempted assassination of General Trepoff, the chief of that Third Section of the Imperial Chancellerie which has the control of the *gendarmérie* of the empire. On the 5th of February, 1878, he was shot down in the streets of St. Petersburg by a young woman, formerly a medical student, and named Vera Sassoulitch. In consequence of her acquaintance with Netchaieff she had been subjected to a constant supervision by the police, and goaded almost to desperation by their persecutions. The "Committee" had, therefore, but little difficulty in persuading her to avenge a flogging which Bogobjuloff, a Nihilist, had been subjected to for some infraction of prison discipline. It should be added that Bogobjuloff was a perfect stranger to her, and that she had never even seen him. The Government was advised not to treat her as a political offender, but rather as an ordinary criminal, and to have her case decided by a jury. Her trial, which took place at St. Petersburg, caused an immense sensation throughout Russia. Here again the presiding judges behaved in a most unaccountable manner, and allowed the proceedings to be carried on as if General Trepoff were the accused and Vera Sassoulitch the injured party. The consequence was, that the jury brought in a verdict acquitting the prisoner of a crime to which she herself had pleaded guilty, and the judges directed that she should be set at liberty. The verdict was received with the most frantic applause, not only by the persons present in the court, but also by a large crowd of students and others who filled the street. One young student present appears to have completely lost his head on receiving the news. Drawing a revolver from his pocket, he suddenly fired a first shot at a policeman, with a second he seriously wounded a poor woman who was standing next to him, while with a third he blew his own brains out. Vera Sassoulitch managed to escape from the supervision of the police officials of the Third Section, and is at the present moment living near Geneva.

The baneful effects of her trial soon became perceptible—political assassinations grew to be quite the fashion. On the 17th of August of the same year General Menzentsoff, who had succeeded General Trepoff as chief of the Third Section, was shot in the streets of St. Petersburg by a young man who managed to effect his escape. Baron Heyking, commanding the *gendarmérie* at Kiev, and Prince Krapotkin, the Governor of Kharkov, were also murdered in the course of the summer. General Drenteln, who had undertaken the direction of the Third Section after the assassination of General Menzentsoff, was shot in the early part of 1879, and matters have culminated in the recent attempt to

murder the Czar with which the world is even now ringing. Of late, however, the Nihilists appear to have changed their tactics to some extent, and to have adopted the famous prescription of Hippocrates, according to which, when medicines and the knife are powerless to heal, fire should be tried ("Quod medicamina et ferrum non sanant, ignis sanat"). Arson has become the order of the day, and conflagrations have increased to an enormous extent. During the month of last June alone thirty-five hundred fires broke out in St. Petersburg, Orenburg, Koslow, Irkutsk, and Uralsk, destroying property to the amount of twelve million rubles; only nine hundred of these fires could be properly accounted for, the remaining twenty-six hundred being attributed to Nihilistic incendiaries. There is no doubt but that the Committee has considerable funds at its disposal. Agencies are maintained at Berlin, Paris, and London, where traveling Nihilists are fraternally received and provided with money and the necessities of life. However, when their resources are too heavily taxed, they have no hesitation about levying black-mail. Thus, for instance, during the past summer, two wealthy St. Petersburg merchants received anonymous letters from the Committee requesting sums of twenty thousand and thirty thousand rubles respectively, and threatening them with a violent death in case of refusal. The merchants in question lost no time in complying with the demands made upon their purses, and, when blamed for not having sought the protection of the Government, replied with some justice, "If the chief of the police is unable to protect his own person from attacks, how can we possibly expect efficient protection?"

The attempt on the Emperor's life in April last caused such consternation that the Government thought it necessary to proclaim martial law in the greater part of European Russia. Six military Governor-Generals have been appointed with the fullest powers to suspend, when they think it expedient, any of the ordinary police and judicial proceedings. Nihilists are now tried by courts-martial, which are conducted in a more dignified and expeditious manner than the civil tribunals.

While referring to the latter, we would avail ourselves of the opportunity to offer a word of explanation concerning the astonishing conduct of the judges, to which we have before referred. When trial by jury and the West-European mode of judicial proceedings were first adopted in Russia in the year 1865, great fear was expressed as to the difficulty which there would be in obtaining judges sufficiently independent of any influence on the part of the Government and the aristocracy to administer justice equitably.

The new judges, who were not chosen from the highest social grades, accordingly imagined that it was their duty to give both to the Government and to the aristocracy every proof of their independence, and, in fact, rather overdid the matter. Whenever the lower classes came into conflict with either the aristocracy or the Government, the judges invariably decided in favor of the former, no matter how unjustly. Little by little they grew accustomed to look upon themselves as the representatives of the people, and as their protectors against the oppressions of the Government. It is, indeed, difficult to understand how the Russian Government can ever have hoped that men of real talent and conscience would consent to take any part in so half-hearted a concern as the new judicial system in Russia. On the one hand we have the open courts of justice with their juries and freedom of discussion, while on the other we find the notorious Third Section of the Imperial Chancellerie with its army of gendarmes, and with its power without trial to imprison, and to punish with penal servitude or exile to Siberia, at its pleasure. The newly instituted judicial system is comparatively useless, since, even when the judge and jury acquit an offender, he is liable to be immediately seized and punished by the Section for *state reasons*.

With the exception of the emancipation of the serfs, almost all of the well-intentioned reforms of Alexander II. have been nullified by the action of this Third Section, the chief of which has often been nicknamed the "Vice-Emperor." For instance, the municipal district and provincial assemblies are powerless to adopt any measure until they have obtained not only the approval of the Minister of the Interior and of the Governor of the province, but also the consent of the commandant of the *gendarmérie* of the

place who represents the Third Section. It is deeply to be regretted that, when the Czar determined to institute these municipal district and provincial assemblies, he did not go one step further and institute a national assembly; a House of Representatives chosen by the nation is the only possible remedy in the present state of things. By his somewhat too hasty reforms in the early part of his reign, the Emperor gave his people a taste of liberty, and allowed them to acquire a taste for self-government, until then unknown in Russia. They now demand that this concession should be more fully developed. There are at the present moment many loyal and devoted subjects of the Czar, who would be horrified at the bare idea of becoming Nihilists themselves, and who yet regard the proceedings of these destructives with a certain degree of complacency, hoping that it will force the Government to concede that which even the Mikado of Japan has granted to his people—namely, a Constitution. A Parliament controlling the national expenditure, protecting individual liberty, and demanding of the Third Section an account of its actions, would not only have the effect of restoring the financial credit of Russia, but would, by admitting the people to a share of the sovereignty, rally to the side of the Government many excellent and liberal-minded men who are increasingly dissatisfied with the present state of affairs.

Nihilism deprived of the larger portion of its *raison d'être*—namely, stifled discontent—would quickly lose the most capable of its adherents, and would probably prove as fleeting and unstable as are most of the impulses and ideas of the Russian mind.

FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN (*The Nineteenth Century*).

POEMS BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

[Now that De Musset, Gautier, Baudelaire, and others of the choir of French poets are gone, and Victor Hugo, the Nestor and primate among them all, is drawing near the end of his long career, the question naturally presents itself, Who are to take the places which they have left vacant in French literature? To the worshipers of M. Hugo, the suggestion that any one can fill the "portentous void" which his death must create will savor of irreverence; but even to these worshipers at an exclusive shrine, however, the idea that the lesser gods may be replaced will not seem irrational; and one turns with interest and hope to those newly-arisen singers whose notes are beginning to make them-

selves heard above the confused murmur of the general choir.

A high, if not the highest, rank among this younger generation of French poets must be assigned to M. François Coppée, the quality and character of whose song will be at least indicated by the selected poems which these sentences are intended to introduce. M. Coppée (christened François-Edouard-Joachim) was born at Paris in the year 1842, his father being an employee in the office of the Minister of War. He commenced at the Lycée Saint-Louis studies which his feeble health did not allow him to finish there, but which he completed later by the aid of those lyceum lectures which Mat-

threw Arnold regards as so valuable a part of the French machinery of education. At a very early period of his life he devoted himself to the vocation of poetry; but his first efforts were so unsuccessful that in a moment of discouragement he threw the whole of them into the fire, and it was not until the first volume of his poems appeared, in 1866, that his choice of a career was vindicated to himself and to the public at large. Some of the poems in this volume (which was entitled "*Le Reliquaire*") were afterward published in "*Le Parnasse Contemporain*," and their author was very cordially praised for the freshness of the inspiration which they exhibited, for their spirit, vivacity, and good taste, and for "the delicate and engaging character of that note of truth and sincerity which is perceptible in them." M. Coppée now began to contribute freely to various periodicals, and in 1867 his "*Hymn to Peace*" was sent to the Lyceum and obtained the prize. His works and his name, however, still remained known to only a small literary coterie, when one of his poems, "*The Benediction*," published in "*L'Artiste*," obtained an immense success. It was publicly recited with great applause by Anatole Lionnet, and also by Mlle. Agar, of the Odéon. For this latter artist he wrote a comedy in one act and in verse ("*Le Passant*") which was played at the second Théâtre Français, on January 14, 1869. The press unanimously praised it for its freshness, elegance, passion, wit, and those other qualities which the French are so quick to admire in compositions of this kind. In this same year, 1869, he published another collection of verse, entitled "*Modern Poems*," which contained his masterpiece, "*The Angelus*" (a poem of a thousand lines), and other shorter pieces; and in March he was awarded the Lambert Prize by the French Academy. His most recent volume, "*Récits et Elégies*," was published in 1878. One of these later poems, "*The Night-Watch*," narrates an incident of the Franco-German war, and is nearly as remarkable as "*The Benediction*" for dramatic situation and intensity of feeling. These qualities, it will be observed, are found in an eminent degree in each of the poems that we have selected; and it will also be observed that M. Coppée disdains to woo that meretricious muse which has inspired so much of the contemporary verse of his countrymen.

The spirited translations of these poems are reproduced from a little volume entitled "*Gottlob et Cetera*," by William Young, whose connection with the "*New York Albion*," though it terminated long since, has rendered his name familiar to a numerous circle of readers in this country.]

GOTTLÖB.

FROM "*LE JUSTICIER*."

ONE month since Easter, on St. Philip's Day,
The fifteenth century being three years old,
The very high and very puissant Gottlob
Surnamed the Brutal, Count of Schnepfenthal,
Baron of Hilburghausen, of Elbenau

Grand Bailiff, and hereditary Margrave
Of Schlotemsdorff, by water and by land
Lord, chief and oldest among Saxon knights,
And of a proud, despotic race the last,
Having—despite the rain-storm and his age,
For he was ninety-four—been forth to see
Three peasants hanged, at the hour of Angelus,
After his supper, calmly, with the host
Laid to his lip and his lean hands outspread
Upon the crucifix, gave up the ghost,
At his stronghold of Ruhn upon the Elbe.

Seeing the black flag, the whole country
breathed;

For civil war raged. Drunken Wenceslas
Bartered his towns for gold. The rulers ruled,
Each as he listed. Law and rights were none.
Grasping and cruel ever had he been,
The wellnigh centenarian lying there
All pale, his outlined form beneath the sheet
Drawn to its full length. He had reimposed
All the old imposts—on the vintage, tax;
Tax on the harvest; tax on mills, fish, game;
Poll-tax on pilgrims even. Halberdiars,
Demons of violence, with blows enforced
Reluctant dues. Death was the penalty
Paid for refusal. Various in its form
Was the grim Margrave's vengeance. Clad,
gloved, visored,

In iron all, he came upon the spot
Girt with his pikemen, waved his hand, and
straight

The barren gibbets budded. Vassals died
By steel, or cord, or rod. Youth donned per-
force

His archers' harness; for the old and weak
There was naught left, save in their leprous rags
Wearily, after vespers, to besiege
The convent-doors and clamor for a crust
Of hard black bread. Along the broad high-
way

Beggars in troops laid bare their hideous sores.

Burying their coin in the earth, the citizens
Thought, at the outset, to protest. They chose
One of their number, gray-haired and discreet,
Sending him secretly to Trèves, to plead
Their cause with the Archbishop and set forth
Their grievances; but Gottlob, having wind
Of their intention, in advance dispatched
To the Elector-Primate two fine mules
With golden pyxes and with velvet copes
Heavily charged. The saint-like Patriarch,
Zealous in serving God, received the gifts,
And hanged the townsmen's delegate. No more
Was said about the matter.

Now was woe
Redoubled, Gottlob bidding fair to touch
His hundredth year. Apparent was no term
To all this desolation. Beldames called him
Satan's accomplice. One and all despaired,

Wailing for mercy. In the end he died.
He was dead, *certès*. Then, as in a wood
The little nests are resonant of joy
When down the wind fierce squalls have swept
the hawk,

So the poor people this departure hailed
With shouted plaudits. Bonfires were lit up;
And round about the gallows hand in hand
Danced the glad peasants. In the castle-walls
The soldiers listened to the festive din
Borne on the night wind, or with anxious watch
Pried through the loopholes. Fronting the dead
man

A solitary Monk, in leathern chair
Seated, was musing. As the corpse laid out
Lent to the shroud its profile, fancy showed him
How in the marble of the Margrave's tomb
The self-same outlines would be reproduced;
Or, when the lights flared in the gusty draught,
His eye went wandering to the tapestry,
Whereon in dim confusion cavaliers
Swayed to and fro; or, with unconscious stare,
Traced the receding pillars of the room.
He was alone. At times, in hardy jet,
The bonfires' glow flamed on the window-panes;
And louder, clearer, rose upon the air
The vassals' voices lifted in great glee.

Anon, still motionless and rapt in thought,
Psalms and the *Miserere* in low tone
Fell from his lips. Sudden, his countenance
Took on a ghostly pallor, and his eyes
In fear and blank amazement opened wide,
And his lank fingers tightly clutched his chair.
Awe-struck he was and petrified, for, lo!
The dead man sitting up, veiled, all in white,
Wrestling, with frantic gestures, from his head
To throw the overwrapping sheet—the corpse,
That had been counted on as food for worms,
Alive, and gazing with bewildered look
On Monk, and lights, and ebony crucifix,
And holy-water vessel! Speech at length
The Margrave found:

"Where am I? Did I dream?
Or was I dead? Monk! have my nephews laid,
Already laid, rash hands on my demesne,
Tearing the red flag from the belfry down?
Am I defunct, or am I master yet
Under mine own roof? Answer me! and then,
As my wits wander still, on yonder press
Look for my chiseled cup, and pour me out
A brimming draught of wine!"

"Almighty God!"
Murmured the Monk, "he has come back to
life!"

"Come back to life! Then was I truly dead!
But by my ancestors I swear, at dawn
I'll have the windows all decked out with flags,
And stepping forth upon the balcony

I'll greet my nephews as they gather here,
Weeping, to take part in my obsequies,
And bid them fly my falcons for their sport.
Then I'll regale them with a luscious feast
Worthy your bishops, and dismiss them all
Rollicking drunk!"

Thrice the Monk crossed himself—
On breast, mouth, forehead. Then he slowly rose,
And, drawing nearer the depraved old man,
In voice still trembling with emotion, said:

"List to me, Margrave! Scarce an hour ago,
I on my knees was praying by your corpse;
Praying, because 'tis terrible to see
One full of years and lord of high estate
Die, without leisure to repent himself.
For, absolution by the priest conferred
Needs must the awful peradventure bide;
Nor can the Oremus hurriedly intoned,
Without contrition, sin's foul ulcer heal.
Thus was it that with fervor and apart
I prayed. We are living in an age, my lord,
Gloomy and harsh. The times are all awry.
Rulers, alas! are ignorant of the ills
Endured by those beneath them. Men-at-arms
Have trampled under foot this German soil
So long, so deeply, that not any crop
Rests on its surface. For the reaper's hand
There is no work. Soon will the smith alone
Be called to labor. Piteous 'tis to see
The corn down-trodden and the rotted rye.
Eagles and vultures gather to their feasts—
They, and they only, feeding now on flesh.
Beggars around the monasteries throng.
Bread is high-priced. Hamlet and town alike
Hunger; and milk in mothers' breasts is dry!
Care for all this you know not, nor remorse,
You puissant lords. And I, who here below
Ought to be chiefly praying for the dead,
Pray rather for the mighty and the rich,
Seeing around me vassals all in tears,
Fields all awaste, and swinging in the breeze,
Pendent from forest-branches, human forms.
Then I remember, Margrave, the decrees
Of everlasting Justice, and how souls
Are in strict balance weighed; and to mine ear
Comes the exulting crackle of the fire
Stirred by the devil with his monstrous fork!"

Peals of loud laughter from the Margrave broke.
"Truly your sermon," said he, "is sublime!
And you conclude—"

"That, if tenacious death
Spare you, the awful menace yet remains,
The Almighty's warning; that ere many days
Your coffin o'er the threshold must be borne;
And that God grants you, Gottlob, a brief spell
Meet for repentance!"

"You perceive," said Gottlob,
"That I have listened with attentive ear
To your discourse, being merry and well pleased

Not to be wearing now, by way of shirt,
Four oaken boards. But think not to prolong it!
And bear in mind, too, that if so I willed
Two of my valets might eject you hence,
Setting my bloodhounds on your flying heels.
Meantime, I bid you, preacher, pour me out
A stoup of wine. Quick! Bring it here!"

The Monk,
Who had resumed his seat, stood up. His gown
In stately folds enwrapped him. From his
sleeves

Outstretched, his hands went trembling in the
air;

While from the overshadowing cowl his eyes
Peering transfixed the Margrave.

"Oh, repent,
Old man!" he answered; "and, ere going down
Into thy grave, soil thy white hair with ashes!
Put on, like us, the hair-cloth and the frock!
Bruise thy weak knees upon the altar-steps!
Chant the responses! kiss the cloister-stones!
And in a coffin lay thee down at night!
The scourge with knotted points that eat the
flesh,

The greasy, grimy stairway, the long fast,
Black bread, with water from the pitcher gulped—
These, for a sinner who so tardily
Repents him, are most sweet."

"Hold!" Gottlob cried,
"Preposterous quack! and, in the first place,
know

That one garb only fits me, and that one
Is my fine coat of mail, forged ring by ring,
Wherein nor kings nor princes punched a hole,
When with the Duke Rudolph the Third I
served,

Holding the lists for the good Emperor Charles,
I, Gottlob, Lord of Ruhn, with whom you
speak!

Know furthermore that knights who bear great
names,

And carry on their pennons Latin words
'Broidered in gold that valor breathe and pride,
Can not beneath an organ bawl out psalms.
Their music is the jingle of their spurs,
The clarion's shrill and spirit-stirring note,
The roll of drum, the joyous clash of sword
Hammering on brazen armor. Furthermore,
Know that I hate all priestlings and poltroons
Who in dull cloisters hide themselves away,
Nor ever wash their hands, save when they dip
Fingers in holy-water. Thus, good brother,
Silence; and do my bidding quick!"

The Monk
Advanced two steps nearer the old man's bed.
"Bow down before the God who passeth now,
But passeth nevermore! Still is there time
To save thy soul. Margrave, thou hast been vile,
Inhuman, infamous; and of thy crimes

Thou hast to-day, it seems, no thought; but God,
Who punisheth them all, the record keeps.
When the sack followed Schnepfenthal's revolt,
Thou, senseless murderer, at a single blow
Didst kill the burgrave as he bent him down
Kissing thy stirrup, and didst have his body
Hewn into pieces and hung up on hooks
Over the portal of thy donjon-keep,
As in the market bleeding tripes are hung!
Hunting, one day, a poacher was surprised.
They ripped his belly open; and therein
Thou thy cold feet didst warm! Thy lances
made

Black silence round thee; but whoever sought
To follow in thy footsteps might have tracked
Thy course in blood, while peasants clinched
their fists

In desolate homesteads! Thou didst doom to
death

Thy pregnant sister! By thy men-at-arms,
Even in the suburbs, was the traveler robbed;
And, when a citizen held back his tithe,
Thou didst parade him on a hog, astride,
Facing the tail! I pass by much. At last
Thou diest, stained with all these crimes; and
when

The Almighty, as it were amazed to meet
Such monster, deems thee all too black for hell,
And spurns thee with his foot to earth again,
And grants thee time forgiveness to implore,
Proud and defiant, thou dost still rebel!
Now learn the plain truth! Ah, thou holdest
cheap

The priest as judge! Look, then, at yonder glow
Flushing the windows! Hark, what shouts of
joy!

List! recollecting how, from times remote,
When wolf or bear or any noxious beast
Makes havoc in our woods, but in the end
Is by the boar-spear slain, on the hillsides
Bonfires at night are lighted, and around them
Huntsmen and peasants all rejoicing dance.
Thus to this day our Saxon usage holds.
Margrave, 'tis thus upon thy dying day!
Thou, too, art rated as some noxious beast!"

"Peace! peace!" cried Gottlob, with a fear-
ful laugh.

Then from his pillow on his hands upheld,
Livid with scorn and rage, he hissed aloud:
"Yes, wretches, yes, the wood-piles are alight!
You are burning up my maples and my pines,
Wherewith your gibbets I was wont to frame.
Had I not waked, to-morrow night, perchance,
For the diversion of your rabble rout,
Have seen a Margrave's effigy in straw
Amid my gray elms blazing! Ha! in sport
You for your fagots cut my old oaks down
That the Goths planted! Well, well; be it so!

Since my good people love a fire that flares,
This very night, I'll presently decide—
Casque on my head and lance upon my thigh—
If it is vivid and intense enough,
When fed on bumpkins' grease. Flame and live
coal—

I would compare them ! ”

“Gottlob! Satan, too,
Makes hot his furnaces. Think of the flame
Reddening volcanic mouths! Think of the
damned

Writhing and suffocating in the pit,
Or under horrid portals burning ever,
As though eternal torches! Marquis, think
That above us there is a God! Remember
That thou wilt die soon; that thy gibbets all,
With single arms outstretched, are pointing thee
The downward road! Ay, Margrave! after
death,

Thou, who wert brave and well born, and for
crest

Didst bear a hydra blazoned, thou wilt be
Naked and helpless as a dunghill worm!
Then to the fire that dies not hurried on,
Bleeding from prick of demons' pointed wings,
Hands bound, feet chained, and prodded by their
forks,

Vainly thy crippled limbs would hold thee back;
Hell gapeth for thee! Thou art forward thrust,
Thy white beard singed in the all-devouring
heat ! ”

“Amen!” replied the Margrave. “Monk, go
forth,

Offering thy keys of paradise, I tell thee,
To yonder boors so busy with their chants;
Thanks to the sword, there's more than one of
them

Will need anon that heaven its gates uncloses!
As to my own account—Satan is prince,
I marquis; and on equal terms alone
Will I confront him, seeing that we are
Gentlemen both of us, of lineage both
Most ancient and most lofty. Also, there
Down in his hell shall I again encounter
Comrades, my best and bravest of old days,
Who in the battle's whirlwind fell by steel;
And tourneys will we interchange and *fites*!
Meantime for you, my minions, you who dance
And light up bonfires and are all elate,
I have imagined such a jubilee—
Such rich repast for my pet carrion-birds—
That, centuries hence, your sons will doff their
hats,

Passing within the shadow of my tomb ! ”

And Gottlob, panting as the maniac pants,
Turned his black looks to a panoply of arms,
Where swords a score in iron posy ranged
Blossomed portentous, shimmering hard and
bright,

With spiders' webs inwoven. But it hung
Beyond his grasp; so, rising, put he forth
His old man's shanks, shriveled and horrible.
Haggard before him stood the Monk. “Then
perish,

Impenitent blasphemer, in thy sins ! ”
He spoke; and, covering at a single bound
The intervening space, with eyes that burned,
Gleaming deep-set below his tansured crown
As coals upon a forge, cool, resolute,
Grappling the Margrave by the throat, despite
His shrieks of “Help” and “Murder!” and de-
spite

His white locks o'er the pillow streaming loose,
Strangled him—these the only added words:
“Die, Margrave, die! this time without re-
prieve ! ”

Then, calm and grave, he reverently bends
Over the corpse, and readjusts the sheet,
As might a mother o'er her sleeping babe;
Lifts and relights a lamp thrown down; and,
kneeling

As was his wont in hallowed precinct, folds
His hands, and meekly mutters, “Before God
Do I confess myself ! ”

THE BENEDICTION.

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.
“’Tis the priests' doing!” was the word passed
round;

So that although since daybreak under arms—
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends—piff! paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel-hat and long black cloak were seen
Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street
My company worked on. I kept an eye
On every house-top right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth
Coloring the sky, as from the chimney-tops
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they
came out,

With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound
In such a dangerous defile not to leave
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-
beat,

No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;
The rank and file uneasy, joggling elbows
As do recruits when flinching.

All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,

A gallant company, but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it—black demons with shaved crowns,
The Cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only
weapons

Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing, we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered

This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done—deliberately done—
And, the thick smoke rolling away, we noted
Under the huddled masses of the dead
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;
While in the background solemnly the church
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense

Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
Turned to the altar as though unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
That, as I speak, it comes before me now—
The convent built in old times by the Moors;
The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
And there, framed in by the low porch, the
priest;

And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;
And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
Almost afraid.

I, certès, in those days
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
At a wax-candle burning on the altar.
This time, however, I was awed—so blanched
Was that old man.

"Shoot him!" our captain cried.
Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
Heard, but as though he heard not. Turning
round,

He faced us, with the elevated host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.

His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the Cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trem-
bling

Than if before him the devout were ranged.
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
The words came to us—

"Vos benedicat

Deus Omnipotens!"

The captain's order
Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,
Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours, a dastard,
Leveled his gun and fired. Upstanding still,
The priest changed color, though with steadfast
look

Set upward, and indomitably stern.

"Pater et Filius!"

Came the words. What frenzy,
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our
ranks
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.

The monk with one hand on the altar's
ledge

Held himself up; and, strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised
The consecrated host. For the third time
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,
But in the general hush distinctly heard—

"Et Sanctus Spiritus!"

he said; and, ending
His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx
Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we
stood,
Even the old troopers, with our muskets ground-
ed,

And choking horror in our hearts, at sight
Of such a shameless murder and at sight
Of such a martyr, with a chuckling laugh—

"Amen!"

Drawled out a drummer-boy.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

FROM "LA VEILLEE."

I.

SOON as her lover to the war had gone,
Without or tears or commonplace despair,
Irene de Grandfief, a maiden pure
And noble-minded, reassumed the garb
That at the convent she had worn—black dress
With narrow pelerine—and the small cross

In silver at her breast. Her piano closed,
Her jewels put away—all save one ring,
Gift of the Viscount Roger on that eve
In the past spring-time when with tremulous joy
She had pledged her life—in quiet corner, mind-
less

Of what was done, unheeding what was said,
Pale, stoical, she waited.

When he learned
Our first defeat, the Viscount, as a man
Smitten when joyous at high festival,
Groaned; but his action gallant was and prompt.
Bidding farewell, and from Irene's brow
Culling one silken tress, that he might wear it
In gold medallion close upon his heart,
Without delay or hindrance, in the ranks
He took a private's place. What that war was
Too well is known.

Impassible, and speaking
Seldom as might be of her absent lover,
Irene daily, at a certain hour,
Watched at her window till the postman came
Down o'er the hill along the public road,
His mail-bag at his back. If he passed by,
Nor any letter left, she turned away,
Stifling a long-drawn sigh; and that was all.

But Roger wrote; nor were Irene's fears,
Up to mid-August, unendurable.
He with the army was in fact at Metz
Blocked in. Then, gathering from a fugitive
Who had fled thence that Roger had survived
The earlier battles, she in sight of all
Held back her rebel tears, and bravely strove
To live debarred of tidings. She became
More pious, passing many an hour at church.
Often she visited the village poor,
Freest of converse, liberal most, in homes
Whence by the war the sons had been with-
drawn.

Then came the siege of Paris—hideous time!
Spreading through France as gangrene spreads,
invasion

Drew near Irene's château. Uhlans foraged
The country round. But all in vain the priest
And the old doctor, in their evening talk
Grouped with the family around the hearth,
Death for their constant theme before her took.
No sad foreboding could that young heart know.
Roger at Metz was with his regiment, safe,
At the last date unwounded. He was living;
He must be living; she was sure of that.
Thus by her faith in faithful love sustained,
Counting her beads, she waited, waited on.

II.

Wakened, one morning, with a start, she heard
In the far copses of the park shots fired
In quick succession. 'Twas the enemy!

She would be brave as Roger. So she blushed
At her own momentary fear; then, calm
As though the incident a trifle were,
Her toilet made; and, having duly said
Her daily prayer, not leaving out one Ave,
Down to the drawing-room as usual went,
A smile upon her lips.

It had indeed
Been a mere skirmish—that, and nothing more.
Thrown out as scouts, a few Bavarian soldiers
Had been abruptly by our Franc-Tireurs
Surprised and driven off. The distant glades
Resumed their wonted silence.

"'Twould be well,"
Remarked Irene, "that an ambulance
Were posted here."

In fact, they had picked up
Just at that moment, where the fight had been,
A wounded officer—Bavarian was he—
Shot through the neck. And, when they brought
him in,
That tall young man, all pale, eyes closed, and
bleeding,
Stretched on a mattress, without sigh or shudder
Irene had him carefully borne up
Into the room by Roger occupied
When he came wooing there. Then, while they
put

The wounded man to bed, she carried out
Herself his vest and cloak all black with blood;
Bade the old valet wear an air less glum,
And stir himself with more alacrity;
And, when the doctor dressed the wound, lent aid,
As of the Sisterhood of Charity,
With her own hands. The officer at last,
Wonder and gratitude upon his face,
Sank down among the pillows deftly laid.
Then by that drowsy head she took a seat,
Asked for what linen rags might be at hand,
And wrought them into lint. Irene thus
Interpreted her duty.

Evening came,
Bringing the doctor. When he saw his patient,
A strange expression flitted o'er his face,
As to himself he muttered: "Yes; flushed cheek;
Pulse beating much too high. Phew! a bad
night;
Fever, delirium, and the rest that follows!"—
"But will he die?" with tremor on her lip
Irene asked.

"Who knows? If possible,
I must arrest the fever. This prescription
Often succeeds. But some one must take note
Of the oncoming fits; must watch till morn,
And tend him closely."

"Doctor, I am here."

"Not you, young lady! Service such as this
One of your valets can—"

"No, doctor, no! Roger perchance may be a prisoner yonder, Hurt, ill. If he such tending should require As does this officer, I would he had A German woman for his nurse."

"So be it," Answered the doctor, offering her his hand. "You will keep watch, then, through the night.

The fever Must not take hold, or he will straightway die. Give him the potion four times every hour. I will return to judge of its effects At daylight." Then he went his way, and left Irene to her office self-imposed.

III.

Scarcely a minute had she been in charge, When the Bavarian, to Irene turning, With eye half opened looked at her and spoke. "This doctor," said he, "thought I was asleep; But I heard every word. I thank you, lady; I thank you from my very inmost heart— Less for myself than for her sake, to whom You would restore me, and who there at home Awaits me."

"Hush!" she said. "Sleep if you can. Do not excite yourself. Your life depends On perfect quiet.

"No," he answered—"no! I must at once unload me of a secret That weighs upon me. I a promise made; And I would keep it. Death may be at hand."

"Speak, then," Irene said, "and ease your soul."

"The war . . . oh, what an infamy is war! It was last month, by Metz; 'twas my ill fate To kill a Frenchman."

She turned pale, and lowered The lamp-light to conceal it. He continued:

"We were sent forward to surprise a cottage Strengthened and held by some of yours. We did As hunters do when stalking game. The night Was clouded. Silent, arms in hand, in force, Along the poplar-bordered path we crept Up to the French post. I, first, drove my saber Into the soldier's back who sentry stood Before the door. He fell; nor gave the alarm. We took the cottage, putting to the sword Every soul there."

Irene with her hands Covered her eyes.

"Disgusted with such carnage, Loathing such scene, I stepped into the air. Just then the moon broke through the clouds and showed me

There at my feet a soldier on the ground Writhing, the rattle in his throat. 'Twas he, The sentry whom my saber had transpierced.

Touched with compassion sudden and supreme, I stooped, to offer him a helping hand; But, with choked voice, 'It is too late,' he said. 'I must needs die. . . . You are an officer— A gentleman perchance.' 'Yes; tell me, quick; What can I for you?' 'Promise—only promise To forward this,' he said, his fingers clutching A gold medallion hanging at his breast, Dabbled in blood, 'to—' Then his latest thought Passed with his latest breath. The loved one's name,

Mistress or bride affianced, was not told By that poor Frenchman. Seeing blazoned arms On the medallion, I took charge of it, Hoping to trace her at some future day Among the old nobility of France, To whom reverts the dying soldier's gift. Here it is. Take it. But, I pray you, swear That, if death spares me not, you will fulfill This pious duty in my place."

Therewith He the medallion handed her; and on it Irene saw the Viscount's blazoned arms. Then—her heart agonized with mortal woe—"I swear it, sir!" she murmured. "Sleep in peace!"

IV.

Solaced by having this disclosure made, The wounded man sank down in sleep. Irene, Her bosom heaving, and with eyes aflame Though tearless all, stood rooted by his side. Yes, he is dead, her lover! Those his arms; His blazon that, no less renowned than ancient; The very blood-stains his! Nor was his death Heroic, soldier-like. Struck from behind, Without or cry or call for comrades' help, Roger was murdered. And there, sleeping, lies The man who murdered him! Yes; he has boasted

How in the back the traitorous blow was dealt. And now he sleeps with drowsiness oppressed, Roger's assassin; and 'twas she, Irene, Who bade him sleep in peace! And then, again, With what cruel mockery, cruel and supreme— She from this brow must wipe away the sweat! She by this couch must watch till dawn of day, As loving mother by a suffering child! She must at briefest intervals to him Administer the remedy prescribed, So that he die not! And the man himself Counting on this in quiet, sheltered, housed Under the roof of hospitality! And there the flask upon the table stands Charged with his life. He waits it! Is not this Beyond imagination horrible?

What! while she feels creeping and growing on her

All that is awful in the one word "hate"! While in her breast the ominous anger seethes That nerved, in Holy Scripture, Jael's arm To drive the nail through Sisera's head!—she save

The accursed German! Oh, away! such point Forbearance reaches not. What!—while it glitters

There in the corner, the brass-pommeled sword Wherewith the murderer struck, and fell despoiled,

Fierce impulse, bids it from the scabbard leap— Shall she, in deference to vague prejudice, To some fantastic notion that affects Human respect and duty, shall she put Repose and sleep and antidote and life Into the horrible hand by which all joy Is ravished from her? Never! She will break The assuaging flask. . . . But no! 'Twere need- less that.

She needs but leave Fate to work out its end. Fate, to avenge her, seems to be at one With her resolve. 'Twere but to let him die! Yes; there the life-preserving potion stands; But for one hour might she not fall asleep?

Then, all in tears, she murmured, "Infamy!"

And still the struggle lasted, till the German, Roused by her deep groans from his wandering dreams, Moved, ill at ease, and, feverish, begged for drink.

Up toward the antique Christ in ivory At the bed's head suspended on the wall Irene raised the martyr's look sublime; Then, ashen pale, but ever with her eyes Turned to the God of Calvary, poured out The soothing draught, and with a delicate hand Gave to the wounded man the drink he asked.

Thou, Lord, and thou alone, didst see what passed

Beside that couch in those funereal hours. When in that gloom the Evil Spirit spoke, Thou, who by Satan to the desert led Couldst only at the last find strength to say, "Get thee behind me!" thou, O Lord! didst pardon

That tempted soul. And when she bowed her head

Before the final anguish, thou alone Wert witness, and alone thou didst approve. Remembering then that on the Mount of Olives Thou didst recoil from thy impending doom, And meekly pray, "O Father, let this cup Pass from me!" thou with pity didst behold That heart too sorely smitten. Who can doubt, Lord, that thy blessing was on her vouchsafed?

v.

But when the doctor in the morning came, And saw her still beside the officer, Tending him still and giving him his drink With trembling fingers, he was much amazed. Irene had white hair!

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

"I WAS born to travel and to make verses," sighed Théophile Gautier, thinking of the number of columns in a daily newspaper which he was bound to fill up somehow or other, for the sad consideration of so many *centimes* a line—a moral slavery more galling than the whip and the chain of the debased South African. For the indignant journalist, who had to hatch up improbabilities, scurrilities, and rubbish of any kind to furnish "copy" for a penny periodical, and expend his time and his brain-power on something which brought him neither fame nor fortune, but simply a dinner and a lodging, was a poet of rare genius. And, like all poets, he loved his ease and the ever-changeable aspect of nature, and burned to behold the fabled marvels of far-off lands. And, like all poets again, or at least a great many of them, he had fewer bank-notes than illusions—which are unfortunately a kind of

lettre de change that bankers can not be found to honor, and with which one does not get far upon one's travels in these degenerate days, when troubadours are at a mournful discount, and when even Geoffrey Rudel might bawl himself hoarse without getting so much as a supper of bread and cheese, if his purse were minus a silver lining!

The Fates, however, were more propitious to this poet pining for the sandal-shoon and the cockle-shell of the roving pilgrim than to many others of his gifted brotherhood, who seldom obtain what they most sigh for until the desire of it has passed away, and its possession can no longer bring the happiness it might have done had it come when it was wanted. Théophile Gautier not only found leisure by and by to make the verses for whose especial fabrication he was first introduced into an unromantic world (and what

charming verses they are every man of taste and culture is ready to attest), but he wandered north, south, east, and west, with no more irksome guide than his own erratic fancy; wrote delightful gossiping books about his travels; worked very hard occasionally, and occasionally did not work at all—in fact, had things generally very much his own way, like the spoiled creature that he was. A devoted worshiper of beauty, whether animate or inanimate, he was free to follow the undulations of a *mantilla* or the flutterings of a fan, as the graceful *madrileña* glided by him on the Prada, a poem in petticoats. The red rose of tradition nestling in her lustrous tresses, the warm southern blood petulant in her clear, dark cheek, love lying in ambush under the heavy fringes of her long, curved eyelids, or to while away a summer's afternoon in that dreamy old Italian palace where "stands the statue which enchants the world." The Nevsky Prospect, the snow, the sledges, the comfortable caftans, the stupid, high-booted *moujiks*, were as familiar to him as the Bay of Naples and the red-bonneted *lazzaroni*, and the donkeys laden with peaches and pomegranates, and melons as big as cart-wheels. He had floated as often in a gondola or felucca or caique as in a Seine steamboat, and this is saying a great deal of a Parisian, who is perhaps the most untraveled individual in the universe—it may be for the very good reason that, having perfection at home, he has no need to go abroad and look for it elsewhere.

M. Théophile Gautier, art-critic, romancist, and poet-cosmopolitan, was the very last person under the sun whom you would have accused of being a petted child of the Muses, had you met him accidentally some sunny afternoon taking his walks abroad upon the boulevards. If your cicerone had told you that the queer figure, recognized by some, stared after with blank astonishment by others, saluted everywhere by smiles either of derision or kindness, according as the passer-by happened to be a stranger or a friend, was that of a great poet, a great writer, a subtle appreciator of art, and a man destined to immortality, you would have been as much surprised as your good-breeding would have permitted you to be.

Imagine to yourself a tall, massively framed individual, who treads the asphalt with appalling composure, attired in yellow leather slippers and a black velvet waistcoat; his long, dark hair waving over his shoulders down to his waist, like Charlemagne or a pet of the ballet; his bare head shaded by a broad umbrella, and this at the most fashionable hour of the day, on the most fashionable promenade of Europe! Imagine to yourself, also, that this singular personage has a magnificent head, a majestic presence, and an air

of simple good-nature, which is quite captivating—that being both grandiose and affable, he does not disdain to pass the time of day either with *blouse* or cotton *bonnet*—that he stands and stares at the shop-fronts with a manifest curiosity and enjoyment, as though he were some overgrown baby, and you have the portrait of Théophile Gautier, the cherished "Theo" of Balzac, the intimate friend of Delphine Gay and Delacroix and Louis Boulanger, and a host of other great names, the disciple and the contemporary of Victor Hugo.

At Tarbes, the old druidical city, and the birthplace of the *conventionnel* Barrère, Théophile Gautier first saw the light in 1808. He came to Paris with his family when very young, and completed his studies at the Collège Charlemagne, where he had for companion and bosom friend the ill-starred Gérard de Nerval—one of the most elegant writers that ever held a pen; one of the most wretched beings that ever drew the breath of life.

Like Honoré de Balzac, Master Théophile was an idle, good-for-nothing scholar, always at the bottom of the class; always being sneered and sniggered at by the good little dull boys who had got their lessons by heart; always making the professor's hair stand on end by his blunders and his fearfully false quantities. He was in very truth a deplorable scapegrace, who hated Homer and Virgil and Cicero with a malignant hatred, and would have jumped for joy if he could have made a bonfire of every classical volume that was ever printed. And no doubt he would have witnessed the *auto da fé* with as much holy delight as Torquemada took in watching the flames curl and crackle about the miserable heretics whose bodies he burned for the good of their souls.

When Gautier finally quitted the unloved groves of Académie, and bade adieu for ever to the cane and the class-room, he took to dreaming away his days in the public museums and picture-galleries. There, motionless for hours before this *chef-d'œuvre* of painting, or that marvel of sculpture, his innate love of beauty—the sensuous beauty of form and color—insensibly grew from an untutored instinct into a veritable passion. All the ideas, dreams, desires, aspirations of the young man narrowed themselves into one groove—a frenzied adoration of the beautiful: good, evil, vice, virtue, religion, impiety—these were comprised in, and extenuated by, the possession of a perfect outward and visible shape, a perfection which was material and palpable, which could be seen and touched. He recognized neither the beauty of mind nor the beauty of soul nor the comeliness of chastity. These were abstract things, which could not be

touched or beheld, and might therefore be said to be non-existent. Corporeal loveliness, and that alone, was the mother of all the virtues, and Venus was a greater saint than Veronica. The smiling, seductive Aphrodite, flaxen-haired, vermilion-lipped, prone in a pearly sea-shell, surrounded by adoring *amorini*, was more than St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins, missals and all—the sweet, serious brow and the voluptuous waving lip of a Greek Antinous were worth all the good actions and the noble deeds that had ever been achieved since the days of the “bon roi Dagobert.”

The boyish enthusiast burned with an ever-increasing ardor to give his sublime visions of beauty a concrete form. Stimulated by the example of the great old masters, whose works he might be said to have lived upon, men who in their day must have dreamed dreams akin to his, and been visited in the watches of the night by shapes as beautiful and as indistinct—he, too, resolved to become a painter. It was high time to choose a profession, if he ever meant to have one. Other youths might make themselves doctors, lawyers, soldiers, bankers, what-not; but Théophile Gautier has made up his mind to be an artist!

Ardent, impetuous, hopeful, this embryo Raphael enters the studio of Rioult with the airs of a conqueror. But, alas! once there, he is not long in finding out that to dream you are an artist and to prove yourself one are two very different things. Monsieur Théophile is forced to allow that the mere knowledge of blue and yellow making green when mixed together is hardly sufficient to qualify for the “Prix de Rome,” or give any serious uneasiness to Horace Vernet. The visions of bewildering beauty that glided before his mind’s eye come out anything but visions of bewildering beauty when they have passed by a hog’s-hair brush and a tube of oil-paint. Disgusted with the difficulties which lie before him, too eager and too impatient to contemplate sacrificing years to mastering the rudiments of his profession, he throws away the mahl-stick, and turns the canvas with its face to the wall. In despair he owns to himself that many a better painter than he can ever hope to be is glad to copy pictures in the Louvre for forty francs a square yard. Those first moments of anger at his own incapacity must have been very humiliating and painful to this ardent spirit.

But after a while he bethinks himself that there is more than one road to Rome. To fail in art may be to succeed in literature. It does not follow as a matter of course that a bad draughtsman must be a witless writer. He feels that there is something within him which *must* come out, no matter how. The “Beauty Arts”

have turned their backs on him. *Soit.* It remains to knock at the door of the “Belles-Lettres,” and see what sort of reception awaits him *there*.

Now the pen takes the place of the pencil; incessant study of the old French classical writers the place of dreamy communion with the shade of a Phidias or a Guercino. Dictionaries multiply upon his book-shelves, for, animated by the example of Victor Hugo, the unfledged *littérateur* seeks to create a style of his own. With this object he rescues from oblivion all the obsolete words he can hit upon, drags them up into the light of day, and rehabilitates them, as it were. He fills his vocabulary with hundreds of quaint *bizarre* expressions, which, manipulated with peculiar skill, give an original, unhackneyed turn to his outpoured thoughts. He writes poetry after a while, and pleases himself so well that he determines to emerge from his shell, and see what success he has in pleasing other people.

So this young *effronté*, with all the audacity of his twenty years, knocks at the door of no less sanctified a study than that of the great Sainte-Beuve, the prince of critics, both past, present, and to come.

Hat in hand, Monsieur Théophile Gautier begs leave to introduce himself to the notice of Monsieur de Sainte-Beuve, and craves permission to read him a little manuscript poem entitled “La Tête de Mort.”

“Oh, oh,” murmurs the illustrious presence, “a very somber title! *N’importe.* Let us hear it!” and the kindly listener settles down in his easy-chair, keenly regarding the young lion with his long, tawny mane and intelligent, dark eyes, summing up the total of that strong, satyr-like physiognomy, favorably impressed by it, doubtless, as all were.

At the third strophe the critic makes a gesture of arrestation.

“Who has been your model?” he asks. “It is not by studying Lamartine that you have written such verses.” Lamartine was to the young French rhymers what Byron was to the English. “You must have read Clément, Marat, Saint-Gelais, and Ronsard.”

“Yes,” replies the poet roundly, “and if you have no objection you may add Baif, Desportes, Passerat, Bertaut, Duperron, and Malherbe!”

Sainte-Beuve is interested, and a little amused. “The whole constellation!” he exclaims. “Marvelous young man! You are keeping up the old traditions! I understand now why the hemistich is so clear, the turn so exact, the rhyme so smooth and so perfect. Conclude, I beg you.”

When the “Tête de Mort” is finished, Sainte-Beuve rises from his easy-chair (one must remember he is a Frenchman even before he is a

great personage), embraces the young poet, and cries out rapturously:

"Excellent! Very good! Courage—this is true poetry! I have found a man who carves in granite, and not in smoke. To-morrow I shall present you to Victor Hugo!"

Happy Théophile! At that moment he must have been the proudest man in France. What joyous emotions must have overwhelmed his anxious heart! How his hands must have trembled as he returned the precious manuscript to his breast-pocket! How difficult it must perhaps have been to keep the tears back! Somehow this little anecdote about Monsieur de Sainte-Beuve fills us with respectful love and admiration for his character. Greatness and generosity are not so often found hand-in-hand as one might imagine them to be.

Théophile Gautier's first book of poems appeared without any great *éclat*. It had the misfortune to make its *début* when all Paris was convulsed by grave political events, and men thought more of priming a musket than commenting upon a felicitous dithyramb. So the applause with which it was hailed was drowned in the thunder of cannon and the rattle of the rifle, and the poet remained comparatively unknown.

In 1835 (the poet by this time is nearly twenty-seven years old) we find him living in the *impasse* of the Doyenné, in a house which has now ceased altogether to exist. Ah, that ever-to-be-remembered house in the blind alley of the Doyenné, with its harum-scarum, devil-may-care lodgers, who were at once the terror and the admiration of the *quartier*! Never were there so many choice spirits brought together under one roof, since the days of "Little Alsatia," and the merry masquerades of his graceless Majesty, Charles Stuart! It was Bohemia in miniature—swarming from loft to cellar with embryonic poets, painters, musicians, sculptors, authors, and other lawless profligates. There was Edouard Ourliac and Arsène Houssaye, Camille Rogier and Murilhat, Camille Roqueplan and Célestin Nanteuil, Laurent Jan and Gérard de Nerval—all young, enthusiastic, with unlimited confidence in the golden future, hard-working—utterly reckless! What jovial scenes must the old walls of that rickety tenement have been a witness to! With what boisterous peals of laughter they must have reëchoed! To what vows of eternal brotherly love must they have listened unmoved! To what prodigalities of wit! To what outbreaks of cynical wisdom from smooth lips upon which the down had not yet come! The landlord, honest soul, dared not set foot in this pandemonium to collect his rents. Once, and once only, he had the indelicacy to appear in the *impasse*, receipt in hand—when he

was hustled and jostled into one of the principal *salons* by a gang of his indignant lodgers. "See," they cried, pointing to the old wooden panels which were freshly covered with superb paintings by one of the wild fraternity—"see these frescoes! Some day they will make your fortune. It is *you* who owe *us* money!" And the poor man, amazed at the beauty of the pictures, retired without further ado, murmuring as he went, "It is just!" And thenceforward the landlord was as a legend in the alley of Doyenné, for he came back no more, whereat the Bohemians rejoiced exceedingly.

It is during the time that he occupies two little closets of rooms in this select mansion that Théophile Gautier writes "Mademoiselle de Maupin." The success of this work is prodigious and immediate, falling, as it does, like a thunderbolt in the midst of Parisian society. Everybody is shocked, in consternation, scandalized—enchanted. The preface is about the most audacious *déclaration de foi* that ever issued from the press. The book itself is an *olla podrida* of all the seven capital crimes mixed up together, and spiced by a cynical profligacy, compared to which the experiences of the Emperor Nero were but those of a lisping babe—the whole impressed with the stamp of an exquisite genius, and written in such an incomparably enchanting manner that it is next to impossible to prevent one's self being beguiled by the charm of the magician, and applauding *à chaudes mains* where one should turn aside with a cry of indignation. The public who judges this remarkable romance is a French public—and a French public pardons everything in a man excepting stupidity—so Monsieur Théophile Gautier, who is not only not stupid, but a creature of most rare gifts, wakes up one fine morning and finds, like Lord Byron, that he has become famous.

Soon after the publication of "Mademoiselle de Maupin" a young and elegant stranger makes his appearance in the territory of Bohemia. It is Jules Sandeau, the sprightly *cher ami* of Georges Sand, who comes as an emissary from Monsieur de Balzac to retain the new writer for "La Chronique de Paris." The great author, now in the brilliant morning of his fame, has read with delight the work of Monsieur Gautier, whose acquaintance he desires to make, and whom he begs will breakfast with him—Rue Cassini, près l'Observatoire.

M. Gautier is a little nervous about this first visit to so distinguished a host. He remembers Heine and his interview with Goethe, and how the sweet song-writer could find nothing more interesting to say than that "the pears fallen down on the road between Jena and Weimar are

very good for thirst." However, it is to be supposed that he acquitted himself a little better than this, and aired his conversational powers to the full satisfaction of his entertainer, for from this first interview dates a friendship which was destined only to be sundered by death.

That breakfast was a thing to be remembered ever afterward. The marvelous spontaneous wit of De Balzac, his bursts of boisterous laughter, his unflagging gayety, his extreme kindliness of manner, made an uneffaceable impression upon his wondering guest. Their intimacy henceforth became close and continuous. The white dressing-gown fraternized with the yellow *babouches*. It was a friendship between two crowned heads, for these were a royal pair.

In his "Souvenirs" of Honoré de Balzac, Théophile Gautier, writing in a spirit of reverential love, gives us some admirably graphic pictures of that eccentric genius. He exults in showing us what a charming companion he was, what a jovial host, what a splendid boon companion—how well the monk-like robe of white cashmere became him (not whiter, though, than the massive throat, pure colored as Carrara marble)—how, although habitually the most abstemious of men; he did not object from time to time to a "tronçon de chière lie," and could polish off four bottles of the white wine of Vouvray as though it were Vichy water. And does it not betray the whole nature of the man to sit down to a banquet supplied by Chevet, and worthy to be graced by the presence of Apicius or Brillat-Savarin, at which there was actually *no bread*? All this intimate detail, this delightful gossip of one great man about another, how *piquant* it is, how full of charm and interest!

Théophile Gautier has only to say "open sesame," and backward flies the door of every *salon* in Paris. Great ladies caress him, and duchesses rap him familiarly with their fans. He is a more honored personage than the field-marshal whose breast is hung with medals, or the minister whose black coat is blazing with diamond stars. For he is one of the elect, a child of genius, the possessor of the "sacred fire."

Into one of these *salons* he carries us, and we are more proud of entering there with him than if we were taken into the presence of royalty itself—royalty, with the pear-shaped head and the plum-colored coat, and the stupid tradesman-like air, taking snuff in the Tuileries over yonder. There are only three personages present, but one is called Madame de Girardin, another Honoré de Balzac, and the third—Théophile Gautier.

M. de Balzac is searching in his mind for proverbs which he can transpose for "Léon de Lora"—a sort of masculine Mrs. Malaprop—

such as "Les bons comtes font les bons tamis," "Il est comme un âne en plaine."

"A discovery of this sort," writes Gautier, "puts him in such high good humor that he makes playful gambols like an amiable elephant, all round the drawing-room furniture. On her side Madame de Girardin is searching after witty sayings for her famous 'Dame aux sept petites chaises.' . . . If a stranger had come in, to see this beautiful Delphine combing the waves of her golden hair with her white fingers, taking a profoundly abstracted air; Balzac, his head buried in his shoulders, sitting in a big arm-chair in which Monsieur de Girardin usually took his nap, his hands doubled up in his wristbands, his waistcoat pushed up over his stomach, shaking one leg with a monotonous rhythm, betraying by the contracted muscles of his brow an extraordinary pre-occupation of mind; we ourselves doubled up between two cushions of the divan, like a *theriaki* in a state of hallucination—verily he would have been at a loss to know what we were all about. . . . What happy evenings, that will come back no more! We were far from foreseeing that that stately and beautiful woman carved in pure antique marble, that robust, vivacious man who united in himself the vigor of the bull and the wild boar, half Hercules, half a satyr, made to outlive a hundred years—would so soon pass away out of sight, one to Père La Chaise, the other to Montmartre."

The name of Théophile Gautier after a while became indissolubly linked with journalism. All the time that he was writing plays, ballets, poems, and romances, he was keeping up his contributions to the papers, and must have found it a very profitable concern, now that his name was a tower of strength among the *littérati*. From "La Presse" alone he received twelve thousand francs a year for sixty articles, either of musical, dramatic, or fine-art criticism. His contributions to literature were of the most miscellaneous character, from a glowing description of Fanny Elssler turning the heads of all Paris as she danced the *cachucha* in a crimson satin petticoat, to an elaborate treatise on the art of engraving. He supplied the text to a collection of Gavarni's inimitable caricatures; he went into raptures over Victor Hugo's weird little landscapes and machicolated castles of the middle ages, which the poet used to make out of drops of ink on the blotting-pad, as he chatted idly with his friends; in fact, he wrote about everything and everybody that was worthy of admiration. And then, when he was tired of hard work, he would go off to the Continent—to Spain, where he would don a *sombrero* and a *capa*; or to Russia, where he would come out in a fur pelisse and high jack-boats, as good a boyard as anybody.

It was Stamboul, however, and the barbaric luxury and enervating habits of the East that

took the firmest hold on Gautier's sensuous poet-soul. To loll all day long on a divan, with a turban on to assist the illusion, smoking a *chibouque*, and inhaling the sweet perfume of the aloes and the burned sandal-wood, watching the dancing Almehs writhe their half-nude bodies into a thousand graceful postures—ah! that was enjoying the *dolce far niente* with a vengeance.

Gautier Pasha took to this sort of thing so very kindly that he lingered beside the blue Bosphorus rather too long for M. de Girardin, who happened just then to be the proprietor of a newspaper of which the Turcophile was supposed to be the editor—so, finding that he could not bring him back either by cajolery or menaces, he hit upon the expedient of sending no more money eastward. And this proved to be quite successful; the disgusted Mohammedan-elect soon laid down the turban and took up the *gibus*, and, throwing himself on board the first packet bound for Marseilles, returned to society—and to slavery.

Théophile Gautier, like most authors, was occasionally hard up, though he did not suffer from the chronic impecuniosity of De Balzac and Dumas, both of whom would have been at a loss for a five-pound note if they had owned ten bonanza silver mines. Once he was very hard pressed by Buloz, the mean, avaricious editor of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*"—Buloz, whom everybody hated, and whom nobody could do without—Buloz, so abhorred by Alexandre Dumas that when that witty writer ever got away from Paris he would head all his letters, "Fifty leagues from that imbecile Buloz," "A hundred leagues from that animal Buloz," according to the distance at which he found himself from the abominated editor. This Buloz, then, of opprobrious memory, pursued poor Théophile for a debt of several thousand francs, on account of "*Le Capitaine Fracasse*"; sent greasy sheriffs' officers to dog the steps of the unfortunate poet, and threatened him with incarceration within the walls of Clichy, that cage which has sheltered many a sweet singing-bird, and across whose bars Béranger, ever gay in sunshine or storm, in palace or prison, wafted some of his cheeriest notes. But when Mirès, the great millionaire, who had read "*Mademoiselle de Maupin*," and worshiped the genius of the author, heard of his distress, he telegraphed to his cashier to pay the poet's debt, so that the dignity of the "*Belles-Lettres*" might no more suffer in his person. It must be conceded that it is a very fine thing to be a genius, and write whatever passes through your brain, and defy the world, and play at nine-pins with the commandments, and then have banker millionaires to pay your creditors, and

consider themselves under an obligation to you for allowing them to do it!

It was a brilliant social epoch in which Théophile Gautier lived as a young man. He had an opportunity of seeing and hearing all those gifted creatures who, for us, the younger generation, are but as a legend of time forgotten: Mdle. Mars, and Talma, and Rachel—the marvelous, unhappy Rachel, with her liquid luminous eyes redeeming the plain, mean face, her superhuman genius, and all her fierce wickedness that made her perhaps the most immoral woman since the days of the wife of Claudius. And Carlotta Grisi, the blonde Italian, with laughing eyes as blue as forget-me-nots, skimming over the stage in the ballet of "*Giselle*," a spirit of grace and loveliness—still so fresh and blooming at twenty-two as to use her pot of rouge to brighten up her dancing-shoes instead of her cheeks. And Taglioni, a dream, a vision, floating, literally floating, before one's eyes as the "*Sylphide*," nor seeming even to brush the ground with the tips of her fairy feet. Ah! it must be allowed that the Fates were indeed propitious to M. Théophile Gautier when they permitted him to see these poems in flesh and blood.

Everything that was harmonious and graceful, and poetic and lovely, intoxicated him and set his brain on fire. He turned from one enchantment to another, and in that fabulous and inexhaustible Paris, in the *salon*, in society, in the sculptor's *atelier*, before the footlights of the Opera House, he found something to animate, to ravish, to inspire. Now it was the divine Grisi singing the "*Costa Diva*" as none had ever sung it before, as none will ever sing it again—a golden sickle in her hand, a crown of mistletoe on her white, imperial brow—her bare arms so exquisitely modeled they might be the lost members of the Milesian Venus—Tragedy personified, deified if you will. Anon it was the airy shape of Cerito, flitting hither and thither in the moonlight, beside the hushed lake and its water-lilies, leaping high in the air, waving her white arms, advancing, receding—the mystical Undine dancing with her shadow. Or again it was Diaz, or Clésinger, or one or another of the younger generation of painters who had surpassed himself, given a new grace to the walls of the yearly *Salon*, added a fresher and brighter leaf to his chaplet of fame.

The criticism of Théophile Gautier, whether upon a picture, a dancer, a singer, a statue, was always elaborate, intensely intelligent, appreciative to the sublimest degree. The whole nature of the man was imbued with such an intense love of the beautiful, such an instant and subtle apprehension of its presence, that his opinion upon anything, from a cameo to a cathedral,

could not fail to be more correct than that of all the so-called *cognoscenti* of Europe put together.

His physique was splendid. In Théophile Gautier was to be found a rare blending of the animal and the intellectual—the thews of a gladiator and the brain of an angel. Much of his reckless defiance of social laws may be attributed to an excess of vitality, which would have made it as easy to chain up a lion with a rope of roses as to restrain such an exuberant passionate nature by mere conventional forms. In France his errors are pardoned and condoned, his frailties are forgotten, and a generous people remembers him only as a beautiful poet, who has shed an additional luster on her name.

The closing hours of his life were overshadowed by a premature gloom, the forerunner of darkness eternal. He grew somber and silent—he, the gay *blagueur*, the life and soul of every assembly in which he set foot! The jest died on his lips, the laughter in his eyes; he was no longer the animated creature of old, but a wan and weary specter of himself. His friend Ernest Feydeau brought one day to him his little daughter, to distract the poet, who was passionately fond of children. Gautier played a little while with the child's lovely flaxen ringlets, and then fell into a reverie, seemingly oblivious of everything. Then, without apparent cause, he began a bitter tirade against life and society, and the folly of humankind.

"And what is the reason of all this?" inquires his astonished friend.

The poet answers, with his mournful gaze fixed on vacancy:

"Your little daughter, who is exquisite, and who enters the world at a moment when intelligent beings esteem themselves happy to get out of it!"

Hamlet has taken up the skull and begun to moralize over it. "For to this favor we must all come." King, kaiser, plowman, politician—we must all pass through the Valley of the Shadow. The poet has caught from afar the sound of his summons. He is aware by instinct of whom the gay world of Paris will next say, sighing a moment between two peals of laughter, "Que la terre lui soit légère!"

He died on the 23d of October, 1872—only seven years ago. With him they may almost all be said to have departed, the gifted men and women of letters who formed a glittering constellation of stars upon the horizon of society in France some twenty or thirty years back. De Balzac, Béranger, De Musset, Henri Murger, Sainte-Beuve, Jules Janin, Dumas, Georges Sand, Lamartine, Delphine Gay—the earth has closed over them all. Only the great head of their

world, the master to whom each turned with reverence and respect—Victor Hugo—still survives.

There was never yet, perhaps, a poet's death that was more sincerely mourned by his brother poets than that of Théophile Gautier. Hundreds of elegiac verses in honor of his dead memory have been gathered together in one handsome volume by Alphonse Lemerre, and this forms the most graceful and abiding monument of his fame. From our own green isle to the sunny shores of Italy has been heard the voice of mourning and lamentation—the song of sorrow, for one who, perchance, often unknown, was yet as a brother and a kindred spirit. "Plus d'œillets de jasmin, ô Vénus! plus de rose!" cries Jules Janin, passionately, in a charming classic epilogue called "The Death of Daphnis." The river and the stream are obscured by shadows; the oxen forsake the limpid water and the dewy grass; everything languishes upon the desolate horizon; Echo repeats to the woods and forests words of lamentation alone—for Daphnis, the beloved shepherd, is no more.

Algernon Swinburne has written a magnificent ode to the memory of Gautier, gorgeous as the sunset, sweet as the notes of the dying swan, and a few verses of this may perhaps be the fittest conclusion for this short paper on an adorable poet, some of whose verses may be reckoned among the glories of French literature:

"Here, where the sunset of our year is red,
Men think of thee, as on the summer dead,
Gone forth before the snows, before thy day,
With unshod feet, with brows unchapleted.

"Couldst thou not wait till age had wound, they
say,
Round those wreathed brows his snow-white blossoms? Nay,
Why shouldst thou vex thy soul with this harsh
air,
Thy bright-winged soul, once free to take its way?

"Nor for men's reverence hadst thou need to wear
The holy flower of gray time-honored hair;
Nor were it fit that aught of thee grew old,
Fair lover all thy days of all things fair. . . .

"Mixed with the mask of death's old comedy,
Though thou too pass, have here our flowers, that
we,
For all the flowers thou gav'st, upon thee shed,
And pass not crownless to Persephone.

"Blue lotus-blossoms, and white, and rosy-red,
We wind with poppies for thy silent head,
And on the margin of the sundering sea,
Leave thy sweet light to rise upon the dead!"

Temple Bar.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW YOUNG NICK KEPT HIS SECRET.

THE consciousness of possessing all to himself so great a secret gave young Nick a sense of superior importance most enjoyable. He hugged it to his bosom, took it to bed with him, dreamed of it, never let it go out of his thoughts. His mother observed with some alarm that her son was changed during those days. He was sobered; he carried himself responsibly; his white eyebrows were charged with a burden of duty.

The change was certainly for the better, but she looked for some physical cause to account for his sudden abandonment of those impish moods which had once kept her in continual alarm. It might be impending measles; in fact, the boy was completely weighed down by his knowledge. The writing-master of Jubilee Road was too much in his mind. Whenever he saw Alison he thought of him; if he went out of the town he reflected that the Clapham Road, followed due north, leads to London Bridge, and that from London Bridge to Jubilee Road is but a step; if he came home, he passed the door of his uncle's study, and involuntarily compared the mean lodging at the East End with that stately room; if he heard his mother lamenting the wickedness of Stephen, he chuckled, thinking how that wicked man would be, and should be, some day brought to shame, and his wiles defeated; if he heard Alison whispering despondently that nothing had been as yet discovered, he rubbed his hands together and laughed inwardly, winking both eyes alternately, as he thought of what he himself had discovered; if he contemplated his own future prospects, his thoughts turned to the refugee whose return was to mark the commencement of his own fortunes.

The thing was overwhelming. All day he pondered over it, now with exultation, now with anxiety. His performances at school grew every day more lamentable; the subjunctive mood ceased to interest him, and he neglected the past participle; even the things which would certainly become of real use to him when he had his desk in Great St. Simon Apostle, his arithmetic, his French, his handwriting, became irksome. For, as the weary hours of work crept on, his mind was always away in that dingy house of Jubilee Road, and his thoughts were always turning to the Great Secret.

How was it to be disclosed in the most useful

and, at the same time, the most striking manner? Suppose some one else, a clerk in the house, for instance, should find out the writing-master of Jubilee Road. His uncle, Nicolas reflected with severity, was extremely thoughtless; he might even, on a Saturday half-holiday, stroll as far west as the entrance to the docks, and there be observed by the policemen at the doors, and then all his own share in the discovery would be actually fooled away.

These were difficult and interesting problems, but they were too much for the young brain. While Nicolas thought them over, which was all day long, in school and out, the book before him became a blank page; the common he wandered over, as lonely as any Robinson Crusoe, was as if it did not exist; the shouts of the boys at play, or the hum of the boys at work, fell on deaf ears. His school performances during this period were in the monthly report described as disgraceful. He cared nothing about Caesar's triumphs in Gaul; he could not be roused to any interest in any subject whatever; the ceaseless admonitions of his masters produced no more effect than the lowing of distant cattle; if Cridland was called, Cridland had to be "jogged" by his nearest neighbor; if Cridland was asked a question, his reply betrayed not only ignorance of the subject, but gross inattention. The consequences were inevitable.

Must one go on? At that school they caned, but only in cases of continued inattention and idleness.

When the patience of the authorities was quite exhausted, Cridland received orders to remain after twelve o'clock. It need scarcely be observed that the fact of such a boy as young Nick, the crafty, the subtle, the hitherto successful evader of rules, being about to undergo the last extremity of the law, excited an interest so lively as to be akin to joy. In fact, it was joy—rapturous joy. When the hour of fate struck, the boys, instead of rushing off to play as usual, congregated about the door, listening in silence. Would young Nick take it plucky, or would young Nick funk? Would he cry out, or would he be silent?

They watched him march, with pale face, but head erect, into the operating-room; they listened while, after a pause, during which, as the more experienced knew, the head-master was delivering himself of the preliminary jaw. At last, the sound of the Instrument was heard: swish! swish! swish! No other sound, no cry, no trampling of feet.

"I always run round and round," said young

Featherbrain, who was caned once a fortnight regularly.

"Nine cuts," said Lackwit secundus; "two more than I got last time."

But, throughout, a dignified silence.

Then the door opened, and young Nick came out. His head was as erect as usual, though his cheek was a little flushed, and his eyes brighter, perhaps. The boys made a lane. Young Nick looked neither to the right nor to the left, though a murmur of sympathetic admiration greeted him as he emerged; but, taking his hat from the peg, he walked away with pride, capping the head-master at the gate with a dignified smile, which seemed to say:

"You have done your duty; I forgive you. Let us agree in forgetting the late deplorable scene."

Then the boys fell to discussing their own experiences, and the punishment of young Nick served for the rest of the day as a fillip or stimulus to the activity of the school life.

That night, after dark, any curious passer-by might have noticed a small, thin figure creep through the iron railings, and flit rapidly across the gravel to the back of the school. There was a window at that part of the building which might be opened from the outside, did one know the secret. Through that window the thin figure crept.

The next day, which was Wednesday, and a half-holiday, was a day of rebuke. The masters were late at prayers, and a general feeling rapidly spread that something was going to happen. In fact, it had been discovered that the gowns had been sewed together with such great artfulness that they could not be separated without much labor and time. The masters appeared, therefore, without them. The head-master was observed to put less heart than usual into the petition for forgiveness. After prayers he announced that an outrage had been committed on the sacred magisterial robes, and that he would give the offender until twelve to confess. The eyes of all involuntarily turned to young Nick, who only gazed upward thoughtfully, and shook his head with sadness. Worse things happened: it was immediately afterward found that the masters' seats had been plentifully studded with small pieces of cobbler's wax; that the ink for all the desks had been powdered with chalk, that the nibs of all the pens had been cut or broken off; that butter, or some such foreign substance, had been rubbed upon the blackboards; that mark-books had been shamefully treated, and the records of impositions mutilated.

Three boys were caned, for minor offenses, at twelve; no confessor appeared at that hour; the whole school was detained till one; the whole school was also deprived of its half-holi-

day; three more were caned at five. Young Nick continued grave and sad, he shook his head from time to time; but in the afternoon he recovered his spirits, showed a cheerfulness strange to the rest, and displayed the greatest alacrity in his work. At five o'clock, when they were dismissed, he laughed. This episode cheered him for the moment, but he relapsed, and became mysteriously preoccupied again. His thoughts were not with his studies: he lost the good opinion of his masters—a consequence of sin, the true awfulness of which has been revealed by the author of "Eric"—he made his fellows think he was going silly, because a young Nick who had no more mischief in him, who never said or did anything worthy of his former reputation, who had gone quite silent and sluggish, was not the young Nick whom they had formerly admired. That boy had gone, vanished into the *Ewigkeit*. There was left in his place a quiet lad with white hair and eyebrows, pink face, and downcast look, who moved among them as speechless as a ghost, who never listened, who was always dreaming or asleep, who made no fuss, played no pranks, and took no notice. Quite a stupid and commonplace boy. Indeed, the secret was too much for him. Had its exclusive possession been much longer prolonged, I believe the boy would have suffered some kind of brain affection.

There were moments when the story presented itself to him in its comic aspect. The reflection that the man for whom so many tears had been shed, whose death had caused so much unexpected trouble, was really alive and well, stimulated Nicolas to dance and sing, to utter dark sayings, to construct enigmas, and to behave in Puck-like fashion toward Alison. She had no suspicion of his meaning, but she began to feel every day that the boy had some secret, and meant something real. And what did he mean by his constant allusions to the writing-master?

In those days he made a "Ballad of the Writing-master," of which I only venture to quote the first two verses; would that all poets were content with publishing only the first two verses!—

"The Writing-master sings, upon his way,
Of Gillott, J., soft nib, and pliant quill;
His Round and Text like twins together play;
His frolic Small-hand keeps him happy still.
He sings all day about his merry task:
He dances on the curbstone when he's free;
Give me his lot, should you the question ask—
A writing-master's is the life for me.

"He loves his boys—their master they adore;
He rolls in wealth, his reputation's such:

At five o'clock, when he can work no more,
 Often the Lord Mayor asks him out, and much.
 'There goes the Writing-master!' cry the girls,
 'Oh! great, and grand, and rich, and proud is he.
 Let others wed for rings and things and pearls:
 'Tis, oh! a writing-master's wife to be.'

There were many more verses hammered out by this young poet on the same subject; but I refrain from quoting those which followed. He sang the whole right through one afternoon for Alison's pleasure, pretending he did not know she was in the room. He was, indeed, very crafty in those minor pretenses which deceived no one.

"Will you tell me, you tiresome boy," asked Alison, worried by his iteration, "what you mean by perpetually talking about writing-masters?"

"If you chose a profession," the boy replied, with another question, "wouldn't you like that?"

"Certainly not," said Alison. "I would prefer anything, almost, to such a profession. What do you mean?"

"Not be a writing-master? Why, of all the unreasonable girls! If you only knew—consider, Alison."

He began to sing his song again.

The boy would give no fuller explanation.

Another remarkable circumstance. He took to coming home late for tea on Saturdays, and sometimes did not appear until supper was the only meal possible. And, although he grew absolutely grasping after pocket-money, he never spent any on "tuck," and yet never seemed to have any.

One Sunday—it was the first Sunday after they put up the tablet to the memory of Anthony Hamblin in the parish church—he disgraced the family altogether, for at sight of the tablet this ill-behaved and unfeeling boy began to laugh. That was at the commencement of the service; he laughed again when they stood up for the Psalms, he choked loudly several times during the sermon, and he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks all the way home across the common. Alison had never been so angry with him. Why he laughed the boy would not or could not tell. But he refused to go to church for the evening service, on the ground that he felt it coming on again.

The reason why he came home late on Saturdays, and had no pocket-money, was—first, that he spent that afternoon with his uncle; and, secondly, that he used all his pocket-money in purchasing little presents to cheer his solitude and poverty. And I declare that, although the boy was as selfish as most boys of fourteen, and although he looked to his uncle's return for the foundation of his own fortune, he was in this respect entirely disinterested. He could never

think of those shabby boots, that worn coat, without a choking at the throat, and something like a tear in his eye, signs of emotion which he was fain to hide or efface as speedily as might be.

For his own part, Anthony, having quickly learned to trust the boy, looked forward to his weekly visit as to a break in the desolate monotony in his new existence. He sat at home and waited for him, growing anxious if he was late, and when he arrived there was a formal sort of catechism to be gone through.

"How is Alison?" asked her father.

"Chirpy," said young Nick; "takes her meals hearty."

"Have they made any discovery yet?"

"Not yet," replied the boy; "and I hope they never will."

That meant that the search, so far as he could tell, was as yet unsuccessful; so far, therefore, the chances were in favor of Stephen. This was just what the boy wanted.

Then they would sit down and talk about other things, the possibility of return being always in both their minds. The old relations between them were a great deal changed. The man and the boy thus thrown together under changed conditions were on the same level, in conversation. Young Nick never let his uncle forget that his secret gave him authority, so to speak; nor could Anthony ever forget that his present work and position afforded a striking contrast to his former. Indeed, Anthony's reverses might be compared with those of Hecuba, Cræsus, and other fallen monarchs, some of whom taught in schools. Louis Philippe and Dionysius, for instance. But then Louis Philippe went back again. He might, had he chosen, have taken a high moral line, and pointed out to Nicolas that the misfortunes of one man should be taken as a warning to other men. He omitted the opportunity, however, and the moral lesson was lost.

"Tell me how you like your work, Uncle Anthony," said the boy with a grin. "Your work!—ho, ho!"

It was the one disagreeable thing to Anthony about these interviews that young Nick would persist in alluding to his occupation.

Anthony grunted.

"Do you find your principal always—ahem!—what a gentlemanly principal ought to be?"

Anthony preserved silence.

"Do you like your boys? Are they a pleasant lot of fellows with a good tone and above meanness or falsehood?"

Anthony shook his head.

"Well, then, tell me what you do."

"You mean the day's routine?" He blushed

almost like a boy, this man of fifty and more, while he related the daily duties of an usher in a commercial academy. "We begin at nine: there are two assistants, Mr. Merkin and myself. The principal takes the senior class, which does Latin. I do the writing, drawing (which is an extra—for the principal), and the geography and English. Mr. Merkin, who is young, and will probably succeed the principal, takes the French and the book-keeping, the history, the lower Latin, and the mathematics. There are sixty boys in the school, and they pay six pounds a year each for their education without extras, which are French, drawing, and book-keeping—a guinea a year each for those."

"I see," said young Nick. "Boss pockets extras. Go on."

"We work from nine to twelve, and from two to five. In the morning there is punishment-school from twelve to one, and on Wednesday afternoons."

"And what do they pay you for all this?"

"Seventy-five pounds a year, non-resident. You see, Nicolas, I have been used to live pretty much as I liked, and I preferred to be free in the evening. Then I have to look over exercises; but at least I can go to bed when I like, and smoke a pipe if I please."

This poor dole of independence, this limited portion of freedom, produced a great wave of pity in the heart of the boy.

"As for the boys," Anthony continued with a sigh, "I must own that they are wearying. Unfortunately, one can not expect the ideas of gentlemen in the—*the East End of London*. However, all boys are alike, I dare say. One tries to inspire them with something like principle and morality—"

"Might as well teach an oyster to climb a tree," said young Nick, speaking from his own experience of boys; "clout 'em and cuff 'em. Go on, uncle."

"But it is up-hill work. As for the teaching, there are, I think, some boys who really want to learn."

"They know it pays," observed Nick the sagacious. "I'm one of those boys. Teach me what will pay, and I will learn. Not past participles—yah!"

"Then there are the punishments. The principal conducts them personally."

"Like Cook and Gaze," said Nicolas poetically. "I should like to conduct *him* personally, and one or two more principals that I know."

This dark and unintelligible reflection was probably due to the still fresh—too fresh—recollection of his own recent sufferings.

"I wish," continued Anthony sadly, "that there were more judgment shown in inflicting

the punishments, and perhaps more dignity in the manner of operation. But one has no right to talk openly of the conduct of one's employers. You will forget, Nicolas, that I mentioned these things. It might do me serious injury if you talked."

"All right, uncle," said Nicolas, grinning. "I won't mention it. Keep steaming ahead."

"There is nothing more to be said. We are having a little difference just now, the principal and myself, because he wants me to undertake some of the canings. And I, well, I would rather not."

"Naturally," said Nicolas, wagging his head. "Uncle Stephen might be told off to do that. Of course, you couldn't."

Anthony, reminded, by mention of his brother's name, that he was not by deliberate choice and training a writing-master, relapsed into silence.

This was the kind of conversation which they held with each other every Saturday, varied by the latest talk about Clapham, and the views of Nicolas on things universal.

One day, about a month after the discovery, Anthony confessed to the boy that he had a burning desire to see the old place again, and his daughter.

"Take me down with you to-night," he said. "Place me so that I can see without being seen, and then bring out Alison, so that I may, if only for the last time, look upon her face."

"As for its being the last time," said Nicolas, "that's gammon, and you know it. I am going to bring you home in triumph, while the bells do ring and the drums do beat. As for trotting her out for you to look at her, that's easy done. As for putting you where she can't see you, that's not so easy. Let me think!"

He reflected seriously for a few moments.

"To-day," he said, "is Saturday. Gilbert Yorke will very likely turn up to-night, with his pocket-book full of no news. You must not come to-night. But on Monday he will be off again. He travels about the country and finds nothing, while Alderney Codd goes round the town and finds nothing. Now, if they had only come to Me in the first place, I could have shown them how to go to work. See what I've found—You!"

He spoke as if his discovery was entirely due to his superior intelligence and forethought.

"Well—Monday. Shall I venture to Clapham on Monday evening?"

"On Monday evening you be about the place. Let me see—you mustn't be in the gardens or in the front of the house. It's awfully dangerous. Buy a false nose and a mustache—put on the green goggles—tie a red comforter round your

throat. Lord! suppose anybody was to see you! Why, where would my credit be? Be outside the house, in the road, or on the common in front, but not far off, as the clock strikes nine. I will do what I can for you, but I can't promise."

On the following Monday evening, which was fortunately fine, Anthony, observing every possible precaution in the way of disguise, walked once more over the old familiar Clapham Common. He felt terribly guilty and was full of apprehensions. Every passer-by seemed to scrutinize him with suspicion; the policeman turned his lantern upon him; the men whom he met edged away from him; in fact, the effect of the green spectacles, the red handkerchief, and the slouched hat was theatrically suggestive. No brigand in a burlesque looked more ostentatiously disguised.

It was nine o'clock as he drew near the old house.

For a moment he felt as if the past four months was all a delusion and a dream. He was going to walk in as of old. He would find the study fire lit, his slippers in their old place, his box of cigars ready to hand, his book upon the table, and Alison to talk to him. Involuntarily he drew himself up, stepped out quickly, and gained the garden-gate. There he was arrested by the boy, whose white locks gleamed in the twilight.

"Hush!" whispered young Nick, looking about him with jealousy, though he greatly enjoyed the intrigue; "no one is about now, but there's precious little safety. William, the groom, keeps company with Anne, the kitchen-maid; sometimes they're in the scullery, and sometimes they're about the stables, and they may be prowling round, as they were last night, in the road; there's no telling. You walk very gently to the other gate, while I look round again. I'll meet you there."

The boy made a rapid reconnaissance. While he examined the shrubs in the front garden, Anthony stood outside the railings, and looked upon what had been his own. The front door was wide open, and the blaze of light looked to the hungry exile like an invitation to return to home, and love, and Alison.

"Come," said Nicolas, catching him by the wrist, "you stand behind the trunk of the cedar, that's the blackest place in the garden. You can see into the drawing-room from there. I'll bring Alison to the window; you wait quiet and don't move. If William and Anne come spooning here to-night, interrupting things, I'll give them cold pig or something worse, see if I don't."

The boy left his uncle planted by the tree,

and retreated to the house. Alison was sitting with his mother, reading by the light of a single small lamp; there was a small fire on the hearth, and no other light in the place. Nicolas immediately mounted on a chair, and lit up all the burners nearest the window.

"More light," he said; "I want to tackle the subjunctive mood. It's what the novelists call a dark mood, a moody mood, a melancholy mood, that wants all the light we can get."

Then he opened the shutters, drew back the curtains, and threw up the window.

"More air," he said; "that's for the past participle." Presently he whispered—it was rather a loud whisper—"Alison!"

"What is it, Nicolas?"

She laid down the book and lifted her head.

"Come here."

"I am too comfortable, thank you. Pray shut the window. And you can not want all that glare of light."

"You would come—I think—if you knew who was outside, and wanted to see you. But don't come unless you like; *he* won't care really, whether he sees you to-night or not. It's nothing to him; oh no!"

"Don't be silly, Nicolas."

But she smiled and listened.

"G—i—l. There you are with your Gil."

Alison sprang from her chair and ran to the window. The light was full upon her face as she stood there looking out into the garden, right before the branches of the great dark cedar, so that a man beneath the tree could almost reach out his hand and touch her.

"Gilbert is not there," she said to young Nick, drawing back disappointed.

"I didn't say he was," replied the boy, shutting the window and the shutters; "I only said G—i—l, Gil. That's all. You made up the rest."

"You are a mischievous little imp," she said, "and you ought to have your ears boxed."

She went back to her book. Nicolas turned down some of the lights and went out of the room. No one ever ventured to interfere with his movements.

He found his uncle Anthony still under the cedar.

"Come," whispered the boy, "you mustn't be found here. It is not only William and Anne, it's Robert the gardener, and Eliza the cook, as well. Lord! what I've had to look after since you ran away! You ought to have thought of me before you did it. Now, then; you've seen Alison, and I can't have you loitering about here, getting caught, and you had better get away back to Jubilee Road as fast as you can."

Anthony touched the boy's cheek with his

finger, and said nothing. By the light of the gas in the hall, Nicolas saw that his eyes were heavy with tears.

"She looks more beautiful than ever," he replied.

"Now you see what you've given up, uncle, and I hope you're properly sorry," said Nicolas, with severity. "You've just chucked away and lost the most scrumptious girl in all Clapham—your own daughter, too; the best house in the place, the best cellar of wine, and my society."

"Yes, yes," Anthony replied; "I know, I know."

"There's still a door open. Come back to us. I, for one, will never say a word to reproach you, or recall the past. Remember, uncle, there's always a knife and fork ready for you."

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOW JACK BAKER PROPOSED AN AGREEABLE COMPROMISE.

ALISON returned home with greater lightness of heart than she had felt since her father's death. It was far more to her than to other girls to have stood beside her mother's grave. She had received an assurance which would at once stay the hand of her enemy, and stop the tongues of those who maligned her father's memory; her lover was come back to her, and again the ring of engagement decorated the third finger of her left hand. Her pride, her self-respect, returned to her, and when she ran up the steps of the old house it was with a step as elastic and a face as bright as any that had ever rejoiced the face of her father.

"Dear old house," she cried, "I shall not have to leave you, after all."

"Then," said young Nick, who was there to welcome her, "I suppose you have squared it at last with Uncle Stephen. A very sensible thing too. Mind, I always offered to square it for you, but you were so uncommonly taken up with that fellow Yorke. Now, I suppose, he's come round to my opinion, and pretends it is his own idea. What's the figure?"

"You are a horrid boy!" Alison would tell him no more.

Said Nicolas, bursting into song:

"Let others wed for rings and things and pearls,
'Tis oh! a Writing-master's wife to be—ee—ee—ee;
A Writing-master's wife—or daughter—or female
relation of some kind—to be."

"You want the writing-master, Alison, my dear? Wait a little—wait a little; he's coming."

But she was not to be allured into asking any questions, even about the writing-master. She was too happy to feel curious.

Her manner excited the boy's liveliest curiosity. At dinner he listened for information, but none was given. After dinner he made haste to spread out all his volumes and dictionaries, and pretended rapt absorption in his studies, hoping that Alison would be betrayed by his assumed concentration of thought into dropping some hint of what had happened. But she did not. She made no mention whatever of her journey and its results. Only she was happy again, happy as a child; and Mrs. Cridland waited patiently to hear the cause. She was told, but not before her son went to bed.

Nicolas was greatly disgusted with this want of confidence; and next day, too, a half-holiday, when he might have told the secret to the writing-master. As it was, he contented himself with a letter in which he merely wrote these words:

"Something up. They've found it out, but they haven't told me yet. Keep up pecker.—N. C."

The situation—had Mr. Bunter Baker realized what it meant—was unpromising for him to reopen those negotiations which had already been entered upon. They had, however, with one or two other matters, been greatly in his mind for some time. Stephen Hamblin, growing gloomy over the threatened delay, and perhaps suspicious about the movements of the other side, was dogged, and even violent, in his assertions of confidence.

"I tell you," said Jack, "they've found out something. She went into the country the other day mysteriously. What did she go for?"

"For change of air, perhaps," said Stephen. "What do I care what she went for? Man, there's nothing to find out."

"I don't know." Jack shook his head sagaciously. "I met Alderney Codd the other day. He said that you were going to be crumpled up."

"Alderney Codd be hanged! Mind, Jack, I know very well what I am doing. I tell you again that Anthony couldn't have been married."

Stephen looked worried, but his manner was defiant. In fact, the more uncertain of his own position he became, the more positively he asserted it.

"Ah! well," Jack went on, "there are several ways of 'crumpling up.' If they do not find out the proof of the marriage they may induce you to retire from the contest; they may buy you out; or they may—" he hesitated a moment, but delicacy of feeling was not one of his strong points—"they may threaten you out."

"What the devil do you mean?" cried Ste-

phen, his face ablaze. "Threaten out? Threaten me out?"

"Don't fly into a rage." Jack spoke in his usual loud yet leisurely fashion. "I learn a good deal as I go about. For instance, things are being discussed by the clerks at Hamblins' just now, and your name seems to be taken pretty free. Of course I don't know what they say. If I hear I forget. Most likely they are lies. At the same time, Hamblin"—he turned and faced him, looking him straight in the eyes—"I suppose there are few men who have hung about town so long as you who can't have something raked up."

"Well?" asked Stephen, sullenly, "and what then?"

"Oh, nothing; only these things don't look well if you have got to go into a witness-box, do they?"

"It depends upon the things," Stephen replied, restlessly pacing the room; "they may rake what they like, so far as I am concerned."

"That's all right then, and you need not fear. By the way, why did you leave the house when you might have staid in it and become a partner?"

Stephen's face became darker.

"We had a quarrel," he said; "a family quarrel."

"Ah, very likely; only that is not what they say."

"Confound it, man, let them say what they like! Tell me if it is anything outrageous, and I will have them up for libel." Stephen looked, however, as if he cared a great deal. "Of course," he said, stopping in his walk, "I should not like my whole life trotted out for public inspection. No man would. Fortunately, however, nobody knows all the shady places except myself. Who knows yours?"

"Nobody at all," said Jack Baker; "thank goodness, nobody. I keep the seamy side in. Now you, old fellow, I am afraid, have kept your seamy side a good deal exposed to view. You've gambled, you've gone on the turf, you've been a man about town, you've been a speculator, you've dabbled in finance, you've been mixed up with companies in which the shareholders don't bless the names of the promoters—all these things stick to a fellow. Now I, my dear friend, with the deepest sympathy for your pursuits, have done the same thing but more quietly; and I'm ten years younger than you, so that I haven't had the time to commit so much wickedness as you. My game has always been to show up as the steady City merchant, respectable and substantial."

"Well, well, what are we talking about?"

"I have been thinking," Jack went on in his

business-like way, "that my thou. looks devilish like being lost. Excuse me disbelieving your statement, Hamblin, which seems to me as if it rested on your own unsupported opinion. I don't see my way to getting that thou. back again; and, as for your affairs getting into a more satisfactory state, I have reason to believe, my dear boy, that they ceased to be in any state at all a good while ago. Don't swear and fly into a rage, because I'm not going to round on you, and I'm not going to say anything a bit nastier than I can help; but, if that money is to be paid back out of this Hamblin estate, I think I shall have to whistle for it. Mind, I don't precisely know what Alderney Codd means, but I do know that, though he is an ass, he is not a liar. If he says you are going to be crumpled up, the crumpling will take place as sure as eggs is eggs. Besides, in any case, the judge may keep you waiting for seven years. How are you to live for seven years?"

"You seem determined to drive me mad between you," said Stephen. "What does it matter what that infernal ass, Alderney Codd, says or thinks? That won't hurt. As for seven years, of course it is nonsense. Next year we make another application, win the case, and pocket the money. Marriage? That be hanged!"

"I wish I could share your confidence, Hamblin." Jack's tone became very serious. "Now, I have been turning this over, and I am anxious to see a compromise."

Stephen groaned.

"A compromise, I say. Listen a moment. That niece of yours is a very pretty girl; she's the finest, prettiest, pluckiest girl I ever set eyes on, or dreamed of. It's a shame that she should be kicked out because she can't find her mother; a shame, by Gad! And yet, of course, old man," he added, with a touch of the City common sense, "one can't blame you. Go she must, unless— However, what I propose is this: You shall withdraw your claim altogether; you shall, in point of fact, acknowledge her legitimacy; you shall abandon all right to the estate. In return, you shall receive half the personal property—half, you see: that is a hundred and fifty thousand pounds—good Heavens! what a pile!—and I—"

"Oh! you are to come in, are you?"

Stephen sat down in a kind of desperation, and turned his dark face upon his friend.

"Of course I am. Do you think I ever interest myself for nothing? J. Double B. is going to romp in gayly. My share in the business is to marry the girl, and take the other half of the pile."

"Oh," said Stephen, "this is a very pretty sort of proposal. I am to give you half of my estate, am I?"

"It isn't yours yet. Very likely it never will be yours. You are to exchange quarreling and fighting for friendship, doubt for certainty, claim for possession. Why, I think it is too much that I offer you. We should say a third, not a half—and J. Double B. takes the girl off your hands, marries her, gives out that you've behaved noble, and sets your character up for life. Think of that, now!"

"Perhaps she won't have you," said Stephen, evidently softening.

"Ha—h'm!" Jack replied with a sweet smile, stroking his chin and smoothing his mustache, which was a fine, full growth. "We shall see. If a man is not absolutely repulsive, he always has a chance. Hang it, Hamblin, you ought to know the sex."

Evidently Jack Baker thought he knew it himself. He looked so irresistible, with his confident pose and his air as of a peacock brandishing an enormous tail, that Stephen laughed aloud.

"Go in and win, if you can," he said. "Get engaged to the girl, and then make your terms with me. You may, if you like, feel your way to a compromise. I don't want to be unreasonable. Give me three fourths or so, and let the thing slide."

"Yes," said Jack, "I should think you *would* let the thing slide for three fourths. That means over two hundred thousand. Why, there's spending in that for forty years if you managed it properly. You'll be under the turf in twenty. If Alderney meant anything, it is not three fourths nor one fourth either that you'll get."

As a matter of fact, Alderney meant nothing except an expression of profound conviction. Gilbert had not told any one, as yet, the nature and extent of his discoveries. Even Alison only knew that she had stood by the grave of her mother, for whom she might shed tears of sorrow unmingled with shame.

A second time, therefore, Jack Baker drove to the house on Clapham Common. On this occasion, however, he had a secret and private purpose of his own, which made him rather nervous.

Miss Hamblin received him with less frigidity than before. In fact, the girl was so happy that she felt benevolent even to an emissary of her uncle.

On the previous visit her eyes had been heavy with tears and her cheek pale from insulted pride. Now she felt herself once more her father's very daughter, the rightful heiress. A softer light glowed in her face, the light of sunshine; her cheek was rosy, her lips were smiling, her dark eyes were soft and limpid when she lifted them to greet her visitor.

Jack Baker thought he saw the light of welcome in those eyes, and took courage. He was more splendidly attired than on his former visit. The season of early summer admitted the gorgeousness of white waistcoat, light dust-coat, scarlet tie, lavender gloves, white hat. His coarsely handsome face, marred by the tokens of indulgence, was not unpleasant. To be sure, Alison thought, comparing him mentally with her own lover, the man can not help not being a gentleman; that is his misfortune, not his fault. But she thought he looked good-tempered, *d'un bon naturel*.

"I come again, Miss Hamblin," said Jack, with the sunniest of smiles and an airy wave of his hand, "as an ambassador from your uncle, who still, I need hardly tell you, deploras the contest in which he has become unavoidably engaged."

"Really," said Alison, "I am surprised to learn it. To be sure, he can always retire from it."

"I am here to make another proposal, or rather to sound you as to your own views, if you will honor me by confiding them to me." Jack dropped his voice, and tried to look insinuating.

The man, thought Alison, looks like a draper's assistant offering a shawl.

"Had you not better sit down and make the proposal in comfort, Mr. Baker?" she said, smiling. It was really pleasant to think of receiving proposals for a compromise when everything was settled and proved.

"Thank you, Miss Hamblin," said Jack, taking a chair. It was more encouraging to be asked to sit down, but somehow he felt less at his ease. The room overpowered him: it was so full of flowers, dainty pictures, embroidery, and all the little things with which a young lady who need not consider cost loves to surround herself.

"Mr. Stephen Hamblin has never, I beg you to believe, been indifferent to your feelings in this matter," Jack began. "He has often lamented to me the hard position to which you might be reduced if—"

"Thank you," said Alison. "Never mind my hard position. Let us come to the offer. Do not you think, however, that it would be best to make it in writing to my guardians?"

"No; certainly not. Mr. Hamblin would wish to deal with you direct," said the ambassador. "It is with his niece, not with his cousins, that he wishes to restore a good understanding."

"Very well. Pray let me hear his proposal."

"It is hardly a proposal; only a suggestion. What do you think of his withdrawing his claim, not because it is an unjust claim, but in your

own interests, and out of consideration to yourself? In withdrawing it, he would naturally look to compensation."

"Yes," said Alison, smiling. "Yes; I suppose compensation for having set up an unjust claim."

"One would say a half of the whole estate—something of that sort."

"I see," said Alison. "I should have to give him half in order to get anything."

"Quite so," said Jack. "Should you consider that proposal a liberal one?"

"What did I tell you when you came here last, Mr. Baker?" she asked quietly. "Let me remind you. I said that I would hear nothing of any compromise until my father's name was vindicated. That must be my answer again. My uncle was the only man who dared to assail the memory of that most honorable and upright man. Nothing would make me surrender my right to defend it. I will have all, or nothing."

"Is that your determination, Miss Hamblin?"

"It is, and I am sorry you have taken the trouble to come here on a fruitless errand."

"My own trouble, Miss Hamblin," said Jack, "in your cause is nothing, absolutely nothing."

"I think," said Alison, "that if my uncle had asked me in January last, as he had so little and I so much, to give him money, I should have given it. Now, however, the case is altered. I have been publicly branded in an open court; I go about the world with a stain upon my birth. I have been charged with having no right or title to my father's estate. Do not you see what a difference that makes?"

"But," said Jack, "think of the money. Think of the tremendous pile of money you are throwing away."

"You can not understand," said Alison. "You can not, unfortunately, see that it has always been impossible for me to make any kind of compromise. If I said that three months ago, in my shame and despair, I must surely say it again and all the more, now that—"

She stopped suddenly.

"They have found something," thought Jack.

"But will you credit him with good intentions?" he asked softly and sweetly.

"Certainly not," said Alison, in a hard voice. "Certainly not; his intentions have always, from the very first, been as bad as they could be. I wish never to see my uncle again, never to hear from him. However," she rose, and her face changed with a smile, "that is nothing to you, Mr. Baker. Our business is over, I think."

Now here was his chance. It came and found him unprepared, because he had not expected that it would take this form. All the way down in the cab he had been thinking how he

could best open the business. He had encouraged himself by little exhortations, such as, "Go in and win, J. Double B. . . . Don't be afraid—she is but a woman. All women are alike. You're not so bad-looking, my boy; you've got a manner of your own with them; you've got the dibs; lots of girls would give their back-hair to get J. Double B.," and so on, little epigrammatic sentences of encouragement thus delicately and feelingly put.

Now the time was come, and he hardly seemed equal to the occasion. Only a woman before him—all women are alike; yet Miss Hamblin, somehow, was not quite the same as Lotty, and Polly, and Topsy, who had, as previously stated, been called to the Inner bar, and "taken silk"; and it came upon him with rather a crushing force, that he had never seen any woman like Miss Hamblin before. But he was not without pluck, and he began to stammer, turning very red, and looking uncomfortable.

"I could hope, Miss Hamblin, that so far as I am personally concerned, the—the intimacy of myself and Mr. Stephen Hamblin may be no bar to my—my—friendship with yourself."

"Your friendship, Mr. Baker?" What *could* the man mean? "Why, I was not aware that we were even acquaintances."

"I mean, that is," said Jack, getting more hot in the nose—"that, when we meet in society, you will allow me—"

"It is not at all likely that we shall ever meet in society," said Alison quickly. Then she thought she had said a rude thing, and added, "Because I go so little into any kind of society."

"But if we were to meet, Miss Hamblin—and besides, I will try to meet you—people who have the will, you know." Here he smiled, and looked so knowing, that Alison longed to box his ears. "After church, say—I'm not much of a hand at church myself—but I could turn up when the sermon was over, you know."

Alison began to grow indignant.

"I think I would rather not meet you 'when the sermon is over,'" she said quietly.

"If you would let me call upon you," Jack went on, thinking he was progressing famously, "I should like it best. We could talk here, you know, or in the gardens and conservatories. I dare say you are pretty dull in this great house all by yourself. I could cheer you up, perhaps. Let me try, Miss Hamblin."

"Cheer her up?" She looked in amazement.

"I'm not a bad sort," he continued, warming to his work. "Come to know me, I am rather a good sort; at least they tell me so." He assumed a smile of satisfaction which made her shudder. "I may have my faults like most men. To begin with, I am not come, like you, of a

great City House. I had my own business to make, and I've made it. The dibs are all of my own piling"—he thought this might sound vulgar—"and when I say 'dibs,' of course I mean the money; because I began as nothing but a clerk. You wouldn't think that, Miss Hamblin, would you, to look at me now? However, here I am—just as you see me. I've got a big business in tea; really, a big business. There's my cab at the door for you to see the kind of hack I can afford—cheap at a hundred; and I'm quite a young man still, Miss Hamblin, and perhaps not so bad-looking as some—eh? Handsome Jack I have been called. We should run well together; and the long and the short is that, if you will let me pay my attentions to you, I am ready, money or no money."

Alison burst out laughing. She was so happy in her mind that she was amused rather than offended. The man's vulgarity, his impudence, his mock humility, his personal conceit, his intense belief in himself, amused her. She clapped her hands together as delighted as any school-girl at a joke, and burst into merry peals of laughter, which utterly routed and discomfited the wooer.

"Pay your attentions to me, Mr. Baker?" she cried; "oh, I am so sorry, because I am obliged to decline that delicate offer, so delicately made. Another girl, Mr. Baker, must have the happiness of receiving your attentions. And oh! I really feel what I am giving up: the big business in tea, and the cheap hack, and the— the dibs, and the young man, still young, called Handsome Jack. But there are many other girls, I am sure, who take a deep interest in tea, and expensive hacks, and dibs, and Handsome Jacks. You will have better luck with them, no doubt. Good morning, Mr. Bunter Baker."

She laughed in his face, and left him there standing, hot and flushed. His knees felt shaky, and monosyllables trembled on his lips.

He wiped his forehead, and asked himself if she meant it. For really, this derisive way of receiving his suit had not presented itself to his mind as a possibility. She might refuse him, he thought; that was possible, but not probable, considering his big business, and his—well, his handsome person—why not acknowledge the truth? Often persons of the opposite sex called him Handsome Jack—all women are alike—why not Miss Hamblin?

Hang it! was there anything ridiculous in him? Couldn't the girl say "no" without laughing in his face? Perhaps, after all, she was only egging him on. How if he were to try the very next Sunday morning and hang about the doors of the church when the congregation were coming out?

She was gone; the door stood open. As he gathered up his hat and gloves he became aware that in the doorway stood a boy, with white hair and pink cheeks, who appeared to be enjoying some excellent joke. That is, he was laughing from ear to ear when Jack turned round, and, on being observed, he pulled out a pocket-handkerchief, and went through a pantomime of sorrow, which inspired Mr. J. Bunter Baker with a strong desire of horsewhipping that boy. Had he been listening?

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried the pink boy, retreating warily in the direction of the pantry. "Oh! oh! what a dreadful thing! She won't have him; she throws away his dibs and despises his tea: our full-flavored at two-and-four, and our really choice at three-and-two. She won't have him, even though they call him Handsome Jack. Ho! ho! Handsome Jack!"

Mr. Baker rushed at the boy. Young Nick threw himself into the pantry and locked the door. He heard his baffled enemy immediately afterward retreating, and, opening the door, began a prolonged and most unearthly yell as of agony, at which Mr. Baker fled hurriedly, and all the household rushed to see what was the matter, headed by Mrs. Cridland.

"It's all right, old lady," said her son, tranquilly; "he's gone, I perceive."

"Who?" asked his mother.

"Handsome Jack. O Alison!" he went on, "what a pity! You've thrown him away! He's gone for good."

"Let others wed for rings and things and pearls,
'Tis oh! a Writing-master's wife to be—ee—ee—ee."

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW STEPHEN STILL HAD DREAMS.

A LITTLE cloud in the sky, no bigger than a man's hand. Stephen saw it in the heavens when Jack Baker quoted Alderney Codd's words. If Jack, who never looked skyward, had seen it, it would have spread over the whole horizon, and obscured the sun long before he returned from his embassy. He sought his friend immediately.

"It is all up," he reported; "I am certain they have found out everything."

"What have they found out?" asked Stephen.

"I don't know. She didn't tell me. But I am certain—"

"Hang it, man! be reasonable," Stephen said. "What makes you certain?"

"Look here, Hamblin. I find the young lady happy, radiant, not cast down at all. She is all

smiles and happiness; she isn't the least afraid of you. When I suggested a compromise, she first laughed and then she smiled. You know their cunning way when they have got a secret all to themselves and like to hug it; and then she became grave, and tried to work herself into a rage, but couldn't see her way, even though she talked about you. But what she said afterward was more important still."

"What was that?"

"Tell my uncle," she said, "that if I refused any compromise three months ago, when I was in doubt and despair, ten times as much would I refuse to make any now, when—" And then she broke off short. Make what you like out of that, Hamblin. To me it means fighting, with plenty of evidence in the background. And I wish I saw my way clear to that thou,—that I fooled away on your representations."

"Come, Jack," said Stephen, trying to make a show of confidence which he did not feel—"come, don't be alarmed about your little venture. It's as safe as the bank; I tell you for the hundredth time that they *can not* have found anything, because there is nothing to find. My brother *never married*. Let them do their worst. And, as for the money, it doesn't matter to you how long you wait."

"Doesn't it?" said Jack. "I can tell you, then, that's nonsense. Why, there's scarcely a House in London that can let an outstanding thousand go like that. Hang it! it takes long enough to make. And one never knows what may happen. I've got the biggest thing on at the present moment—but never mind that."

So the great speculator in tea had his personal anxieties, a revelation which brought some comfort to Stephen's soul.

"Another thing," Jack went on, smoothing his mustache, and speaking with a little hesitation; "you may attach no importance to it, but I do. When a girl who is going to be a pauper gets an offer of marriage from a man—well, a man like myself—she don't, as a rule, burst out laughing in his face."

"Was that what happened to you, Jack?" Stephen asked, smiling.

"Yes, it was. I don't mind, to you, owning that it was. She laughed in my face. Yet I actually proposed to her, although she may not have a penny. What do you think of that, Hamblin?"

"Think of your proposal? Why, I suppose it was on the same principle as that on which you lent me the thousand pounds. You thought there was money behind—eh? From me or my niece, one or the other, you would stand to win."

"Very likely," said Jack; "but why did she laugh? that's what I want to know. I'm not a

man accustomed to be laughed at. What is there ridiculous about me? Isn't a Bunter Baker as good as a Hamblin?"

"Can't say, I am sure," replied Stephen. "If you attach any importance to the whims and fancies of a girl like that, you had better ask her for a reason. So she wouldn't have you. Ah! you see, my boy, it is very well to talk about a girl going to be a pauper; but Alison isn't a pauper yet, and she doesn't quite understand what poverty means. Go and ask her this time next year."

"You think you will have the estate, then?"

"I am sure I shall. And I need not tell you, Jack Baker, that unless that little—"

"Stop!" cried Jack; "I tell you again that I won't have that magnificent creature—who ought to be on the boards, by Gad! in black velvet, and she'd outshine the lot—called a little devil."

"Very good," said Stephen, "call her what you like. What I mean is, that, unless she submits and eats humble pie, she shall not have one brass farthing out of me, whether you marry her, or whether you do not."

Stephen, alternating between fits of despondency and elation, was now in the latter stage. He was confident, he was ready to mete out punishment or reward to his enemies or friends, as they deserved it.

Jack Baker went away to the City. Stephen continued in this hot fit of confidence. No harm could come to him; his case was strong and sound; yet a little while, and the enemy would give in. Everybody knows the state of mind which, as superstitious folk hold, precedes some great calamity. The victim is foolishly, childishly, recklessly confident and happy; he disregards those warnings which used to play so large a part in the lives of our ancestors: magpies, black-cats, crows, hares, run across his path unheeded; screech-owls hoot and he hears them not; brindled cats mew and he only laughs; knives are crossed, salt is spilled, dreams are told before breakfast, and he reckons not; the visions of the night have brought him squalling babies, and he forgets them; he stumbles at the threshold and thinks nothing of it; the day is Friday, the thirteenth, and he regards it not; every kind of miraculous warning is lavished upon that man, and he goes on to his doom, laughing and careless. Stephen was that reckless man; his dream had but one more day to run, and, as if anxious to make the most of it, he reveled, and lolled, and hugged himself in the contemplation and imagination of his coming wealth.

"They have been searching, advertising, running here and there for six months," he said to himself; "nothing has come of it, because there has been nothing to come. Why, I *know* that

Anthony was never married. As for Alison's mother, they must find one for her, and I dare say they will. And, as Anthony was never in Scotland, I am not afraid of any attempt being made to prove a marriage. Old Billiter hates me, but then old Billiter is not a common rogue. That is very certain."

It was a fine afternoon in June. From his chambers in Pall Mall he looked up and down that street, and rejoined in the sight of the rich, who enjoyed, though they hardly appeared to enjoy, the wealth which was about to be his.

"They were born to it," he murmured, sitting in an easy-chair at the open window, and watching the *jeunesse dorée*, as, splendid in raiment, knightly in bearing, they went up and down the steps of the clubs, or sauntered along the pavement—"they were born to it, they never knew anything else, I suppose. Why the devil do they look so melancholy? They should have been hungry after unattainable pleasures, like me, to know what money can bring, what it is worth, even at five-and-forty. They should have been sons of a methodical and frugal London merchant, who would keep them to a starvation allowance of pocket-money, would look on every little outburst as a mortal sin, would inculcate the most rigid views of religion, and then leave almost everything to an elder brother, who didn't know how to spend, and hadn't a spirit above his indigo-bags. Then they would look more contented than they do now.

"I had some spending out of those few thousands; they lasted a couple of years, I think, if I remember right. Then came my mother's little fortune, all her savings; not much, but something to give a man another little fling. There was no occasion to save it, because Anthony himself told me he had promised my mother never to give me up. Why, it would have been unchristian not to have accepted that most sacred trust. I did accept it. I said to myself: 'Stephen, old boy, you are your brother's charge; you are the desolate orphan for whom he has pledged himself to find the comforts and the luxuries as well as the necessities of life.' And I must say that Anthony behaved like a trump in every way except one—he had no business to bring that girl home.

"She's done all the mischief. If it had not been for her, I should have stepped without a question into the property. And her impudence! no compromise, if you please. Why, I only meant to bring her to an offer, and then to throw it back in her face. Sorry she refused Jack Baker, though. That young man thinks I am likely to let her have half, does he? Ho! ho! what a sell for him when he had got her, when it was too late, when he had found out her temper, and

when he really knew that she wasn't going to have a penny. You, Miss Alison Hamblin, or whatever you may choose to call yourself, may go to the devil. As for making you an allowance, I'd rather chuck the money into the Thames. I shall have her here on her knees before long.

"The partners, too; I wonder how much of Anthony's money was locked up in the House? Sure to be a very large sum. Well, I shall get them here on *their* knees too. And then I shall withdraw it all, and smash the House. What do I care for the House? I've got the money, and I'm going to spend it. Time that the Hamblins left off saving.

"There is Alderney Codd, what shall I do with him? Let him go on his knees, too, and I will see. He is a useful sort of man, one of those who go up and down and talk; I think I shall forgive Alderney, and lend him money occasionally. A man is better for a jackal or two to run about at his bidding."

Then he closed his eyes, and went off into a vision of impossible joys which the money was to purchase him. They were chiefly the joys which come from watching other people's envy and admiration, because, as a matter of fact, Stephen had all his life enjoyed almost everything that a rich man can command. One thing, however, was wanting; he could not boast of possession. He was always dependent.

Well, that was over now, he was free: he was rich, or was going to be in a very little while: he was going to step before the world as the undoubted possessor of a princely fortune.

He was roused from his reverie by a modest knock at his door.

It was, to his amazement, no other than Alderney Codd himself, who had abstained from calling since the day of his joining the side of the enemy.

"You, Alderney!"

"Yes, Stephen," replied Alderney, meekly.

"May I come in?"

"Come in, man, come in," said Stephen.

"Why, your new friends seem to treat you better than your old ones. When you and I went about together, you never could afford such coats and hats. How do you do it, Alderney?"

Stephen spoke quite pleasantly. This encouraged Alderney.

"I have been engaged in regular work," he said, "for the partners in the House."

"He speaks as if there was only one House in the world."

"There is but one for me," replied Alderney, simply. "I have been engaged in making researches in parish-registers."

"And what have you found?"

"Nothing," said Alderney.

"Of course you have not found anything. And you never will. Are you going to give up a wild-goose chase and come back to your old friends? I forgive you, old boy, and you may return whenever you like."

"Thank you, Stephen," said Alderney, with great humility; "that is very good of you. And I always said you had a good heart. I have found nothing. And I fear I can not much longer venture to draw upon the House for time spent in reading registers. But, if I have found nothing, Gilbert Yorke has."

Stephen started and turned pale, for Alderney looked round the room and whispered these words.

"What do you mean, Alderney?"

"I do not know. They haven't told me yet. They will tell me, of course, presently; but I know nothing except that Alison is happy, and that Gilbert Yorke has written letters which have put your cousins Augustus and William in excellent spirits."

"What have they found?"

"I tell you I do not know. One thing only I heard. The last words which Augustus said to his partner were these: 'So, then, after all, Alison need not blush for her mother.' This morning another letter came from him, the purport of which I do not know. And he has now arrived at the office and is closeted with the chiefs."

Stephen sprang to his feet.

"So, then, Alison need not blush for her mother? That was what you heard. 'Need not blush'? What construction do you put upon those words, Alderney?"

"What can be put? Stephen, for the sake of old times, give in. There is yet time. No one knows that I have called here; no one will ever suspect that I heard those words, or that I came here to warn you. There is time; sit down. For Heaven's sake, don't stare at me in that way! Sit down, and write to Augustus. Withdraw your claim: say that you are sorry; say that you will not stand between Alison and her father's fortune. Stephen, if you do this, all may yet be well."

Stephen's lips were parched, and his throat was dry.

"Don't chatter, Alderney," he said. "Let me think. 'She need not—' Why, it may mean anything. You have no reason for believing it to bear the construction that you want me to put upon it."

"No. Yet I am certain, from the satisfaction of both, that the words do bear that construction."

Stephen laughed; yet his laughter had no mirth in it.

"You are not a bad fellow, Alderney, though

you have gone over to the wrong side. But you are not, in this instance, particularly wise. You believe, I dare say, that there is something found out at last."

"I am sure of it."

"And you come to warn us. Very good. I am obliged to you, Alderney; but I shall remain as I am. No surrender: my whole claim, or nothing."

"Then, Stephen," said Alderney, sighing, "it will be nothing."

"That is my lookout."

"Stephen, think how the whole matter may be amicably arranged before it is too late. You have made your cousins, your niece, the whole family, your enemies. When they triumph, you will have no mercy shown you. Out of your brother's estate you will have nothing. I do not know the extent of your own fortune, but I do know that it is very heavily dipped, and I doubt whether you can live as you have been accustomed to live upon your private resources."

"That too, Alderney, is my lookout."

"Another thing," persisted Alderney, "your brother Anthony intended—there can be no doubt whatever that he intended to leave the bulk of his estate to his daughter; you can not deny that."

"On the contrary, I do not know what my brother's intentions were. He never confided them to me."

"He was so good a fellow, Stephen, that you ought to respect his wishes. What do you honestly think he meant to do?"

"I believe that he proposed leaving me, not Alison, the fortune which should be mine by law, and making an adequate provision for his daughter. Acting on this belief, I have twice sent an ambassador to Alison, offering a compromise. Twice my message has been received with scorn, and my messenger insulted."

"Then I can say no more," said Alderney. "As we say with the classic, 'Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.' Your brain is turned, Stephen."

"Come, Alderney, I will not discuss the thing with you any more. It is absurd; I shall not surrender anything; and I will bring that girl to submission before I have done."

"You will not do that, Stephen, if I know Alison Hamblin. She is as determined as yourself."

"We shall try," said Stephen, smiling unpleasantly.

Alderney withdrew. He had done his best, and things must take their own course. But he was troubled. There would now be no such pleasant family reconciliation as he had looked forward to.

He returned to the City, and sought his cousin Augustus.

"Tell me," he said, "if you have found anything."

Augustus got up, and shut the door carefully.

"Alderney," he said, "I thought this morning that we had got out of the mess. I find now, after an interview with Gilbert Yorke, that we have only got into one."

"A mess!—what kind of a mess?"

"I wish we had never looked into the thing at all. I almost wish we had let Stephen have the estate and do what he liked with it."

"But what is it?"

"I can not tell you till to-morrow. I can only say that the greatest surprise, the greatest consternation, has fallen upon us."

"But I overheard you this morning saying that Alison need not blush for her mother."

"I did say so. That was in consequence of a letter from Gilbert. Her mother's marriage is clearly established."

"Then I do not understand."

"Never mind now, Alderney," said Augustus, "we have to consider what is best to be done. You had better leave us now. Say nothing, guess nothing. Come here if you like to-morrow at twelve—we have invited Stephen to confer with us at that time—then you will learn all."

He quietly pushed Alderney out of the room, and returned to his desk, where he sat with his paper before him, puzzled and bewildered.

Presently his partner, William the Silent, came into the room, and sat on the other side of the table. Both shook their heads without speaking.

"Augustus," said William.

"William," said Augustus.

Both shook their heads again, and then William got up and went out again as silently as he had entered.

Stephen's golden dream was disturbed; tranquillity, which is a necessary for golden dreams, had deserted him. He left his chambers and wandered to his club; he tried to play billiards, but his hand shook. Three old fogies who played whist every afternoon asked him to take a hand; he did: he revoked, and saw no Blue-Peters, and trumped his partner's trick, and forgot the cards, and committed every atrocity that a whist-player can commit: he broke the whole code of Cavenish. After seeing a double bumper fooled away, his partner rose in silent dignity and left the house.

Then Stephen tried to read the papers, and

found no interest in any. He wandered about the streets, torn by a doubt whether he had not better even now agree with his adversary quickly.

At dinner-time he expected Jack Baker, but that worthy did not appear. He dined alone: he sat in the smoking-room with a magazine before him, which he did not read, thinking over what might happen, and taking a gloomy view of things which even the claret had not been able to remove. At nine he went home to his chambers.

Two letters were on his table. The first was from Jack Baker, and said:

"MY DEAR HAMBLIN: Send me over at once as much as you can spare of the thousand pounds I lent you; or raise money somehow, and let me have it all. I suppose you have heard what has happened? There has not been so sudden a fall in prices in the memory of man. I am hit, but I shall weather the storm somehow, I dare say. Let me have the money to-morrow. Yours ever,
"J. B. B."

"He's smashed," said Stephen, putting down the letter; "smash is the meaning of that letter. Well, he has had his day. As for the rest of the thousand, I had better stick to it."

He opened the other letter. It was from his cousin, Augustus Hamblin:

"MY DEAR COUSIN" (Stephen laughed):
"We shall be glad if you will call upon us in Great St. Simon Apostle, at twelve o'clock to-morrow morning. We have a *most* important communication to make to you: a discovery which we have only this morning learned. Yours sincerely,
"AUGUSTUS ANTHONY HAMBLIN."

Stephen put the letter down, and began to think what it might mean. Presently he extinguished the light and sat beside the window. The prospect was gloomy now, indeed. An important discovery: what could this mean? The ground was slipping away from under his feet. As he had been confident in the morning, so he was despairing now. He saw before him a vagabond and poverty-stricken old man, subsisting on the alms of his cousins, wandering from place to place, hungering after the enjoyments which he could not afford, sinking lower and lower, becoming daily more and more pinched, more wretched, more dependent. A miserable outlook: a wretched dream.

(Conclusion next month.)

A TURKISH EFFENDI ON CHRISTENDOM AND ISLAM.

IN the suburb of one of the most romantically situated towns in Asia Minor, there lives the most remarkable Oriental whom it has ever been my fortune to meet. Traveling through that interesting country a few months ago, with the view of assisting the British Government to introduce some much-needed reforms, I arrived at —. I purposely abstain from mentioning the name of the place, as my Eastern friend, to whom I am indebted for the following paper, desires his *incognito* to be observed, for reasons which the reader will easily understand on its perusal. I remained there some weeks examining the state of the surrounding country, at that time a good deal disturbed, and giving the local authorities the benefit of a little wholesome counsel and advice, which, I need scarcely say, they wholly disregarded. My officious interference in their affairs not unnaturally procured me some notoriety; and I received, in consequence, numerous visits from members of all classes of the community detailing their grievances, and anxious to know what chance there might be of a forcible intervention on the part of England by which these should be redressed. In my intercourse with them I was struck by their constant allusion to an apparently mysterious individual, who evidently enjoyed a reputation for an almost supernatural sagacity, and whose name they never mentioned except in terms of the greatest reverence, and indeed, I might almost say, of awe. My curiosity at last became excited, and I made special inquiries in regard to this unknown sage. I found that he lived about a mile and a half out of the town, on a farm which he had purchased about five years ago; that no one knew whence he had come; that he spoke both Turkish and Arabic as his native tongues; but that some supposed him to be a Frank, owing to his entire neglect of all the ceremonial observances of a good Moslem, and to a certain foreign mode of thought; while others maintained that no man who had not been born an Oriental could adapt himself so naturally to the domestic life of the East, and acquire its social habits with such ease and perfection. His erudition was said to be extraordinary, and his life seemed passed in studying the literature of many languages—his agent for the purchase and forwarding of such books and papers as he needed being a foreign merchant at the nearest seaport. He seemed possessed of considerable wealth, but his mode of life was simple in the extreme; and he employed

large sums in relieving the distress by which he was surrounded, and in protecting by the necessary bribes those who were unable to protect themselves from oppression. The result was, that he was adored by the country people for miles round, while he was rather respected and feared than disliked by the Turkish officials—for he was extremely tolerant of their financial necessities, and quite understood that they were compelled to squeeze money out of the peasantry, because, as they received no pay, they would starve themselves unless they did.

To this gentleman I sent my card, with a note in French, stating that I was a traveling Englishman, with a seat in the House of Commons in immediate prospect at the coming election, consumed with a desire to reform Asia Minor, or, at all events, to enlighten my countrymen as to how it should be done. Perhaps I am wrong in saying that I actually put all this in my note, but it was couched in the usual tone of members of Parliament who are cramming political questions abroad which are likely to come up next session. I know the style, because I have been in the House myself. The note I received in reply was in English, and ran as follows:

"DEAR SIR: If you are not otherwise engaged, it will give me great pleasure if you will do me the honor of dining with me to-morrow evening at seven. I trust you will excuse the preliminary formality of a visit, but I have an appointment at some distance in the country, which will detain me until too late an hour to call.

"Believe me, yours very truly,

"— EFFENDI.

"P. S.—As you may have some difficulty in finding your way, my servant will be with you at half-past six to serve as a guide."

"Dear me," I thought, as I read this civilized epistle with amazement, "I wonder whether he expects me to dress?" for I need scarcely say I had come utterly unprovided for any such contingency, my wearing apparel, out of regard for my baggage-mule, having been limited to the smallest allowance consistent with cleanliness. Punctually at the hour named, my dragoman informed me that — Effendi's servant was in attendance; and, arrayed in the shooting-coat, knee-breeches, and riding-boots, which formed my only costume, I followed him on foot through

the narrow, winding streets of the town, until we emerged into its gardens, and, following a charming path between orchards of fruit-trees, gradually reached its extreme outskirts, when it turned into a narrow glen, down which foamed a brawling torrent. A steep ascent for about ten minutes brought us to a large gate in a wall. This was immediately opened by a porter who lived in a lodge outside, and I found myself in grounds that were half park, half flower-garden, in the center of which, on a terrace commanding a magnificent view, stood the house of my host—a Turkish mansion with projecting latticed windows, and a courtyard with a colonnade round it and a fountain in the middle. A broad flight of steps led to the principal entrance, and at the top of it stood a tall figure in the flowing Turkish costume of fifty years ago, now, alas! becoming very rare among the upper classes. I wondered whether this could be the writer of the invitation to dinner; but my doubts were speedily solved by the *empressement* with which this turbaned individual, who seemed a man of about fifty years of age, descended the steps, and with the most consummate ease and grace of manner advanced to shake hands and give me a welcome of unaffected cordiality. He spoke English with the greatest fluency, though with a slight accent, and in appearance was of the fair type not uncommonly seen in Turkey; the eyes dark blue, mild in repose, but, when animated, expanding and flashing with the brilliancy of the intelligence which lay behind them. The beard was silky and slightly auburn. The whole expression of the face was inexpressibly winning and attractive, and I instinctively felt that, if it only depended upon me, we should soon become fast friends. Such in fact proved to be the case. We had a perfect little dinner, cooked in Turkish style, but served in European fashion; and afterward talked so far into the night that my host would not hear of my returning, and put me into a bedroom as nicely furnished as if it had been in a country-house in England. Next morning I found that my dragoman and baggage had all been transferred from the house of the family with whom I had been lodging in town, and I was politely given to understand that I was forcibly taken possession of during the remainder of my stay at —. At the expiration of a week I was so much struck by the entirely novel view, as it seemed to me, which my host took of the conflict between Christendom and Islam, and by the philosophic aspect under which he presented the Eastern Question generally, that I asked him whether he would object to putting his ideas in writing, and allowing me to publish them—prefacing his remarks by any explanation in regard to his own personality which he might feel dis-

posed to give. He was extremely reluctant to comply with this request, his native modesty and shrinking from notoriety of any sort presenting an almost insurmountable obstacle to his rushing into print, even in the strictest *incognito*. However, by dint of persistent importunity, I at last succeeded in breaking through his reserve, and he consented to throw into the form of a personal communication addressed to me whatever he had to say, and to allow me to make any use of it I liked.

I confess that when I came to read his letter I was somewhat taken aback by the uncompromising manner in which the Effendi had stated his case; and I should have asked him to modify the language in which he had couched his views, but I felt convinced that had I done so he would have withdrawn it altogether. I was, moreover, ashamed to admit that I doubted whether I should find a magazine in England with sufficient courage to publish it. As, although my friend wrote English with extraordinary facility for an Oriental, the style was somewhat defective, I ventured to propose that I should rewrite it, retaining not merely the ideas, but the expressions as far as possible. To this he readily consented; and as I read it over to him afterward, and he approved of it in its present form, I can guarantee that his theory as to the origin and nature of the collision between the East and the West is accurately represented. I need not say that I differ from it entirely, and in our numerous conversations gave my reasons for doing so. I will not enter into them here, however, as they will at once occur to the intelligent reader; but, notwithstanding the many fallacies contained in the Effendi's line of argument, I have thought it well that it should, if possible, be made public in England, for many reasons. In the first place, the question of reform, especially in Asiatic Turkey, occupies a dominant position in English politics; and it is of great importance that we should know not only that many intelligent Turks consider a reform of the Government hopeless, but to what causes they attribute the present decrepit and corrupt condition of the empire. We can gather from the views here expressed, though stated in a most uncomplimentary manner, why many of the most enlightened Moslems, while lamenting the vices which have brought their country to ruin, refuse to coöperate in an attempt, on the part of the Western Powers, which, in their opinion, would only be going from bad to worse. However much we may differ from those whom we wish to benefit, it would be folly to shut our ears to their opinions in regard to ourselves or our religion, simply because they are distasteful to us. We can best achieve our end by candidly listening to what they may have to

say. And this must be my apology, as well as that of the magazine in which it appears, for the publication of a letter so hostile in tone to our cherished convictions and beliefs. At the same time I can not disguise from myself that, while many of its statements are prejudiced and highly colored, others are not altogether devoid of some foundation in truth; it never can do us any harm to see ourselves sometimes as others see us. The tendency of mankind, and perhaps especially of Englishmen, is so very much that of the ostrich, which is satisfied to keep its head in the sand and see nothing that is disturbing to its self-complacency, that a little rough handling occasionally does no harm.

These considerations have induced me to do my best to make "the bark of the distant Effendi" be heard, to use the fine imagery of Bon Gaultier;* and with these few words of introduction I will leave him to tell his own tale, and state his opinions on the burning questions of the day:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I proceed, in compliance with your request, to put in writing a *résumé* in a condensed form of the views which I have expressed in our various conversations together on the Eastern Question, premising only that I have yielded to it under strong pressure, because I fear that they may wound the sensibilities or shock the prejudices of your countrymen. As, however, you assure me that they are sufficiently tolerant to have the question in which they are so much interested presented to them from an Oriental point of view, I shall write with perfect frankness, and in the conviction that opinions, however unpalatable they may be, which are only offered to the public in the earnest desire to advance the cause of truth, will meet with some response in the breasts of those who are animated with an equally earnest desire to find it. In order to explain how I have come to form these opinions, I must, at the cost of seeming egoistic, make a few prefatory remarks about myself. My father was an official of high rank and old Turkish family, resident for some time in Constantinople, and afterward in an important seaport in the Levant. An unusually enlightened and well-educated man, he associated much with Europeans; and from early life I have been familiar with the Greek, French, and Italian languages. He died when I was about twenty years of age; and I determined to make use of the affluence to which I fell heir, by traveling in foreign countries. I had already read largely the literature of both France and Italy, and had to a certain extent become emancipated from the

modes of thought, and I may even say from the religious ideas, prevalent among my countrymen. I went in the first instance to Rome, and, after a year's sojourn there, proceeded to England, where I assumed an Italian name, and devoted myself to the study of the language, institutions, literature, and religion of the country. I was at all times extremely fond of philosophical speculation, and this led me to a study of German. My pursuits were so engrossing that I saw little of society, and the few friends I made were among a comparatively humble class. I remained in England ten years, traveling occasionally on the Continent, and visiting Turkey twice during that time. I then proceeded to America, where I passed a year, and thence went to India by way of Japan and China. In India I remained two years, resuming during this period an Oriental garb, and living principally among my co-religionists. I was chiefly occupied, however, in studying the religious movement among the Hindoos known as the Brama Somaj. From India I went to Ceylon, where I lived in great retirement, and became deeply immersed in the more occult knowledges of Buddhism. Indeed, these mystical studies so intensely interested me that it was with difficulty, after a stay of three years, that I succeeded in tearing myself away from them. I then passed, by way of the Persian Gulf, into Persia, remained a year in Teheran, whence I went to Damascus, where I lived for five years, during which time I performed the Hadsj, more out of curiosity than as an act of devotion. Five years ago I arrived here on my way to Constantinople, and was so attracted by the beauty of the spot and the repose which it seemed to offer me that I determined to pitch my tent here for the remainder of my days, and to spend them in doing what I could to improve the lot of those amid whom Providence had thrown me.

"I am aware that this record of my travels will be received with considerable surprise by those acquainted with the habits of life of Turks generally. I have given it, however, to account for the train of thought into which I have been led, and the conclusions at which I have arrived, and to explain the exceptional and isolated position in which I find myself among my own countrymen, who, as a rule, have no sympathy with the motives which have actuated me through life, or with their results. I have hitherto observed, therefore, a complete reticence in regard to both. Should, however, these pages fall under the eye of any member of the Theosophic Society, either in America, Europe, or Asia, they will at once recognize the writer as one of their number, and will, I feel sure, respect that reserve as to my personality which I wish to maintain.

* "Say, is it the glance of the haughty Vizier,
Or the bark of the distant Effendi, you fear?"

—*Eastern Serenade*, Bon Gaultier's "Book of Ballads."

"I have already said that in early life I became thoroughly dissatisfied with the religion in which I was born and brought up; and, determined to discard all early prejudices, I resolved to travel over the world, visiting the various centers of religious thought, with the view of making a comparative study of the value of its religions, and of arriving at some conclusion as to the one I ought myself to adopt. As, however, they each claimed to be derived from an inspired source, I very soon became overwhelmed with the presumption of the task which I had undertaken; for I was not conscious of the possession of any verifying faculty which would warrant my deciding between the claims of different revelations, or of judging of the merits of rival forms of inspiration. Nor did it seem possible to me that any evidence, in favor of a revelation which was in all instances offered by human beings like myself, could be of such a nature that another human being should dare to assert that it could have none other than a divine origin; the more especially as the author of it was in all instances in external appearance also a human being. At the same time, I am far from being so daring as to maintain that no divine revelation, claiming to be such, is not pervaded with a divine afflatus. On the contrary, it would seem that to a greater or less extent they must all be so. Their relative values must depend, so far as our own earth is concerned, upon the amount of moral truth of a curative kind in regard to this world's moral disease which they contain, and upon their practical influence upon the lives and conduct of men. I was therefore led to institute a comparison between the objects which were proposed by various religions; and I found that, just in the degree in which they had been diverted from their original design of world regeneration, were the results unsatisfactory, so far as human righteousness was concerned; and that the concentration of the mind of the devotee upon a future state of life, and the salvation of his soul after he left this world, tended to produce an enlightened selfishness in his daily life, which has culminated in its extreme form under the influence of one religion, and finally resulted in what is commonly known as Western civilization. For it is only logical, if a man be taught to consider his highest religious duty to be the salvation of his own soul, while the salvation of his neighbor occupies a secondary place, that he should instinctively feel his highest earthly duty is the welfare of his own human personality and those belonging to it in this world. It matters not whether this future salvation is to be attained by an act of faith, or by merit through good works—the effort is none the less a selfish one. The religion to which I am now referring

will be at once recognized as the popular form of Christianity. After a careful study of the teaching of the great founder of this religion, I am amazed at the distorted character it has assumed under the influence of the three great sects into which it has become divided—to wit, the Greek, Catholic, and Protestant Christians. There is no teaching so thoroughly altruistic in its character, and which, if it could be literally applied, would, I believe, exercise so direct and beneficial an influence on the human race, as the teaching of Christ; but as there is no religious teacher whose moral standard, in regard to the duties of men toward each other in this world, was so lofty, so there is none, it seems to me, as an impartial student, the spirit of whose revelation has been more perverted and degraded by his followers of all denominations. The Buddhist, the Hindoo, and the Mohammedan, though they have all more or less lost the influence of the afflatus which pervades their sacred writings, have not actually constructed a theology based upon the inversion of the original principles of their religion. Their light, never so bright as that which illumined the teachings of Christ, has died away till but a faint flicker remains; but Christians have developed their social and political morality out of the very blackness of the shadow thrown by 'The Light of the World.' Hence it is that wherever modern Christendom—which I will, for the sake of distinguishing it from the Christendom proposed by Christ, style anti-Christendom*—comes into contact with the races who live under the dim religious light of their respective revelations, the feeble rays of the latter become extinguished by the gross darkness of this anti-Christendom, and they lie crushed and mangled under the iron heel of its organized and sanctified selfishness. The real God of anti-Christendom is Mammon: in Catholic anti-Christendom, tempered by a lust of spiritual and temporal power; in Greek anti-Christendom, tempered by a lust of race aggrandizement; but, in Protestant anti-Christendom, reigning supreme. The cultivation of the selfish instinct has unnaturally developed the purely intellectual

* I here remarked to the Effendi that there was something very offensive to Christians in the term *anti-Christendom*, as it possessed a peculiar signification in their religious belief; and I requested him to substitute for it some other word. This he declined to do most positively; and he pointed to passages in the Koran, in which Mohammed prophesies the coming of anti-Christ. As he said it was an article of his faith that the anti-Christ alluded to by the prophet was the culmination of the inverted Christianity professed in these latter days, he could not so far compromise with his conscience as to change the term, and rather than do so he would withdraw the letter. I have therefore been constrained to let it remain.

faculties at the expense of the moral; has stimulated competition; and has produced a combination of mechanical inventions, political institutions, and an individual force of character, against which so-called 'heathen' nations, whose cupidities and covetous propensities lie comparatively dormant, are utterly unable to prevail.

"This overpowering love of 'the root of all evil,' with the mechanical inventions in the shape of railroads, telegraphs, ironclads, and other appliances which it has discovered for the accumulation of wealth, and the destruction of those who impede its accumulation, constitutes what is called 'Western civilization.'

"Countries in which there are no gigantic swindling corporations, no financial crises by which millions are ruined, or Gatling guns by which they may be slain, are said to be in a state of barbarism. When the civilization of anti-Christendom comes into contact with barbarism of this sort, instead of lifting it out of its moral error, which would be the case if it were true Christendom, it almost invariably shivers it to pieces. The consequence of the arrival of the so-called Christian in a heathen country is, not to bring immortal life, but physical and moral death. Either the native races die out before him—as in the case of the Red Indian of America and the Australian and New-Zealander—or they save themselves from physical decay by worshipping, with all the ardor of perverts to a new religion, at the shrine of Mammon—as in the case of Japan—and fortify themselves against dissolution by such a rapid development of the mental faculties and the avaricious instincts as may enable them to cope successfully with the formidable invading influence of anti-Christendom. The disastrous moral tendencies and disintegrating effects of inverted Christianity upon a race professing a religion which was far inferior in its origin and conception, but which has been practiced by its professors with more fidelity and devotion, has been strikingly illustrated in the history of my own country. One of the most corrupt forms which Christianity has ever assumed was to be found organized in the Byzantine Empire at the time of its conquest by the Turks. Had the so-called Christian races which fell under their sway in Europe during their victorious progress westward been compelled, without exception, to adopt the faith of Islam, it is certain, to my mind, that their moral condition would have been immensely improved. Indeed, you who have traveled among the Moslem Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovina, who are the descendants of converts to Islam at that epoch, will bear testimony to the fact that they contrast most favorably in true Christian virtues with the descendants of their countrymen who remained

Christians; and I fearlessly appeal to the Austrian authorities now governing those provinces to bear me out in this assertion. Unfortunately, a sufficiently large nominally Christian population was allowed by the Turks to remain in their newly-acquired possessions to taint the conquering race itself. The vices of Byzantinism speedily made themselves felt in the body politic of Turkey. The subservient races, intensely superstitious in the form of their religious belief, which had been degraded into a passport system, by which the believer in the efficacy of certain dogmas and ceremonials might attain heaven irrespective of his moral character on earth, were unrestrained by religious principle from giving free rein to their natural propensities, which were dishonest and covetous in the extreme. They thus revenged themselves on their conquerors, by undermining them financially, politically, and morally; they insidiously plundered those who were too indifferent to wealth to learn how to preserve it, and infected others with the contagion of their own cupidity, until these became as vicious and corrupt in their means of acquiring riches as they were themselves. This process has been going on for the last five hundred years, until the very fanaticism of the race, which was its best protection against inverted Christianity, has begun to die out, and the governing class of Turks has with rare exceptions become as dishonest and degraded as the Giaours they despise. Still they would have been able, for many years yet to come, to hold their own in Europe, but for the enormously increased facilities for the accumulation of wealth, and therefore for the gratification of covetous propensities, created within the last half-century by the discoveries of steam and electricity. Not only was Turkey protected formerly from the sordid and contaminating influence of anti-Christendom by the difficulties of communication, but the mania of developing the resources of foreign countries for the purpose of appropriating the wealth which they might contain became proportionately augmented with increased facilities of transport—so that now the very habits of thought in regard to countries styled barbarous have become changed. As an example of this, I would again refer to my own country. I can remember the day when British tourists visited it with a view to the gratification of their æsthetic tastes. They delighted to contrast what they were then pleased to term 'Oriental civilization' with their own. Our very backwardness in the mechanical arts was an attraction to them. They went home delighted with the picturesqueness and the indolence of the East. Its bazaars, its costumes, its primitive old-world *cachet*, invested it in their eyes with an indescribable charm; and books were

written which fascinated the Western reader with pictures of our manners and customs, because they were so different from those with which he was familiar. Now all this is changed: the modern traveler is in nine cases out of ten a railroad speculator, or a mining engineer, or a financial promoter, or a concession-hunter, or perchance a would-be member of Parliament like yourself, coming to see how pecuniary or political capital can be made out of us, and how he can best *exploit* the resources of the country to his own profit. This he calls 'reforming' it. His idea is, not how to make the people morally better, but how best to develop their predatory instincts, and teach them to prey upon each other's pockets. For he knows that, by encouraging a rivalry in the pursuits of wealth among a people comparatively unskilled in the art of money-grubbing, his superior talent and experience in that occupation will enable him to turn their efforts to his own advantage. He disguises from himself the immorality of the proceeding by the reflection that the introduction of foreign capital will add to the wealth of the country and increase the material well-being and happiness of the people. But, apart from the fallacy that wealth and happiness are synonymous terms, reform of this kind rests on the assumption that natural temperament and religious tendencies of the race will lend themselves to a keen commercial rivalry of this description; and, if it does not, they, like the Australian and the Red Indian, must disappear before it. Already the process has begun in Europe. The Moslem is rapidly being reformed out of existence altogether. Between the upper and the nether millstone of Russian greed for territory and of British greed for money, and behind the mask of a prostituted Christianity, the Moslem in Europe has been ground to powder; hundreds of thousands of innocent men, women, and children have either perished by violence or starvation, or, driven from their homes, are now struggling to keep body and soul together as best they can in misery and desolation, crushed beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut of 'Progress'—their only crime, like that of the poor crossing-sweeper, I think, in one of your own novels, that they did not 'move on.' This is called in modern parlance 'the civilizing influence of Christianity.' At this moment the Russians are pushing roads through their newly acquired territory toward Kars. I am informed by an intelligent Moslem gentleman who has just arrived from that district that the effect of their 'civilizing' influence upon the inhabitants of the villages through which these roads pass is to convert the women into prostitutes and the men into drunkards. No wonder the Mohammedan population is flocking

in thousands across the frontier into Turkish territory, abandoning their homes and landed possessions in order to escape the contamination of anti-Christendom.

"In these days of steam and electricity, not only has the traveler no eye for the moral virtues of a people, but his æsthetic faculties have become blunted; he regards them only as money-making machines, and he esteems them just in the degree in which they excel in the art of wealth-accumulation. Blinded by a selfish utilitarianism, he can now see only barbarism in a country where the landscape is not obscured by the black smoke of factory-chimneys, and the ear deafened by the scream of the locomotive. For him a people who cling to the manners and customs of a bygone epoch with which their own most glorious traditions are associated have no charm. He sees, in a race which still endeavors to follow the faith of their forefathers with simplicity and devotion, nothing but ignorant fanaticism, for he has long since substituted hypocrisy for sincerity in his own belief. He despises a peasantry whose instincts of submission and obedience induce them to suffer rather than rise in revolt against a government which oppresses them, because the head of it is invested in their eyes with a sacred character. He can no longer find anything to admire or to interest in the contrast between the East and West, but everything to condemn; and his only sympathy is with that section of the population in Turkey who, called Christians like himself, like him devote themselves to the study of how much can be made, by fair means or foul, out of their Moslem neighbors.

"While I observe that this change has come over the Western traveler of late years—a change which I attribute to the mechanical appliances of the age—a corresponding effect, owing to the same cause, has, I regret to say, been produced upon my own countrymen. A gradual assimilation has been for some time in progress in the East with the habits and customs of the rest of Europe. We are abandoning our distinctive costume, and adapting ourselves to a Western mode of life in many ways. We are becoming lax in the observances of our religion; and it is now the fashion for our women to get their high-heeled boots and bonnets from Paris, and for our youths of good family to go to that city of pleasure, or to one of the large capitals of Europe, for their education. Here they adopt all the vices of anti-Christendom, for the attractions of a civilization based upon enlightened selfishness are overpoweringly seductive, and they return without religion of any sort—shallow, skeptical, egoistical, and thoroughly demoralized. It is next to impossible for a Moslem youth, as I my-

self experienced, to come out of that fire uncontaminated. His religion fits him to live with simple and primitive races, and even to acquire a moral control over them; but he is fascinated and overpowered by the mighty influence of the glamour of the West. He returns to Turkey with his principles thoroughly undermined, and, if he has sufficient ability, adds one to the number of those who misgovern it.

"The two dominant vices which characterize anti-Christendom are cupidity and hypocrisy. That which chiefly revolts the Turk in this disguised attack upon the morals of his people, no less than upon the very existence of his empire, is that it should be made under the pretext of morality and behind the flimsy veil of humanitarianism. It is in the nature of the religious idea that just in proportion as it was originally penetrated with a divine truth, which has become perverted, does it engender hypocrisy. This was so true of Judaism that, when the founder of Christianity came, though himself a Jew, he scorchingly denounced the class which most loudly professed the religion which they profaned. But the Phariseism which has made war upon Turkey is far more intense in degree than that which he attacked, for the religion which it profanes contains the most divine truth which the world ever received. Mohammed divided the nether world into seven hells, and in the lowest he placed the hypocrites of all religions. I have now carefully examined into many religions, but, as none of them demanded so high a standard from its followers as Christianity, there has not been any development of hypocrisy out of them at all corresponding to that which is peculiar to anti-Christianity. For that reason I am constrained to think that its contributions to the region assigned to hypocrites by the Prophet will be out of all proportion to the hypocrites of other religions.

"In illustration of this, see how the principles of morality and justice are at this moment being hypocritically outraged in Albania, where, on the moral ground that a nationality has an inherent right to the property of its neighbor, if it can make a claim of similarity of race, a southern district of the country is to be forcibly given to Greece; while, in violation of the same moral principle, a northern district is to be taken from the Albanian nationality, to which by right of race it belongs, and violently and against the will of the people, who are in no way consulted as to their fate, is to be handed over for annexation to the Montenegrins—a race whom the population to be annexed traditionally hate and detest.

"When anti-Christian nations, sitting in solemn congress, can be guilty of such a prostitution

of the most sacred principles in the name of morality, and construct an international code of ethics to be applicable to Turkey alone, and which they would one and all refuse to admit or be controlled by themselves—when we know that the internal corruption, the administrative abuses, and the oppressive misgovernment of the power which has just made war against us in the name of humanity have driven the population to despair, and the authorities to the most cruel excesses in order to repress them—and when, in the face of all this most transparent humbug, these anti-Christian nations arrogate to themselves, on the ground of their superior civilization and morality, the right to impose reform upon Turkey—we neither admit their pretensions, covet their civilization, believe in their good faith, nor respect their morality.

"Thus it is that, from first to last, the woes of Turkey have been due to its contact with anti-Christendom. The race is now paying the penalty for that lust of dominion and power which tempted them in the first instance to cross the Bosphorus. From the day on which the tree of empire was planted in Europe, the canker, in the shape of the opposing religion, began to gnaw at its roots. When the Christians within had thoroughly eaten out its vitals, they called on the Christians without for assistance; and it is morally impossible that the decayed trunk can much longer withstand their combined efforts. But, as I commenced by saying, had the invading Moslems in the first instance converted the entire population to their creed, Turkey might have even now withstood the assaults of 'progress.' Nay, more, it is not impossible that her victorious armies might have overrun Europe, and that the faith of Islam might have extended over the whole of what is now termed the civilized world. I have often thought how much happier it would have been for Europe, and unquestionably for the rest of the world, had such been the case. That wars and national antagonisms would have continued is doubtless true; but we should have been saved the violent political and social changes which have resulted from steam and electricity, and have continued to live the simple and primitive life which satisfied the aspirations of our ancestors, and in which they found contentment and happiness, while millions of barbarians would to this day have remained in ignorance of the gigantic vices peculiar to anti-Christian civilization. The West would then have been spared the terrible consequences which are even now impending, as the inevitable result of an intellectual progress to which there has been no corresponding moral advance. The persistent violation for eighteen centuries of the great altruistic law propounded and enjoined by the great founder

of the Christian religion must inevitably produce a corresponding catastrophe; and the day is not far distant when modern civilization will find that in its great scientific discoveries and inventions, devised for the purpose of ministering to its own extravagant necessities, it has forged the weapons by which it will itself be destroyed. No better evidence of the truth of this can be found than in the fact that anti-Christendom alone is menaced with the danger of a great class revolution: already in every so-called Christian country we hear the mutterings of the coming storm, when labor and capital will find themselves arrayed against each other—when rich and poor will meet in deadly antagonism, and the spoilers and the spoiled solve, by means of the most recently invented artillery, the economic problems of modern 'progress.' It is surely a remarkable fact that this struggle between rich and poor is specially reserved for those whose religion inculcates upon them, as the highest law, the love of their neighbor, and most strongly denounces the love of money. No country which does not bear the name of Christian is thus threatened. Even in Turkey, in spite of its bad government and the many Christians who live in it, socialism, communism, nihilism, internationalism, and all kindred forms of class revolution, are unknown, for the simple reason that Turkey has so far, at least, successfully resisted the influence of 'anti-Christian civilization.'

"In the degree in which the state depends, for its political, commercial, and social well-being and prosperity, not upon a moral but a mechanical basis, is its foundation perilous. When the life-blood of a nation is its wealth, and the existence of that wealth depends upon the regularity with which railroads and telegraphs perform their functions, it is in the power of a few skilled artisans, by means of a combined operation, to strangle it. Only the other day the engineers and firemen of a few railroads in the United States struck for a week; nearly a thousand men were killed and wounded before the trains could be set running again; millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed. The contagion spread to the mines and factories, and, had the movement been more skillfully organized, the whole country would have been in revolution, and it is impossible to tell what the results might have been. Combinations among the working classes are now rendered practicable by rail and wire, which formerly were impossible; and the facilities which exist for secret conspiracy have turned

Europe into a slumbering volcano, an eruption of which is rapidly approaching.

"Thus it is that the laws of retribution run their course, and that the injuries that anti-Christendom has inflicted upon the more primitive and simple races of the world, which—under the pretext of civilizing them—it has explored to its own profit, will be amply avenged. Believe me, my dear friend, that it is under no vindictive impulse or spirit of religious intolerance that I write thus: on the contrary, though I consider Muslims generally to be far more religious than Christians, inasmuch as they practice more conscientiously the teaching of their Prophet, I feel that teaching from an ethical point of view to be infinitely inferior to that of Christ. I have written, therefore, without prejudice, in this attempt philosophically to analyze the nature and causes of the collision which has at last culminated between the East and the West, between so-called Christendom and Islam. And I should only be too thankful if it could be proved to me that I had done the form of religion you profess, or the nation to which you belong, an injustice. I am far from wishing to insinuate that among Christians, even as Christianity is at present professed and practiced, there are not as good men as among nations called heathen and barbarous. I am even prepared to admit there are better—for some struggle to practice the higher virtues of Christianity, not unsuccessfully, considering the manner in which these are conventionally travestied; while others, who reject the popular theology altogether, have risen higher than ordinary modern Christian practice by force of reaction against the hypocrisy and shams by which they are surrounded—but these are in a feeble minority, and unable to affect the popular standard. Such men existed among the Jews at the time of Christ, but they did not prevent him from denouncing the moral iniquities of his day, or the church which countenanced them. At the same time, I must remind you that I shrank from the task which you imposed upon me, and only consented at last to undertake it on your repeated assurances that by some, at all events, of your countrymen, the spirit by which I have been animated in writing thus frankly will not be misconceived.

"Believe me, my dear friend, yours very sincerely,

"A TURKISH EFFENDI."

Blackwood's Magazine.

FLESH-COLOR.

PAINTERS assure us that the object most difficult to imitate is the living human skin. There needs no artist come from the studio to tell us this. Humble critics though we be, we can easily distinguish between the work of nature and the work of art. There have been painted draperies whose folds we could probe, goblets we could place to our lips, perspective interiors we might walk into, water we could bathe in, flowers and fruits whose perfumes we might inhale; but no face or form depicted upon a canvas has ever so far deceived the eye as to be mistaken for the reality.

Perhaps the most successful thing in the way of pictorial illusion ever attempted is the famous diorama of the siege of Paris in the Champs Elysées of the French capital. In that interesting work the painter, assisted by the mechanist, has produced that which, to the most practiced eye, seems a natural landscape, in which a real sky, real trees and buildings, real earthworks, and real cannons appear. Figures of men, painted on the flat surface of the canvas—upon which every object is traced except that which constitutes the foreground—stand out in marvelous relief, and, but for their faces, might pass for human soldiers. Here, however, art has failed, as we are not long in discovering that the representations under our gaze are of paint and not of flesh and blood.

Apelles, from whom so many *ben trovato* anecdotes in connection with art are derived, is reported to have painted a basket of fruit so accurately that birds came and pecked at it. It is, however, somewhat doubtful whether this may be accepted as evidence of the artist's skill, when we consider how easily duped are those members of the feathered tribe who mistake a clumsily-constructed scarecrow for a live peasant, or a lump of chalk for a new-laid egg.

A far better instance of success in still-life painting is furnished by the story of George Morland, who, being unable to pay the reckoning at an inn, where the thriftless artist had halted during his vagrant wanderings, beat a hasty retreat by a low window. On the landlord entering the deserted chamber he beheld upon a table what appeared the untouched meal of his fraudulent visitor, but which was actually a painted representation of the food with its corresponding plates and dishes. The landlord, at first much aggrieved by the non-payment of his bill and the damage done to his furniture, was easily appeased when a certain connoisseur, who happened to

call at the inn, offered to purchase the painted table for a price which more than compensated the owner.

Fiddles, flies, dead game, and other objects have been imitated with such fidelity as to be regarded by all persons beholding them as original or natural productions, and in a church on the Continent (I think at Genoa) there is a wall so cunningly painted as to lead the spectator to believe that he is gazing, not upon a flat surface, but upon a continuation of the sacred interior.

Several pages might be devoted to a record of similar art illusions in reference to inanimate subjects, but, of stories in which the representation of a human countenance has passed muster for the living reality, the majority are fabulous, while the best authenticated have usually been connected with certain external circumstances which have in some way assisted in the deception. It is related of Titian's portrait of Charles V. that, when viewed for the first time in a semi-darkened chamber near a table at which it was placed, the son of the Emperor began to converse with it, being under the impression that he was addressing his own father. Under similar circumstances did Cardinal Pescia kneel before Raffaele's likeness of Leo X. and present to it bulls for signature, believing the picture to be the Pope himself.

Sculptors have endeavored to give life and animation to their marble productions by the employment of paint, and by tinting the eyes and hair; waxworks have also done their best to deceive the eye in various ways; and a word might be said of that wonderful flesh-color which in our youth was intimately associated with our dolls, our toy theatres, our pantomimes, our Guy Fawkeses, and our silk stockings; but to these and other efforts to reproduce the human epidermis the moral saying, "Flesh is weak," might not unfitly be applied.

Since the time of Giotto and Cimabue the list of painters who have been remarkable as colorists is very small indeed. Michael Angelo, though a giant in all else that he attempted, was certainly not what is understood as a colorist, and since Michael Angelo lived there have been innumerable artists who have succeeded in every department of art except that of flesh-painting. Such striking exceptions as Titian, Rembrandt, Van-dyke, Velasquez, Murillo, Paul Veronese, Giorgione, the Carracci, Correggio, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Etty, have been few and far between; and in more modern times, when art

competition has been greater than ever it was, painters of their rank have been even proportionately rarer.

Of those who have mastered the difficult department of color a distinction must again be made between the limner of youth and the limner of age; for there are many who fail in the one and yet succeed notably in the other. Thus it not unfrequently happens that a portrait-painter is far happier as a delineator of men than of women and children, and *vice versa*. Rembrandt himself is best known by his pictures of elderly people, belonging, for the most part, to the least comely class; though it might easily be presumed that so great a master of color and character was capable of accomplishing almost anything with the brush.

No subject is open to more controversy than that of flesh-painting, for every artist, unless he follow a particular school or master, has his own way of viewing nature. Give a dozen brothers of the brush the same model to copy from, and, though the result may in each case be satisfactory, no two will be found to resemble each other in point of tone, harmony, and *modus operandi*. To one the object before him has appeared somber and subdued; to another all is bright, vivid, and fresh; a third has been impressed by gray and pearly tones; a fourth has gazed as through a mist or a glass which is dimmed by frost; while a fifth has observed as if a magnifier interposed between him and the object he has striven to imitate.

Upon one canvas the colors will have been thickly and firmly laid, exhibiting such roughness and impasto that the picture can be adequately judged of only at a given distance. Upon another the hues have been placed lightly and thinly, displaying the utmost smoothness and delicacy. The flesh-tints belonging to this work have been secured only after many coats of paint have been applied, assisted by thin glazes of color and oil administered toward the finish; those appertaining to this have been accomplished at once without any preparatory groundwork or subsequent retouching.

To the first of these two opposite methods belong the Titian and Reynolds schools; to the last those of Velasquez, Vandyke, and the more modern painter Fortuny.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, after much study of his favorite masters and many studio experiments, arrived at the conclusion that the human epidermis, with its lights and shadows, its middle-tints and grays, could best be imitated with the fewest and simplest colors. He was in the habit of dissecting, as it were, the flesh-tints of his predecessors. Thus he would discover that a certain head by Correggio was painted in "dead-colored white,

with black or ultramarine in the shadows; and over that is scumbled thinly and smooth a warmer tint." Similarly the Adonis of Titian in the Colonna Palace he describes as being composed of "dead-colored white, with the muscles marked bold; the second painting has scumbled a light-color over it; the lights a mellow flesh-color; the shadows in the light parts of a faint purple hue; at least, they were so at first. That purple hue seems occasioned by blackish shadows under, and the color scumbled over them. . . . I copied the Titian," he adds, "with white, umber, minio, cinnabar, and black; the shadows thin of color."

In a memorandum-book which the English portrait-painter kept in the year 1755, when he was receiving only five guineas for a head, is entered the following recipe for flesh-painting: "Black, blue-black, white, lake, carmine, orpiment, yellow ochre, ultramarine, and varnish." At a later period Reynolds altered his system, as it is pretty generally known that for his flesh he employed raw umber, Indian red, Vandyke brown, yellow ochre, raw sienna, vermilion, crimson lake, ivory-black, blue-black, and flake-white. Strange to say, some of these pigments are altogether avoided by more than one great colorist.

All colors were equally valuable to the late Spanish painter Mariano Fortuny, whose coloring was as brilliant and true to nature as his drawing was graceful and accurate. His method of work consisted, so to speak, in the absence of all conventional method. He was what is termed a "once" painter—that is, he endeavored to match the object before him at once, without any preliminary groundwork or subsequent retouching. His work was accomplished piecemeal, one portion being completed at a single sitting before a fresh portion was begun. It is well known that if a head or any part thereof did not "come right," as artists term it, before the day's labor was over, Fortuny would wipe or scrape it clean off the canvas and begin afresh on another occasion.

Fortuny was one of the few painters who have succeeded in producing work which will bear close inspection, and yet appear equally effective when viewed at a distance. This is generally admitted to be one of the most difficult things to accomplish in art, as it very frequently happens that a picture, however carefully executed and highly finished, will lose half its charm when a few yards interpose between it and the spectator, while a work which has been broadly treated, and can not possibly be approached, will, when inspected at a distance, seem smooth and sufficiently complete.

In one of the galleries at Florence there is a man's head painted with such extraordinary attention to detail that every hair, over as well as

under the brow, might be counted, and the shaven portion of the face, which is represented by innumerable dots corresponding with those observable in a man's beardless countenance, might be similarly reckoned. In the same manner are the pores of the skin so faithfully transcribed as to bear inspection through the most powerful magnifying-glass, and the eyes are treated in such a way that an oculist might study them with advantage.

After contemplating this remarkable production, the spectator wonders whether art has not achieved its completest triumph, and whether it is possible to match nature more accurately. But, with all its marvelous elaboration, and deceptive as the work actually is when closely examined, many of its merits disappear and give place to blemishes when the picture is observed at a given distance. For some reason, which a painter or a connoisseur might explain, the flesh appears as if composed of cream or wax.

Some artists have pet colors, so to speak, which they use more freely than any others, and thus it is that painters of reputation are easily recognized by the prevailing tone of their work. Here is one for whom brown seems an indispensable pigment; here is another who appears to accomplish nothing without a brick-dust red; a third luxuriates in cream color and buff; while, for a fourth, hues resembling brimstone and treacle seem to have a strange fascination. On the other hand, there are those who cherish a positive antipathy to certain colors, and who declare war to the (palette) knife, now to Vandyke brown, now to Indian red, to burnt sienna, to Antwerp blue or to crimson lake, pigments which to some are indispensable.

Most strange and varied are the hues employed by artists, and to the unlearned in such matters it seems incomprehensible how some of them should actually be required to do duty, especially in the portrayal of a human countenance. The very names are in many cases unfamiliar. It would perhaps never occur to the outsider that "mummy," which he had always associated with Egyptian embalmments, was a brown used by some artists for their shadows. He might well be puzzled to comprehend what difference there existed between this color and bone brown, or between the latter and Cappah brown, manganese brown, Prout's brown, Vandyke brown, Verona brown, madderine brown, and madder brown. As well might he be expected to distinguish between flake white, Chinese white, permanent white, silver white, barytes white; cremnitz white, white lead, and zinc white; or, to explain the precise nature of ceruleum, verdigris, cobalt, orpiment, cadmium, oxide of chromium, smalt, bistre, Cassel earth, verditer, aureolin, Italian

pink, and Rubens's madder. It would scarcely be surprising if such a one were in doubt whether burnt sienna, mars orange, Chinese orange, lemon yellow, burnt brown ochre, warm sepia, sugar of lead, and dragon's blood were not connected with fruit and confectionery, or whether violet carmine and burnt carmine did not belong to heroines and martyrs of romance. Yet these and many equally strange names are perfectly comprehensible to artists—more particularly to those who follow the departments of landscape and water-colors.

Wilkie's favorite pigment was asphaltum, or bitumen, which at one period he used unsparingly not only in his flesh-shadows but in other portions of his work. This rich, transparent brown, which has a strange fascination for most artists, is, nevertheless, a most pernicious pigment, being far from permanent, with a tendency to crack and discolor, as is too clearly shown in many a *chef-d'œuvre* of our Scottish *genre* painter.

From the earliest periods there have been fashions in art as in everything else, and hence have arisen what are called schools of painting. An artist has but to make himself remarkable for some distinguishable feature in his art, and his manner will soon become popular.

Let him transcribe nature as if seen through a microscope, which his critics and admirers, for want of a better title, call pre-Raphaelitism, and soon there will gather a small army of enthusiasts, dubbing themselves pre-Raphaelites, who paint after the same pattern. In a few years the popular one alters his views and adopts the broad or slap-dash style, in direct opposition to that hitherto approved of. Then the pre-Raphaelites, dropping their microscopes, assume the white-wash-brush, and lay on their colors after the fashion of scene-painters.

Some one presently discovers that animate nature is best copied in the open air—an example previously set by Titian and other early masters—and forthwith a number of gentlemen of the brush, quitting their comfortable studios, betake themselves to the house-tops or to back-gardens, and pose their models *al fresco*; or the master may be impressed by the belief that human flesh shows to best advantage when more than half enveloped by shadow, in which case his enthusiastic followers place their subjects against the solitary window of a dimly lighted chamber and abandon themselves to somberness and gloom.

Most artists attach great importance to the backgrounds of their pictures. There are those who have a preference for a bright-blue sky or a cloudy and stormy firmament, while others show off their flesh-tints against a deep, rich crimson ground, a dark brown, or an invisible green.

Others again consider drab, yellow, or stone-color more becoming.

The painting of a head with its harmonious surroundings might not inappropriately be compared to a dramatic performance, in which the leading character is rendered more striking when well supported by those who fill subordinate parts and by the scenic accessories. Some painters will, however, sacrifice everything in their work which might otherwise tend to destroy the brilliancy and vividness of their flesh-tints, and hence portrait-painters are frequently careless in the matter of hands, dress, and other things.

The unfortunate artist who has not yet risen to eminence and consequent independence of action in his profession is often sadly restricted in this respect, when certain of his patrons insist upon the introduction or suppression of details which as frequently as not prove fatal to his fame. Queen Elizabeth, in sitting for her portrait, made it a condition that the artist should introduce no positive shadow in her royal countenance, and hence posterity is left with a flat as well as a flattered representation of her Majesty. The Chinese monarch who regarded the shaded side of Romney's portrait of George III. as so much dirt is another instance of the difficulties which an artist encounters in the matter of satisfying patrons.

Reynolds has left many stories in connection with fastidious sitters. One of these refers to a gentleman who desired to be painted with his hat on his head instead of in his hand, the latter position being more customary at the period when Sir Joshua chose conventional attitudes after the manner of his old master Hudson. It is said that when the likeness was sent home the wife

of the sitter found to her surprise that her husband had not only one hat on his head but another under his arm!

Others besides Reynolds could doubtless supply innumerable stories of a similar character. What portrait-painter has not met with the double-chinned dowager who declines to have that superfluity of her face introduced in her picture on the score of unbecomingness, or the lady with the prominent teeth who will not be represented with an open mouth. How often have not gray hair been converted into raven black, green eyes into celestial blue, sallowness into pink-and-white complexions, and corpulent busts into slim and graceful figures? What limner of faces has not been requested to be particular respecting the "pleasing" but artificial smirk of his sitter, and to bear in mind that there is actually no "tone" or "depth," as the artist would have it, on her fair countenance, but that it is white even unto chalkiness, just as her skin is smooth and highly polished, and not rough and thick with paint, as in the picture?

How many gaudy costumes, jewel-bedecked fingers, impossible accessories, have not been insisted upon by patron or patroness, who is indifferent whether the predominance of blue or any other vivid color does or does not spoil the general harmony of the picture?

With such difficulties to contend with, there is little wonder if a young and promising portrait-painter frequently fails in the matter of his flesh-color. With a slight paraphrase of the poet, one might say of him and his handiwork, "Let him paint an inch thick, to this complexion it must come."

All the Year Round.

LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

HOW comes it that so many great men, men that have been great benefactors of their kind and have left great works behind them, have had to live under pressure, with strained energies, and the sense of having too much to do? It seems as if men could hardly become great under the conditions of a calm, leisurely life. A man can not run at his fastest, or swim his farthest, in ordinary circumstances; he must be running in an exciting race, or swimming for dear life, to do his best. It rarely appears what a man is capable of till he is put to his mettle. Necessity is a wonderful educator, a wonderful enlarger and quickener of men's faculties. We lately read an account of a printing-machine

which from eight cylinders can print and fold about a hundred thousand newspapers in an hour. What but the pressure of necessity could ever have made machinery accomplish such wonders? It needs something of the same sort to take the most out of human faculties. Under the pressure, the faculties become enlarged and quickened, and are thus capable of producing results that calm leisure never attains.

Still it is true that overwork is an evil. It is more—it is often a murderer. Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Simpson, Dr. Norman Macleod, and many others certainly did not live to the end of their days, and it was overwork that robbed them of the residue. No doubt, as is often said, it is

not work but worry that does the mischief. But worry is the daughter of overwork; it is having too little time to be patient that gives the feeling of worry; it is having the nerves so stretched that the slightest opposition frets them. When a celebrated editor complained of being

"Overworked, overworried,
Over-Croaker'd, over-Murray'd,"

the first word of his lamentation explained all the rest. Undoubtedly, then, overwork, while a means to good, is itself an evil. A distinguished man of our acquaintance used to say that the most desirable condition of life was to have just somewhat more to do than you could possibly accomplish. Not far too much, for that would crush you; but enough to check the tendency to laziness, enough to supply a perpetual spur. The evil is, that it is so difficult to realize this happy condition; men who are able to do much are usually pressed to do far too much; and the warning which so often comes in the form of paralysis or of heart-disease comes too late to admit of a remedy.

It must be accepted, we apprehend, as the true state of things that, while there are evils inseparable from high pressure and overwork, the best that a strong man is capable of can not be done without them. Let us observe, for example, how careful an overworked man is to make the most of his time. What an early riser he becomes! Can anything make a man start from the luxury of a half-waking, half-sleeping state in bed like the conviction that if he is not at work at a given minute the whole business of the day will be thrown into arrear and inevitable confusion? Dickens has a character somewhere who says he always goes to bed with regret and rises with disgust. The pressure of work removes both the regret and the disgust, for at bedtime bed is welcome to the busy worker, while in the morning it is a thief and a robber. How much more rapidly one runs through the newspaper when there is but ten minutes for it; or how much more quickly one transacts business, or makes inquiries, or goes through friendly greetings, when dozens are waiting in the ante-room, let doctors and lawyers say. "Don't go to men of leisure when you want anything done—go to busy men," was a saying of the late George Moore's, of Bow Churchyard, himself a busy man, the architect of a colossal business, and yet able to carry on his shoulders the interests of innumerable charities. In the United States they have a rule in some of their conventions that speakers shall not occupy more than two minutes. It seems to many as if a speaker would need that time at least to clear his throat; and yet it is wonderful what can be said in two

minutes when neither love nor money can eke out the allowance.

Besides saving time, the pressure of work makes the mental machinery go faster. The mind comes under an excitement which quickens all its processes. The steam gets up, and the piston flies through the cylinder like lightning. Pieces of work have been done in these moods that would not or could not have been done under more still and quiet conditions. If St. Paul had not led so busy a life, his epistles would have borne a different character. They would not have the stimulating power they have. The rush and rapidity of the apostle's mind communicates itself to his readers. The same thing is true, in a sense, of the speeches of most great orators. Such things could not be produced in cold blood. Men must be on wings to do them. If the rocket were not discharged in a sort of frantic excitement, it would not describe the beautiful curve which it traces. It is certain that the leisure which busy men so naturally crave would greatly restrict and impair many of their greatest efforts. Their work might indeed be done with more finish and beauty of detail, but it would have far less of the living and quickening power to which, very probably, its chief value is due. No doubt, if sober thought be the chief thing needed in a piece of work, the slower it is done the better; a judge must be deliberate, and solemn, and slow; but, if the purpose be to illuminate, to quicken, to impel, the mind will be all the better of the excitement that comes from the pressure of too much to do.

When able men are urged on in this way, it is wonderful what they can do even in their *hora subjective*. Sometimes it seems as if they could never stop. They go on like the Flying Dutchman, as if they were embodiments of the perpetual motion. There is Mr. Gladstone, for example. No sooner is he relieved of the burden of the premiership than he is up to the neck in Homer. When people are wondering how he gets time to keep up his Greek, he is out with an elaborate pamphlet on Ultramontanism. Hardly is the ink dry when a publication is announced on the Turkish massacres. And, when people are thinking him fairly exhausted, he goes through an electioneering campaign like a meteor, and delivers a succession of speeches, that for every quality of powerful and brilliant oratory fill the whole world with astonishment. We suppose that in his best days a similar activity must have characterized Lord Brougham. When could he have written his papers for the Useful Knowledge Society, or studied and written his chapters on Paley's "Natural Theology"? The sparks from such men's anvils are equal to the chief products of ordinary craftsmen. But even these men

would probably have been eclipsed by the activity of the Spanish poet, Lope de Vega. It was calculated that twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines were actually printed, and no less than eighteen hundred plays of his composition acted upon the stage. "Were we to give credit to such accounts," says Lord Holland, "allowing him to begin his compositions at the age of thirteen, we must believe that on an average he wrote more than nine hundred lines a day; a fertility of imagination and a celerity of pen which, when we consider the occupations of his life as a soldier, a secretary, a master of a family, and a priest, his acquirements in Latin, Italian, and Portuguese, and his reputation for erudition, become not only improbable, but absolutely, and one may say physically, impossible."

With such cases before us, we come more readily to understand the paradox that the busiest men are those who have most time, or at least most capacity, for extra work. The medical profession is full of instances. It is remarkable that the late Sir James Simpson, for instance, in the midst of an unprecedented professional practice should have been a keen antiquary, and should have found time to write so many antiquarian memoirs. It is said of the late Dr. Abercrombie, that his works on the "Intellectual and Moral Powers of Man" were composed in his carriage, as he was driving to see his patients. The instances of medical men in the height of practice writing papers for the medical journals, or preparing professional works for the press, are very numerous. The faculties of such men are so ready that in their moments of leisure they can do more than many another man who has no stated work at all. Even ordinary men understand quite well how irksome a very small bit of work, like the writing of letters, is in a holiday-time, when one is idle in the country; whereas, in the height of one's activity, a dozen letters could be dashed off in an hour, and not even counted in the hard work of the day. An able man, in the full swing of his manifold work, is like a machine that by belts and wheels can do all kinds of by-jobs, besides what engages the chief share of its activity.

Nor is such a life necessarily so oppressive as is often thought. Our Maker has so ordered it that one of our chief pleasures is derived from work successfully done. *Labor ipse voluptas*. There is always a gratification in "something accomplished, something done." Lope de Vega, writing his play in a single day, as he often did, had no doubt sufficient enjoyment in it to compensate him for all the confinement and toil. Rapid workers have not time to get disgusted with their work, as those are apt to do who

brood over it. Disgust is usually the product of leisure and reflection, and comes at a second stage. If the work be somewhat varied, the pleasure in connection with its completion is varied too. Hence, perhaps, is the reason why the total and sudden giving up of work is often attended with evil results. The transition from a life full of activity and rich in the enjoyment of successful labor to a life of absolute idleness with no such vivid enjoyment has often proved fatal. There is too little activity in the new life, and too little of the pleasure of activity. Idleness, without the excitement and pleasure of work, becomes depressing. The vital forces droop and decay. On the other hand, to the busy worker, rest and recreation have a double relish. No holiday is so refreshing as that in which he runs away from his labors, and enjoys himself in quite a different scene. Swiss mountains and Swiss air have then a double charm. The interval is too short to produce the *ennui* that attends permanent separation from active pursuits. Few things live in the memory more vividly than the first month in Switzerland in the heart of a too busy life.

Too much to do, besides its direct effect on the busy worker, exposes him to certain inconveniences apt to escape the notice of others. One of these is the effect produced on his memory. One who leads a rushing life, who has to hurry from one thing to another, and from one person to another without a moment's interval, can not have a vivid remembrance of many things that happen in his experience. He is necessarily liable to forget, in a way that another can not understand. Many a busy physician has found himself at times in serious trouble from this cause. He has made a promise to a patient, but, before the promise had hardened in his memory, some exciting case has hurried him away, obliterated the impression, and the promise has been forgotten. Authors' memories have been known from a similar cause to play them strange tricks. We know an author who was engaged in writing a book amid many other absorbing occupations. For some weeks the book had to be laid aside. When leisure came, he resumed it, as he thought, at the point where he had broken it off, and got through a considerable chapter, when, to his mingled amazement and amusement, he found in his drawer another manuscript, almost precisely similar, the existence of which he had quite forgotten. So strange and incredible are these tricks of memory that sometimes the most honest of men, if examined in a court of justice, would hardly be believed. The *non mi ricordo* would hardly be accepted by those who have had little experience of the difficulty of carrying in the memory impressions

which have not had time to photograph themselves on its tablets, or have been blurred by other impressions following too quickly.

If a busy man is guilty of some neglect, leisurely people are apt to fancy an intentional slight where nothing of the kind was dreamed of. In the case of such a man, there is a twofold reason for applying the rule which Elizabeth Barrett, in one of her letters to Mr. Horne, thus gracefully acknowledged: "In one letter was something about neglect; you told me never to fancy a silence into a neglect. Was I likely to do it? Was there any room for even fancy to try? That would be still more surprising than the fact of your making room for a thought of me in the multitude of your occupations."

In the "Life of Charlotte Brontë," if we remember rightly, it is told how once, at the beginning of her literary life, she took it into her head that an eminent publisher was dissatisfied, because he did not at once acknowledge and answer a letter accompanying a manuscript. At Haworth it was not easy to understand the ways of Cornhill or Paternoster Row. We can fancy the grim smile on the face of the publisher, overwhelmed in all likelihood with letters, manuscripts, proofs, books, bills, and business of every sort, at the gentle impatience of the lady. Most publishers, and editors too, have doubtless had rather amusing experiences of the innocent impatience of correspondents. Letters to the editor often run as if the poor man had nothing whatever to do from morn to dewy eve but attend to their papers. He may be struggling, like a dray-horse in an overloaded wagon, to overtake the piles of crabbed handwriting in prose and verse that burden his table, ranging from essays in Chinese metaphysics to lines on a snow-drop, and possibly, in regard to a given paper, thinking of inserting it in the course of the season, when down comes a thundering epistle demanding why it did not appear in the last number. Well, the impatience of correspondents is not always innocent. Some have a spiteful pleasure in stinging the editor for "rejecting" what the unhappy man never asked. If he had only time, he might explain things, and perhaps pacify them; but perhaps not. Editors, we suppose, must submit to be counted tyrants, and probably fools to boot, by a large proportion of the ill-fated volunteers to whose surpassing merits they are so often inveterately blind.

More amusing are the strange fancies that some persons have as to what overworked men may be asked to do for them. In the very thick of the American war, there came to President Lincoln an Illinois farmer, in a great state of excitement about a pair of horses that one of Lincoln's generals had requisitioned for the war.

The owner was, of course, entitled to compensation, but somehow it had not come. Going to the President, he told him his story, and was rather chagrined to be told that it did not lie with him to pay the money. "Then," says the farmer, "will you undertake to write to the General, and see that the matter is settled properly?" Poor Lincoln, who never wanted a story to help him in an emergency, was ready for his visitor. "When I was a rail-splitter," he said, "there lived near us a smart young fellow, the captain of a Mississippi boat, who could steer a vessel over the rapids with wonderful skill, as hardly any one else could. One day, when he was grasping the wheel with his utmost strength, at the most critical point of the rapids, a little boy came running up to him in great excitement and said, 'Cap'n, stop your ship, my apple has fallen overboard!'" In the "Life of Sir James Simpson" there are some curious notices of the extraordinary things that patients in the country would sometimes ask him to do. Once a gentleman wrote to him asking him to send him a copy of the prescription which he had given him some years before, when the doctor could hardly recall the man, much less the prescription. Others would ask him to go to Duncan and Flockhart's, and get them some particular medicine. A very busy clergyman of our acquaintance, when over head and ears with many things, once got a letter from a stranger in the United States, explaining that more than a century ago some one of the name of G—— owned a property near Edinburgh which was believed to have been destined by will in a particular way, so that the relatives in America thought they had some claim to it. He was requested to inquire into the matter, find out about the will, communicate with the present owners of the property, and put everything in train for a just settlement of the claim. It would have been reasonable for the writer to inclose a bill for five hundred dollars, but that, unfortunately, he omitted to do.

Unreasonable though it be to plague overworked men in this way, it is very interesting to find such men volunteering, in the midst of a hundred other things, to do some useful service to the friendless or the poor. Nothing could have been kinder, for example, than the act of Sir Walter Scott, writing out sermons for a young aspirant to the Scottish ministry, whose state of nerves made him unable to grapple with the task, and satisfy his presbytery. Similar, though in a quite different sphere, was the kindness shown by Vinet, at Lausanne, to a peasant-woman who invaded his solitude one Sunday morning. Overcome by toil and illness, Vinet had been obliged to forbid the visits of strangers, and his family were guarding him with all possible care. The

woman was an intelligent, God-fearing peasant, who had never succeeded in getting rest for her spirit; but, having fallen in with one of Vinet's books, she was persuaded that, if she could only see him, he would be able to give her the needed guidance. With much difficulty, she got admission to his room. We can fancy the anxious relatives enjoining her to detain him as short a time as possible. But Vinet, when he heard her story, was profoundly interested, and spent the whole day with her, up to the hour of the last stage-coach. The account which the woman gave to her own pastor, on returning home, was interesting. "Well," said the pastor, "have you been able to see him?" "Yes," she replied, "and at last I have found one who has humbled me." "Humbled you! M. Vinet is not the man to humble any one." "Yes, humbled me, and humbled me profoundly. In contact with his humility and goodness, I felt all my pride give way." Then she told how thoroughly he comprehended her case, how patiently he spent the whole day with her, and all in such a homely way that she felt as if he was her brother. A few days after, Vinet sent her a book newly published, as if she had been one of his chosen friends.

The anxiety of busy men to make up for any little want of attention to persons whom they ought to have known illustrates the same spirit of Christian chivalry. In the correspondence of Dr. Chalmers there is a characteristic letter to the daughter of the late Sir David Brewster, in the following terms:

"19 YORK PLACE, May 28, 1845.

"MY DEAR MISS BREWSTER: I can imagine nothing more monstrous than the stupidity into which I fear I must have fallen, if it was really you who sat near the moderator's chair this evening, and on whom I speculated in my own mind for hours as one I ought to have known. It is far the most mortifying instance, though many such have occurred, of my utter want of the organ of individuality; but I never could have fancied it possible that it ever could have happened in the case of one in whom (forgive me for saying it) I feel so much interest. It would comfort me effectually if you would have the goodness to let me know where and when it is that I may have the pleasure of waiting upon you. Ever believe me, my dear madam, yours most affectionately and truly,

"THOMAS CHALMERS."

Of all the instructive instances of busy lives we have, that of our Lord is far the most remarkable. It is only when we pay minute attention to the notices of his labors that we can understand what a crowded life he led. Galilee

alone, through the whole of which he made several circuits, embraced, according to Josephus, two hundred and four towns and villages; and, besides Galilee, we read of his visiting the remote north, at Cæsarea Philippi, the remote northwest, in the coasts of Tyre and Sidon; we know of his passing through Samaria, of his being on the east of Jordan, and of his being often in and near Jerusalem. Throughout every part of this wide district, he not only preached, taught, and healed, but he had numberless collisions with opponents; he lived under a constant apprehension of attack; he carried on the training of the apostles, and in their slowness of heart, forgetfulness, want of faith, and personal strifes, he encountered a serious addition to his burdens, although it would be harsh to suppose that on the whole their company did not cheer and refresh him. The strain on the bodily energies in a life involving so much physical movement and labor must have been very great; the strain on the nervous system where there was so much excitement, and where such vital interests were at stake, must have been even greater. And yet he appears to have gone through all his labor with marvelous calmness and self-possession. From the narrative of his life, nothing is more remote than the air of bustle or hurry; it has, indeed, quite a wonderful aspect as of Oriental calm and leisure. Owing to his systematic way of working, he was always beforehand, always ready. His discourses have a marvelously finished air, as if they had been all matured before they were spoken. His very answers to casual objectors were marvelously clean-cut and finished. He never found himself in a situation in which he was disconcerted, or at a loss how to act. And, in his mind, one thing was never allowed to jostle another, however full it might be of projects, or however burdened with responsibility. The last scenes of his life exemplify this orderliness and business-like composure of mind in a wonderful way. And what we have already adverted to as so chivalrous in busy men, when turning aside to care for others—

"The mind at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize,"

was singularly beautiful in him. The farewell discourse, the intercessory prayer, the healing of Malchus, the look turned on Peter, the word to the daughters of Jerusalem, the prayer for his murderers, the promise to the thief, the commending of his mother to the beloved disciple—what wonderful consideration for others did all these imply, in the midst of his own great agony? How well he knew how to conquer the snares of overwork, and turn everything to the highest ends of life! How wonderfully the divine shines

through the human, without overlaying it in that unexampled career!

We have glanced at some of the phenomena of that busy mode of life which seems to be more common in this age than in most that have gone

before. It has its drawbacks and its dangers, but is not without compensations, and even blessings.

W. G. BLAIKIE (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

WE were told, a few days ago, that an old project had recently been revived at Constantinople, and that the Porte, despairing of raising money in any ordinary way, had offered to sell Palestine to the Jewish Alliance, of course for cash down, and to allow the restoration of the Jews as a people to their own land. The country would be declared a principality, with a Jewish prince or president, guaranteed against interference so long as a fixed tribute was regularly paid. We did not, and do not, believe the story, which would be most unacceptable to the religious party among Mohammedans, and probably owes its origin to the hopefulness of some students of prophecy among ourselves; but it is constantly revived, and most Englishmen seem unaware of the immense difficulties in the way of any such project. The Jews, it is said, are very rich; they have more than enough people for so small a country; and they would, of course, be most delighted to recover their nationality, and recommence in a revived temple the antique ritual of their worship. Why should they not buy Palestine? We rather doubt, we may remark, *en passant*, whether the Jews, as a people, are exceptionally rich; whether their six millions, as compared with any other small nation of six millions or less—say, even the Irish or the Belgians—are not exceptionally poor. They own no country, to begin with, and the fee-simple of a country is worth many millions a year. Take that away from the English rich, and what proportion of wealth would remain? Half? Then, though the Western Jews are well off and in many families of quite exceptional wealth, the Jewish millions in Poland, Hungary, Russia, and Southeastern Europe are very poor, own in purely agricultural countries scarcely any land, and are not allowed to exercise their remarkable gifts for the smaller commerce, for shopkeeping, and for money-dealing, with anything like sufficient freedom. There is hunger in Jewish Poland very often. The average income of the Jews of the world must be very small, and their savings wholly incommensurate with the popular notion in England and France of their abounding wealth. We may, however, let that pass. The richer Jews

could, we doubt not, capitalize any revenue the Porte receives from Palestine, and guarantee a yearly backsheesh besides, but it may be strongly doubted whether they would be willing to do anything of the kind. Their leaders are the Jews of the West, and the Jews of the West are not very enthusiastic about anything but their own social claims, and perhaps art, and would, we believe, agree that the possession of their own country would be a great burden to them. They would at once become Judeans as well as Jews—that is, would be aliens in every other country in the world, an immense loss to them, politically and socially. At present, though still singularly separate in many of their feelings and ideas, they are regarded as citizens by the country in which they happen to be born, and can and do rise high in all departments of life; but with a separate nationality they would be regarded as foreigners, and would in no long time be treated as such. There is little prejudice in England and France against foreigners, Germans rising in the one country and Italians in the other. But it would be difficult in England for a foreigner to enter the government, as Sir G. Jessel might now do; or to become a minister in France, as M. Crémieux or M. Fould did; or to lead a great party in the state, as Herr Lasker has done for many years in Germany. The Jews would not be trusted as they are now, and their professions of patriotism, quite true in many countries, more especially in France and Germany, instead of being reckoned in their favor, would be accounted slightly discreditable, as indicating want of proper feeling toward their own land, with its unique history. People do not admire the Greeks very much, but a Greek who hated Greece would be detestable. The Jews even now feel the annoyance of their separateness, and always make it their first claim in any country to be treated as citizens of that country, even submitting to the conscription and accepting commissions without any obvious, or it may be any real, reluctance. To lose this position would be a serious loss, especially in Eastern Europe, for it might involve the loss of civil status altogether. The position of the race in Eastern Europe, broadly stated, is

this: that while the peoples are decidedly disposed to persecute the Jews, and the governments are more or less unfriendly, both are reluctant, owing to the intellectual influence of the West, to seem to persecute on religious grounds. They prefer to say that the Jews would absorb all national wealth. They could, however, and would, disable the Jews from sitting in the national assemblies, from holding many offices, and from entering some employments, on the ground that they were foreigners; and the West, which still keeps up the exclusion of foreigners in theory, though in practice, no doubt, the principle is waived, could not even seriously remonstrate. No country, it would be said, could be expected to allow a third of its representation, or of its military commissions, or of its magistracy, or even of its public-houses, to be occupied by foreigners, belonging to a state which possibly might be at war with them, or actively hostile to their policy. No doubt the anti-Jewish feeling might die away, but it also might not, and it is exceedingly probable that it would not. There are signs abroad which suggest that the Jews are by no means altogether safe. In America, society has quite recently displayed a sort of loathing for them. Eastern Europe bitterly represents their adhesion to the Mussulman, or rather the Asiatic, cause, and is inclined to rank them rather with the oppressors who are falling, than with the liberated classes who are rising into power. Their success in commerce creates jealousy, and their habit in the East of acting on certain occasions as corporations arouses both dislike and dread, which, in some places, such as Salonica, are not entirely unreasonable. To become aliens—citizens of a state quite separate, yet not European, and not strong enough to extort redress by fleets and armies—would decidedly not improve their position in the world.

But they would depart for their own land? We do not know why they should. They seem to like every country they enter, very rarely abandoning it, except under compulsion, and they are apparently independent of climate. It is probable that during the ages which the race has passed in Ghettos, Jewries, Jew quarters, and the obscure parts of cities and villages, certain liabilities to disease have been eliminated from the Jews, only the exceptionally strong families surviving chronic malaria. It is said they do not die of cholera, and, though that is an illusion, they do live under circumstances in which healthy Yorkshire laborers would die like flies. At all events, they are more independent of climate than any other people, and can live and flourish in the villages on the great Russian plain, which Scotchmen find cold; and in the marshes of Bengal, which many Asiatics pronounce unendurable

from the heat. In the most wind-swept provinces of Russia there are Jews by thousands apparently quite acclimatized, while Jewish families of Calcutta have resided there—that is, under extreme conditions of heat—for a hundred years, and remain not only among the healthiest of the community, but exceptionally fair, far more fair than the Jews of Western Europe, who have grown darker and more sallow in the narrow and squalid quarters to which persecution confined them.

They would have little motive in going to Judea, where there are no cities, no business, and no attraction of climate for them; and, even if a strong religious or historic impulse drew them there, they would find endless difficulties. We suppose a government could be organized, though it is remarkable that the nation has no great family in its midst universally accepted as its representative house; and no aristocracy except the reputed descendants of the active section of the Levites. The two great houses of the Jews, in the political sense, the house of David and the Asmoneans, have perished utterly, the last Prince of the Captivity, who was by universal tradition Hebrew, and we think by evidence of the royal line, dying at Cadiz in the sixteenth century, and persecution to a great extent wore down all distinctions of grade, though Jewish families once great in Spain do, we believe, exist. Still a government could be formed, but the difficulty would be a people. Judea is a country which might be prosperous, beautiful, and fertile, if it were "improved" for half a century—that is, if the hills were replanted, if the water supply were renewed, and if the soil were resolutely cultivated and manured; but that is not work to which the modern Jews are adapted. They must number in out-of-the-way places many tillers of the soil, but they are not voluntarily peasants anywhere. We do not know that their writers have ever explained this remarkable change in the habits of a purely agricultural people, but they acknowledge and lament it; and we suppose the truth to be this, that, having no special aptitude for agriculture, and having a special aptitude for other occupations, they have by degrees come to dislike and abandon the one which, whatever we may say of its attractions, has in every country and every age fallen to the least intellectual and ambitious of the community. It is most honorable to plow, but all are more comfortable than the plowman. Be that as it may, the Jews would find the greatest difficulty in becoming a nation of cultivators, and would, we conceive, employ other hands, possibly under some system of semi-slavery, under which there would, in Palestine, be only room for a very small portion of their numbers, not so many, probably, as there are

Greeks in the present Greece. Even they would find maintenance very difficult, and the development of independent political strength nearly impossible. They might obtain Arab help, and gradually extend themselves, but in the existing circumstances of the world a Jewish kingdom or republic on the southeastern shore of the Mediterranean, with the desert behind it, and no carrying trade—for that trade will go by sea, if the Duke of Sutherland builds railways from now till A. D. 2000—would be a rather feeble and pov-

erty-stricken affair, not half so attractive to the community as the great cities which the Northern barbarians, who were savages when the Macabees were encouraging learning, have built up in the West. We fear the Jews of England will prefer London, even in this weather, to the delicious sky of Syria; and that it will not be given to this age, which has seen so many nations rise and fall, to witness the restoration of the Jews to Palestine, and the renewal of the daily sacrifice on Mount Moriah.

London Spectator.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A DANGEROUS CLASS IN AUTHORITY.

IT is unnecessary to say that in every community there ought to be on the part of the people a great respect for law and authority; but then law and authority should also entertain a proper respect for the people. While it is incumbent upon us all to uphold order, it is equally incumbent upon us to uphold the safeguards that protect the liberties of the citizen. We are equally in danger from the excesses of dangerous classes on the one hand and from usurpations of authority on the other; and hence, while right-minded people give support to all necessary regulations and restraints, they should take care that the authority which enforces these regulations and restraints does so within legal limits. In the light of these axioms let us look at an event that occurred in New York recently.

On Saturday evening, January 17th, a number of policemen made a sudden descent, or "raid," as it is called, upon a dance-house in Bleecker Street. All the occupants of the house—proprietor, attendants, dancers, spectators—numbering some three hundred persons, were marched off to various station-houses and locked up for the night. The next morning they were brought before a police-magistrate and most of them fined. It does not appear from the accounts that anything was going on in the dance-house of a turbulent or legally objectionable character. The house had been opened that evening just as it had been for many evenings successively before, and people had flocked in for the kind of amusement given there. The questions, therefore, that promptly arise are: Upon what ground was this place amenable to law on that particular evening more than upon any other? Upon what warrant or authority was this descent planned and the wholesale arrests made? Was this dance-house legally or illegally open to the public? If it was an illegal place of entertainment, the plain duty of the police would have been to have ordered it closed long before this

particular evening, and to have quietly seen that their injunctions were respected. The whole question was between the proprietor and the police, and the law provides means for adequately and rightly dealing with it. To have permitted a place of illegal amusement to remain open a day after its real nature had been discovered was, of course, a gross dereliction of duty on the part of the police. If, however, it was legally open, what right, then, had the police to make a "raid" upon it? Did it by any process shift from legal to illegal ground on that particular night? No such affirmation is made. It is true the house had been complained of as disorderly. As a disorderly house it was certainly amenable to law—that is, on competent testimony a warrant should have been issued, the proprietor arrested, and upon sufficient evidence of the truth of the allegation his license canceled—for it seems that this illegal place had been legally licensed—and, if otherwise amenable to the law, he should have been prosecuted, tried in the court organized for jurisdiction over such offenses, and if found guilty punished according to the statute. Or, in case of a disturbance in the place, it would have been proper for the police to have forced an entrance and arrested all persons found breaking the peace. The means for legal remedy in the case were ample, straightforward, and as plain as day; but the police thought fit to adopt a method that was a greater violation of the law than anything alleged against the proprietor or the inmates. The whole transaction was a high-handed piece of despotism of a kind that should never be tolerated in any self-respecting community. In this wholesale capture every arrest was distinctly illegal, although it is very likely that under a legitimate process some persons could have been held. But the majority were nothing more than idle spectators, allured into a public place by bright lights and the promise of amusement, and some no doubt were ignorant of its reputation. It is doubtless very bad taste to visit a place of this character, but if exhibitions of bad taste are contrary to law some of our churches as well as

dance-houses will have to be closed. Some of the inmates of the Bleeker Street house were very likely no better than they should be—but it is not yet a principle of law that a roomful of people may be arrested and incarcerated because there is a pickpocket among them. As for the persons who fell victims to misused authority on that January night, the worst thing we know of them is their littleness of spirit. They did not seem to know their rights as citizens, but slunk away after paying their fines as if they had been really guilty of some offense.

The submission of the men arrested was deplorable, but the indifference of the general public was worse. Had this dance-house been a reputable place, there would no doubt have been a great explosion of wrath on the part of the people; but, as the principle is the same whether a dance-house or a fashionable club falls a victim to despotism, a lofty public sentiment would make no discrimination between them. We fear, indeed, that, while the public would exhibit indignation in one case, they are disposed to look upon the other as simply a good joke. Their feeling in the matter is wholly personal and social. It is possible, also, that petty acts of despotism on the part of the police do not seem of much importance to many persons. An act of usurpation on the part of the Federal or a State government would doubtless arouse all their spirit, especially if the act had been committed by their political opponents; but police affairs they consider undignified and insignificant, and affecting none but inferior people. And yet the police stand in very intimate relations to us all; and, although to be always living under the likelihood of arbitrary arrest and imprisonment for purely fictitious offenses would not be as serious a form of despotism as that which many communities have endured, it would be intensely galling, and should not be submitted to for a day. But there is a lack, we are sorry to say, of that high-spirited intelligence which resents the first encroachment of authority under whatever guise it may come. The cause of this, we suspect, lies in the fact that our people have always been too secure in their liberties to look with alarm upon the small beginnings of despotism. The English people, on the other hand, have wrested their liberties and privileges from unwilling hands after centuries of struggle; nearly every privilege they possess or liberty they enjoy has been won after resistance and by blood. We have had one fierce struggle for political independence; but even then our personal liberties were scarcely at stake, and since then they have seemed so founded on the rocks that, while we give an intellectual assent to the axioms and sentiments that warn us to guard these privileges well, we yet do not feel intensely and deeply in the matter. We are not watchful, jealous of encroachment, quick to insist that while the law must be obeyed the administrators of the law shall be bound by the law. Let us say that if this spirit does not rouse itself, we in the great cities, who have organized formidable means for restraining the dangerous classes, will find that

we have built up a power that may become as dangerous as the evil it has overcome.

MEDICAL PRACTICE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

It is told of the late Dr. Magendie, the eminent physiologist, that, in closing a series of his lectures at the College of France, he addressed the students of the medical school in the following terms: "Gentlemen, you have learned from my disquisitions, if they have been of any benefit to you, that there is no such thing as a science of medicine, and that the practice of medicine—empirical at the best—must be based upon observation and experiments, many of which are as likely to injure as to help. No doubt, when you go out into the world and begin to practice for yourselves, you will find the recovery of patients apparently consequent upon your efforts; but let me tell you what the agencies really are that cooperate in the cure of disease: nature does much; careful nursing does much; doctors devilish little."

This can hardly have been regarded as encouraging by the young men who were about to enter upon their career as professors of the healing art; but even so scanty a measure of merit can scarcely be conceded to the medical practice of a century or two ago. In the memoirs of Mrs. Delany (reviewed on another page) there are many curious details of life and society in England during the eighteenth century, but none so startling and suggestive as those which reveal the methods and remedies then adopted in the treatment of disease. If these revelations are to be believed—and they are evidently entirely trustworthy—then it must be admitted that the physician should properly have been numbered among the perils of life at that unhappy period with plague, pestilence, and famine.

Mrs. Delany was a member of an ancient and opulent family, and among such families the troubles of an infant began with its birth, for it was the custom of the time not only for mothers not to nurse their own offspring, but to subject them to something which bore a close resemblance to what in our day is called "baby-farming." We read repeatedly of babies being delivered over to farmers' wives for nursing and "bringing up," and it appears from certain items in Mrs. Delany's narrative that even those who had the reputation of being remarkably good mothers would know hardly anything of their own children until the period of infancy was past. The kind of treatment which such infants received, even when placed under the most favorable conditions, may be inferred from a casual sentence in a letter from Mrs. Granville, mother of Mrs. Delany, which conveys the cheering news that her little grandchild (an infant not yet weaned) was "getting better of its sickness," in proof of which it had just eaten for dinner some "buttered turnips"!

That frequent illnesses should result from such a regimen might naturally be inferred, and, as a matter of fact, children seldom make their appearance in

Mrs. Delany's correspondence except to have some record made of their sicknesses or death. The "ague" seems to have been considered an inevitable ailment of childhood, precisely as whooping-cough and the measles are now; and no child of the period appears to have failed of its duty in this regard, though how either patient or disease survived the treatment to which it was subjected must always remain a mystery and a marvel. "Bark" was administered in quantities sufficient to have tanned the interior of their little stomachs, and when bark failed these two "infallible receipts" were recommended: "1. Pounded ginger, made into a paste with brandy, spread on sheep's leather, and a plaster of it laid over the navel. 2. A spider put into a goose-quill, well sealed and secured, and hung about the child's neck as low as the pit of the stomach."

Such children as were perverse enough to survive the ague and the bark sometimes had worms, but there was another "infallible receipt" for the cure of these, and it was confided (in italics) by Mrs. Delany to her sister, whose little boy was so troubled: "*A pound of quicksilver boiled in a gallon of water till half the water is consumed away; to be constantly drunk at his meals or whenever he is dry.*" To be effective, it is added, this remedy "must be continued constantly for a year." Nearly as inviting, and doubtless equally efficacious, was the remedy for coughs: "Does Mary cough in the night? Two or three snails boiled in her barley-water or tea-water, or whatever she drinks, might be of service to her: taken in time, they have done wonderful cures. She must know nothing of it—they give no manner of taste. It would be best nobody should know it but yourself, and I should imagine six or eight boiled in a quart of water strained off and put into a bottle would be a good way, adding a spoonful or two of that to every liquid she takes. They must be fresh done every two or three days, otherwise they grow too thick."

It may seem incredible that any children should have survived both the diseases and the remedies; nevertheless, we have testimony to the fact that some actually did, and those who were unlucky enough to do so were speedily introduced to the small-pox. This, like the ague, appears to have been numbered among the inevitable visitations of Providence, and, so far from any attempt being made to escape the infection, particular pains were taken when one member of a family was stricken down to give the rest an opportunity to enjoy the same distinction. Even in such a family as the Duke of Portland's, where, presumably, the best medical advice would be had, no attempt seems to have been made to keep the sick from the well; and, the eldest son being absent at college when his sisters were taken sick, he was allowed to come home and take his chances with the rest—the result in his case being an especially malignant attack of the disease.

People at all familiar with earlier medical practice are aware of the frightful amount of bloodshed to which sick and feeble folk were subjected. The correspondence of Mrs. Delany in this particular is as

sanguinary at times as the gazette of a battle. There can be little doubt that the lancet was once a far deadlier weapon than the sword. People were bled before a fever, during a fever, and after a fever; they were bled as soon as the symptoms of disease presented themselves, and they were bled to help forward convalescence; sick or well, some pretext was found for bleeding them, and, whenever a doctor could think of nothing else to do, he bared his lancet and began to feel around for a vein. Sweet Anne Granville, the sister of Mrs. Delany—a pale, frail, delicate creature, who evidently stood in need of the most nourishing possible diet—was literally (as it is easy to see now) bled into a premature grave; and Lord Tichborne, a boy of seventeen, eldest son of the Duke of Portland, being sick with the small-pox, had *fifty-six ounces* of blood taken from him within *forty-eight hours*!

Some of the passages in Mrs. Delany's letters are really too monstrous and sickening to quote; and, in view of all we have cited, well may the editor of the correspondence say that "the constant agues which children suffered from in the last century and the incessant course of drugs which they imbibed inwardly and outwardly give cause for wonder that anybody survived to be bled when they were grown up, or that, having thus survived, any one ever arrived at old age!"

MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

THE large public of readers who are now enjoying the perusal of Madame de Rémusat's revelations of social and court life, under the Consulate and the First Empire, would doubtless be glad to know something of the rather remarkable woman who wrote these piquant and entertaining memoirs. Madame de Rémusat may be said to have been almost entirely unknown in this country previous to the publication of this work, and yet we find her included in the "Portraits of Celebrated Women," which Sainte-Beuve, the French essayist and critic, gave to the world years ago. From this sketch we learn that Madame de Rémusat had made essays in literature which attracted the attention of some of her contemporaries, but which are probably little known now. "She had written early with facility and grace," says Sainte-Beuve (we make our extracts from the translation of H. W. Preston, published by Roberts Brothers); "short essays of hers have been discovered, composed at the age of fifteen or sixteen, as well as novelettes and attempted translations of some of the odes of Horace. Every night for years she committed to paper a graphic narrative of the day's events. All her life she wrote many and long letters, the greater part of which have been preserved and may yet be collected." She wrote two romances: the first, entitled "Charles and Claire; or the Flute," was published in 1814, of which Sainte-Beuve says the plot was "graceful and peculiar"; the second, under the title of "The Spanish Letter; or the Minister," was begun in 1805, but not completed until 1820. Another work, published by her

son after her death, consisted of letters on Female Education. "I shall not examine in detail," remarks Sainte-Beuve, "a book which any reader will appreciate. The whole aim and spirit of the work are moral, earnest, graceful. We feel the presence in it of a peculiar inspiration, a kind of secret muse. One must be a mother to yearn thus tenderly over coming generations; and when she drew her ideal wife she was thinking of her son."

Madame de Rémusat was Claire Elisabeth Gravier de Vergennes, and was born in Paris in the year 1780. She was grand-niece to that minister of Louis XVI. who bore the same name. Her father, at the time of the breaking out of the Revolution, held at Paris an important post, amounting to a kind of general directorship. He took part in the administration of the Commune in 1789, but was soon set aside, and perished on the scaffold in 1794. Soon after, in her seventeenth year, Mademoiselle de Vergennes was married to M. de Rémusat, a former magistrate of the Supreme Court. "In this bridegroom of double her own age," says Sainte-Beuve, "she found an accomplished guide and friend; and with him, her mother, and her sister, she continued for some years after her marriage to live a life of retirement, quiet enjoyment, and intellectual culture." Madame de Rémusat's mother had long been acquainted with Madame Beauharnais, and their acquaintance continued after the latter became Madame Bonaparte. When the First Consul had firmly established the new government, Madame de Vergennes applied for a position for her son-in-law, and Madame Bonaparte then conceived the idea of taking Madame de Rémusat for one of her ladies in waiting, making M. de Rémusat Prefect of the Palace. The readers of the "Memoirs" know the rest. Madame de Rémusat was then twenty-two years of age, and Sainte-Beuve describes her as follows:

Her classic face was animated most of all by the expression of her very beautiful black eyes. The rest of her features, though not striking at first, rather gained upon inspection, and her whole person seemed to improve the longer you regarded it. . . . I should have too much to say, and I should say too little, were I to follow Madame de Rémusat through that court-life into which she found herself thrust at twenty-two, after her sober and solitary youth. Gifted with prudence and maturity beyond her years, her upright soul avoided danger, and her vigorous mind gathered instruction from what she saw. . . . Madame de Rémusat was one of those who talked most with the Consul during these first years. To what did she owe this privilege? She herself has accounted for the fact in a half-bantering tone. She brought a frank simplicity and easy habits of conversation into that world of etiquette and watchwords, the greater number of whose denizens were at first both ignorant and timid. She admired Bonaparte, and had not yet learned to fear him. To the abrupt questions and rapid monologues with which he addressed them, the other women generally replied by monosyllables only, while she sometimes had a thought, and ventured to express it. At first this caused something very like scandal, and awakened extreme jealousy; and she was obliged to purchase forgiveness by silence on the morrow. But she could do better even than respond, when, as often hap-

pened, Bonaparte inadvertently thought aloud. She could hear, comprehend, and follow him. He was very quick to detect this sort of intelligence, and had an unbounded admiration for it, especially in a woman. . . . Different causes and circumstances soon checked the early communicativeness, and put a stop to the conversations of the hero with the woman of intelligence—first, her own realization of the uncertainty of her position, then the increasing stringency of imperial etiquette. Madame de Rémusat's was undoubtedly too free and active a mind for her to hear politics discussed without subsequent reflections. This the Emperor perceived, and it made him suspicious. She was attached by affection as well as position to the Empress Josephine, and she felt it to be her duty to follow the fortunes of the latter. M. de Rémusat continued near the Emperor, fulfilling the functions of his office with more of precision and conscientiousness than of ardor. After the divorce there was a marked and definite withdrawal of patronage, and their close connection with M. de Talleyrand during the last years of the Empire caused the shadow of his disgrace to fall upon them.

Sainte-Beuve published this essay in 1858, and Madame de Rémusat had even then long lain in the grave. She died in 1821, nearly sixty years before her descendants have thought fit to give her remarkable reminiscences to the world. The "Memoirs" must have been known in part at least to Sainte-Beuve, for he declared that he had not the right to appropriate them, and he describes the circumstances of her destruction of the first manuscript as follows: "In 1815, during the hundred days, some peculiar circumstances, which she doubtless exaggerated, excited her alarm on the score of these papers, teeming as they were with items and with names. Veracity is almost always terrible. She sallied forth to place them in the keeping of a friend, but, failing to find her, she returned in haste, and threw them into the fire. Before an hour had elapsed, she regretted what she had done. It was not until the publication of Madame de Staël's work on the French Revolution that she felt the courage to undertake once more the collection of her reminiscences. In default of the first incomparable narrative, those will be partially indemnified who shall one day read the second."

THE SPELLING REFORM.

AN article in the last "Princeton Review," by Professor Francis A. March, entitled "Spelling Reform," is noteworthy not so much because of its arguments as for the reason that it is printed in part in conformity with the theory it upholds. Alphabet is spelled *alfabet*; are is *ar*, have is *hav*, learn is *lern*, philosophy is *filosofy*, and so on. The arguments continually advanced by the spelling reformers are that many letters in English words are silent, and should therefore be excised; that it is possible in many instances to advantageously substitute one letter for another; that our system of spelling, which is now so conflicting, ought to be more uniform. There is no denying these assertions: there are silent let-

ters; there are instances where a word would be spelled nearer to the sound by the change of a letter; and there is irregularity in our system of orthography. But the extent of these evils is greatly exaggerated by spelling reformers; and certainly we should only add confusion to confusion if every writer may at his pleasure set up a system of spelling, and every printer print books according to his notion of a reformed orthography. Already there are differences in spelling between English and American books, and even between Boston and New York books, that are vexatious to scholarly readers, and doubtless perplexing to others; and one can but wonder what sort of spelling reform that is which begins by widening differences and intensifying the existing confusion. Reformers who prematurely force new divergences into common practice simply show that they are very much more enamored of their theories than intent upon rendering practical service in the cause they espouse. To our mind it is very desirable that the English-speaking world should unite upon a uniform method of spelling and pronunciation. Whether there are a few more or less silent letters in use, or whether an occasional word is spelled contrary to established analogies, seems to us unimportant beside the question of uniformity. American spelling is already so distasteful to English readers that they are repelled from our literature; and, if books are now to be printed in the manner of Professor March's article, our authors would be set down by English readers as writers in a barbaric tongue, and their books shut out altogether. And then a very large number of books read here are published in England, while in many instances those published here are printed from stereotype-plates made from the English originals, giving, of course, the English spelling. Inasmuch as readers thus fairly divide their attention between British

and American books, it is almost imperative for a uniform system of spelling to be adopted. Whether men shall spell have *hav*, or philosophy *filosofy*, seems to us very much less urgent than for such co-operation between English and American printers as will render books from either land equally easy to comprehend and equally agreeable to read by English-speaking peoples everywhere. There ought to be prepared an international dictionary under the joint supervision of English and American scholars, having the sanction of the great seats of learning in both countries, which should be accepted as the final standard everywhere. If our spelling reformers would labor to bring this about, they would do the Anglo-Saxon world an immense service. But it is hopeless to expect this so long as people entertain an exaggerated idea of the defects of English spelling. We sometimes hear of the enormous saving to writers and printers the exclusion of silent letters would make, but, according to our estimate, these silent letters are not more than five per centum, which does not strike us as so great a matter. And it will be found that the words which perplex foreigners so greatly constitute but a very small group. The main obstacle to foreigners and pupils is the identity in sound of words that have different meaning, such as *hear*, *here*, *there*, *their*, and for this difficulty phonetic spelling provides no remedy. The notions that the present irregularity in our spelling is a fatal obstruction to learning to spell and that "one of the causes of excessive illiteracy among the English-speaking peoples is the difficulty of the English spelling" seem to us very absurd. In fact, all those people who habitually read and write know how to spell, and those whose habits are unliterary are very apt to be bad spellers; and the spelling reformers will never be able to invent a short road to orthography that will obliterate this distinction.

Books of the Day.

IN those minute details which furnish the raw material of a biographer's work, the existing records of the life of Hawthorne are singularly deficient. All the facts that are known about him might easily be compressed within the limits of a magazine article, and even these facts will be found for the most part curiously impersonal and inconclusive. Partly for this reason, and partly because the industry of Mr. Lathrop had already brought together all accessible details, Mr. James's little book on Hawthorne* has taken the form rather of a critical essay than of a biography. Mr. Lathrop's "Study of Hawthorne" is also chiefly critical,

though Mr. James thinks that its tone "is not the truly critical one"; but the difference between the two essays is, that in Mr. Lathrop's the attention is mainly concentrated upon Hawthorne the man, while in Mr. James's the principal aim is to define the quality and measure the value of Hawthorne the author. In the one case, the writer is an ardent and enthusiastic devotee and hero-worshiper; in the other, he is a cool and impartial analyst and dissector.

The first definite impression that one gets in reading Mr. James's sketch is that of the peculiar attitude of separateness or dissociation which he assumes and maintains toward Hawthorne. The fact that the book was written for an English series explains such items as his always calling "The Marble Faun" by its English title of "Transformation,"

* English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Nathaniel Hawthorne. By Henry James, Jr. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 177.

and his saying that Hawthorne "came to Europe"; but the "foreign" tone, so to call it, is revealed in much more subtle and pervasive touches, and it is difficult to escape the suspicion that an ever-present motive in the author's mind was the fear of appearing "provincial" in English eyes—the word "provincial," by the way, fills a curiously conspicuous place in Mr. James's vocabulary. It may be conceded at once that Mr. James's European culture and cosmopolitan experiences give him a great advantage in defining Hawthorne's position as an artist, and it is hardly to be expected that he should be influenced by the patriotic bias in the same manner as Mr. Lathrop, for example; but there is something more than the mere aloofness of the critic in his work, and, if our senses do not deceive us, his air is slightly patronizing not only toward Hawthorne but toward everything American. No doubt it is essential in criticism that what M. Taine calls the *milieu* of the artist should be recognized and allowed for; but surely—leaving wholly out of consideration the circumstances and conditions under which they were produced, and regarding them as works of art pure and simple—Hawthorne's romances will compare favorably with anything of the kind produced in England either at the time or since. It is the consciousness of this that causes one to resent the slightly apologetic air with which Mr. James assures his readers that his praise of Hawthorne is to be construed in a "relative" (not to say "Pickwickian") sense. And, furthermore, it is difficult to avoid feeling that this cautious, mincing, grudging criticism is peculiarly out of place when exercised upon one who was the most modest and least exacting of authors; and of whom it can hardly be said that he was ever either over-praised or over-rewarded.

Another fault which results from what seems to us Mr. James's hypercritical method is that his portrait of Hawthorne has the precise defect which he complains of in Hawthorne's fictitious characters: it lacks reality—it does not bring a concrete and living person before us. The analysis is so subtle and exhaustive as to defeat its own object; for there is a mystery in personality which eludes the most resolute interpreter, and the attempt to lay it entirely bare is apt to dissolve it into a mere fortuitous aggregation of qualities.

It must be admitted, however, that criticism of a criticism is apt to degenerate into mere refining upon words; and, having indicated what appear to us to be the more noteworthy faults of Mr. James's otherwise admirable work, we can please our readers better by reproducing a few passages which shall serve to convey an idea of its merits. Here is one from the very beginning of the essay which defines very happily the limitations under which a biographer of Hawthorne must necessarily labor:

Hawthorne's career was probably as tranquil and uneventful as one as ever fell to the lot of a man of letters; it was almost strikingly deficient in incident, in what may be called the dramatic quality. Few men of equal genius and of equal eminence can have led, on the

whole, a simpler life. His six volumes of Note-Books illustrate this simplicity; they are a sort of monument to an unagitated fortune. Hawthorne's career had no vicissitudes or variations; it was passed, for the most part, in a small and homogeneous society, in a provincial, rural community; it had few perceptible points of contact with what is called the world, with public events, with the manners of his time, even with the life of his neighbors. Its literary incidents are not numerous. He produced, in quantity, but little. His works consist of four novels and the fragment of another, five volumes of short tales, a collection of sketches, and a couple of story-books for children. And yet some account of the man and the writer is well worth giving. Whatever may have been Hawthorne's private lot, he has the importance of being the most beautiful and most eminent representative of a literature. The importance of the literature may be questioned, but, at any rate, in the field of letters, Hawthorne is the most valuable example of the American genius. That genius has not, as a whole, been literary; but Hawthorne was in his limited scale a master of expression. He is the writer to whom his countrymen most confidently point when they wish to make a claim to have enriched the mother-tongue, and, judging from present appearances, he will long occupy this honorable position.

This is a cordial recognition of Hawthorne's pre-eminent position in our national literature, and there is a finely true and discriminating insight in Mr. James's suggestion that there was for Hawthorne in this very eminence something cheerless and dreary:

He was so modest and delicate a genius that we may fancy him appealing from the lonely honor of a representative attitude—perceiving a painful incongruity between his imponderable literary baggage and the large conditions of American life. Hawthorne, on the one side, is so subtle and slender and unpretending, and the American world, on the other, is so vast and various and substantial, that it might seem to the author of "The Scarlet Letter" and the "Mosses from an Old Manse," that we render him a poor service in contrasting his proportions with those of a great civilization. But our author must accept the awkward as well as the graceful side of his fame; for he has the advantage of pointing a valuable moral. This moral is, that the flower of an art blooms only where the soil is deep, that it takes a great deal of history to produce a little literature, that it needs a complex social machinery to set a writer in motion. American civilization has hitherto had other things to do than to produce flowers, and before giving birth to writers it has wisely occupied itself with providing something for them to write about.

As the biographical portions of Mr. James's work are confessedly drawn solely from Mr. Lathrop's "Study" and from the published Note-Books, the reader will search it in vain for any novel discoveries or revelations; but Mr. James's estimates of Hawthorne's character and writings are always fresh and individual, and therefore interesting. We have seen no better analysis of Hawthorne's more prominent characteristics than is contained in the following passage:

He was not expansive; he was not addicted to experiments and adventures of intercourse; he was not personally, in a word, what is called sociable. The general impression of this silence-loving and shade-seeking

side of his character is doubtless exaggerated, and, in so far as it points to him as a somber and sinister figure, is almost ludicrously at fault. He was silent, diffident, more inclined to hesitate—to watch, and wait, and meditate—than to produce himself, and fonder, on almost any occasion, of being absent than of being present. This quality betrays itself in all his writings. There is in all of them something cold, and light, and thin—something belonging to the imagination alone—which indicates a man but little disposed to multiply his relations, his points of contact, with society. If we read the six volumes of *Note-Books* with an eye to the evidence of this unsocial side of his life, we find it in sufficient abundance. But we find at the same time that there was nothing unamiable or invidious in his shyness, and, above all, that there was nothing preponderantly gloomy. The qualities to which the *Note-Books* most testify are, on the whole, his serenity and amenity of mind. They reveal those characteristics, indeed, in an almost phenomenal degree. The serenity, the simplicity, seem in certain portions almost childlike; of brilliant gayety, of high spirits, there is little; but the placidity and evenness of temper, the cheerful and contented view of the things he notes, never belie themselves. I know not what else he may have written in this copious record, and what passages of gloom and melancholy may have been suppressed; but, as his *Diaries* stand, they offer in a remarkable degree the reflection of a mind whose development was not in the direction of sadness.

Apropos of this latter remark, Mr. James refutes the too commonly received idea that Hawthorne was "a dusky and malarious genius," and takes a French critic (M. Emile Montégut) to task for calling him "Un Romancier Pessimiste":

As I have already intimated, his *Note-Books* are full of this simple and almost childlike serenity. That dusky preoccupation with the misery of human life and the wickedness of the human heart, which such a critic as M. Emile Montégut talks about, is totally absent from them; and if we may suppose a person to have read these *Diaries* before looking into the tales, we may be sure that such a reader would be greatly surprised to hear the author described as a disappointed, disdainful genius. "This marked love of cases of conscience," says M. Montégut; "this taciturn, scornful cast of mind; this habit of seeing sin everywhere, and hell always gaping open; this dusky gaze bent always upon a damned world, and a nature draped in mourning; these lonely conversations of the imagination with the conscience; this pitiless analysis resulting from a perpetual examination of one's self, and from the tortures of a heart closed before men and open before God—all these elements of the Puritan character have passed into Mr. Hawthorne, or, to speak more justly, have filtered into him, through a long succession of generations." This is a very pretty and very vivid account of Hawthorne, superficially considered; and it is just such a view of the case as would commend itself most easily and most naturally to a hasty critic. It is all true indeed, with a difference: Hawthorne was all that M. Montégut says, *minus* the conviction. The old Puritan moral sense, the consciousness of sin and hell, of the fearful nature of our responsibilities and the savage character of our Taskmaster—these things had been lodged in the mind of a man of fancy, whose fancy had straightway begun to take liberties and play tricks with them—to judge them (Heaven forgive him!) from the poetic and æsthetic point of view, the point of view of entertainment and irony. This absence of conviction marks the difference; but the difference is great.

Next to his delineation of Hawthorne's personality, the reader will probably be most interested in Mr. James's estimates of Hawthorne's writings; but these are detailed and elaborate, and we must content ourselves with mentioning his conclusions. "The *Scarlet Letter*," then, he regards as Hawthorne's masterpiece, and thinks that "it will continue to be, for other generations than ours, his most substantial title to fame." "The House of the Seven Gables," he says, "is a rich, delightful, imaginative work, larger and more various than its companions, and full of all sorts of deep intentions, of interwoven threads of suggestion. But it is not so rounded and complete as 'The *Scarlet Letter*'; it has always seemed to me more like the prologue to a great novel than a great novel itself." Of "The Blithedale Romance" he says that, in spite of "a certain want of substance and cohesion in the latter portions, . . . the book is a delightful and beautiful one"; and he had previously observed that it is "the lightest, the brightest, the liveliest of this company of unhumorous fictions." Of "The Marble Faun" he says: "It has a great deal of beauty, of interest, and grace; but it has, to my sense, a slighter value than its companions, and I am far from regarding it as the masterpiece of the author, a position to which we sometimes hear it assigned. The subject is admirable, and so are many of the details; but the whole thing is less simple and complete than either of the three tales of American life, and Hawthorne forfeited a precious advantage in ceasing to tread his native soil." And, finally, summing up the personal and literary qualities of Hawthorne in a single paragraph, he writes:

He was a beautiful, natural, and original genius, and his life had been singularly exempt from worldly preoccupations and vulgar efforts. It had been as pure, as simple, as unsophisticated as his work. He had lived primarily in his domestic affections, which were of the tenderest kind; and then—without eagerness, without pretension, but with a great deal of quiet devotion—in his charming art. His work will remain; it is too original and exquisite to pass away; among the men of imagination he will always have a niche. No one has had just that vision of life, and no one has had a literary form that more successfully expressed his vision. He was not a moralist, and he was not simply a poet. The moralists are weightier, denser, richer, in a sense; the poets are more purely inconclusive and irresponsible. He combined in a singular degree the spontaneity of the imagination with a haunting care for moral problems. Man's conscience was his theme: but he saw it in the light of a creative fancy which added, out of its own substance, an interest, and, I may almost say, an importance.

This is the concluding paragraph of the book, and, if all that the book contains had been as delicately discriminating and appreciative, we should have had nothing to say of it but praise.

AMONG those traveling Englishwomen whose adventures in various parts of the world are one of the most startling phenomena of the times, a high

rank must be assigned to Miss Isabella L. Bird. Her delightful book on the Sandwich Islands described performances and perils such as few ladies would care to encounter; but the collection of letters in which she narrates the incidents of "*A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*"* surpasses in picturesque adventurousness all we can remember that is recorded of the achievements of women. Lady Baker's walk through Africa and Lady Blount's rides with the Bedouins of the Euphrates were sufficiently surprising; but each of these ladies was accompanied by her husband and an escort, while Miss Bird rode and rambled absolutely alone through eight hundred miles of the most dangerous and difficult portion of Western America—crossing almost impassable mountain-ranges on "blind" trails, traversing vast reaches of desolate plain, defying the parching sun and death-bringing snow-storms of the Rocky Mountain climate, and passing unharmed and unafraid amid the worst ruffians and desperadoes of the frontier.

Her adventures began at Truckee, where she had "stopped over" in order to visit Lakes Tahoe and Donner. Leaving the train at midnight, she discovered on reaching the "hotel" that, as the accommodation of the town was inadequate to its population (almost exclusively male), the regular hours of sleep were not observed, the beds being occupied by relays of sleepers throughout the greater part of the twenty-four hours. Taking her chance with the rest, she found the bed and room assigned to her "quite tumbled-looking." "Men's coats and sticks were hanging up, miry boots were littered about, and a rifle was in one corner. There was no window to the outer air, but I slept soundly, being only once awakened by an increase of the same din (from the bar-room) in which I had fallen asleep, varied by three pistol-shots fired in rapid succession."

Next morning, having hired a horse (equipped with a Mexican saddle, she always riding astride in man-fashion), she set out for Lake Tahoe; and here is one of her experiences on the road:

After I had ridden about ten miles the road went up a steep hill in the forest, turned abruptly, and through the blue gloom of the great pines which rose from the ravine in which the river was then hid came glimpses of two mountains, about eleven thousand feet in height, whose bald gray summits were crowned with pure snow. . . . The forest was thick, and had an undergrowth of dwarf spruce and brambles; but, as the horse had become fidgety and "scary" on the track, I turned off in the idea of taking a short cut, and was sitting carelessly, shortening my stirrup, when a great, dark, hairy beast rose, crashing and snorting, out of the jungle just in front of me. I had only a glimpse of him, and thought that my imagination had magnified a wild boar, but it was a bear. The horse snorted and plunged violently, as if he would go down to the river, and then turned, still plunging, up a steep bank, when, finding that I must come off, I threw myself off on the right side, where the ground rose considerably, so that I had not far to fall. I got up covered

with dust, but neither shaken nor bruised. It was truly grotesque and humiliating. The bear ran in one direction, and the horse in another. I hurried after the latter, and twice he stopped until I was close to him, then turned round and cantered away. After walking about a mile in deep dust, I picked up first the saddle-blanket and next my bag, and soon came upon the horse standing facing me, and shaking all over. I thought I should catch him then, but when I went up to him he turned round, threw up his heels several times, rushed off the track, galloped in circles, bucking, kicking, and plunging for some time, and then, throwing up his heels as an act of final defiance, went off at full speed in the direction of Truckee, with the saddle over his shoulders and the great wooden stirrups thumping his sides, while I trudged ignominiously along in the dust, laboriously carrying the bag and saddle-blanket.

I walked for nearly an hour, heated and hungry, when to my joy I saw the ox-team halted across the top of a gorge, and one of the teamsters leading the horse toward me. . . . He brought me some water to wash the dust from my face, and resaddled the horse, but the animal snorted and plunged for some time before he would let me mount, and then sidled along in such a nervous and scared way that the teamster walked for some distance by me to see that I was "all right." He said that the woods in the neighborhood of Tahoe had been full of brown and grizzly bears for some days, but that no one was in any danger from them. I took a long gallop beyond the scene of my tumble to quiet the horse, who was most restless and troublesome.

On the return next day, "in a deep part of the forest, the horse snorted and reared, and I saw a cinnamon-colored bear with two cubs cross the track ahead of me. I tried to keep the horse quiet that the mother might acquit me of any designs upon her lolloping children, but I was glad when the ungainly, long-haired party crossed the river."

This was an appropriate beginning of a tour every stage of which was marked by some equally exciting—often still more exciting—adventure. In spite of the above-described accident, Miss Bird was a remarkably skillful rider, and she tells later of some wonderful feats of cattle-driving in Estes Park, where she spent several weeks. She was among the first to ascend Long's Peak, which she did in the company of "Rocky Mountain Jim," who was the most notorious ruffian and desperado in all the West, but who was always chivalrous, as he said, "to good women." She rode six hundred miles in a single tour, entirely alone, from Estes Park by Denver and Colorado Springs, over the mountains of southern Colorado, and back through South Park—most of the distance over snow-covered trails which the hardest mountaineers hesitated to venture upon. Several times she was lost; more than once she was caught in blinding snow-storms; on two or three occasions her boots and stockings were frozen on her feet, and her feet frozen to the stirrups. It is a truly feminine trait that, amid all these perils—and worse from the lawless men among whom she was necessarily thrown—the only thing that seems to have alarmed her was, when riding through forests, "the fear of being frightened at something which may appear from behind a tree."

* *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*. By Isabella L. Bird. With illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. 296.

It is a creditable and noteworthy fact that, in all these journeys, made under conditions which might well have excited scandal, Miss Bird met with nothing but helpfulness and kindness—rough and unpolished, it is true, but none the less hearty and generous for that reason. She herself says that "womanly dignity and manly respect for women are the salt of society in this wild West"; and certainly the record of her experiences confirms it. The special reason in her peculiar case was perhaps explained by the pioneer who told her to go ahead and never fear, "for what we Westerners admire in women is *pluck*"; and surely in "pluck" Miss Bird was never deficient. Nor, it should be added, was she deficient in that womanly dignity and purity which are recognized and respected by the rudest and most lawless society of the frontier.

The letters of which the book is composed were addressed to the author's sister at home, and are written in the familiar manner of private correspondence, though no doubt the idea of publication was all the time in view. Miss Bird's style is probably a faithful reflex of her character, and is clear, decided, and vigorous, animated without being affectedly vivacious, and picturesque without any attempt at fine writing. All through there is a complete unconsciousness on the part of the author that she is doing anything very remarkable or extraordinary; and yet it would be difficult to imagine more interesting experiences told in a more interesting manner.

THE publication last year of the memoirs of Baroness Bunsen has suggested the republication of the "Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany,"* which was originally issued in England in 1861, but in so expensive and voluminous a form that it can hardly be said to have been published, in the sense of being rendered accessible to the general body of readers. Mrs. Delany (Mary Granville) was of the same illustrious family, three generations removed, as Baroness Bunsen, and long sustained the reputation of being the most elegant and accomplished woman of her time. She was indeed an admirable example of the best and highest type of the *grande dame*; and no less an authority than Edmund Burke said of her, "She is not only the woman of fashion in her own age, she is the highest-bred woman in the world, and the woman of fashion of all ages."

The editor of the American edition of the "Autobiography and Correspondence"—which has been "revised to reasonable limits"—thus enumerates the several features of interest which the volumes present: "The long life of Mrs. Delany comprised nearly a century of English history. Born in 1700, fourteen years before the death of Queen Anne, she lived far into the reign of George III., an interval

comprising the successive coronations and burials of three British sovereigns. Her childhood caught echoes from the victories of the mighty Marlborough, Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet; later, she heard of Dettingen and Fontenoy, Culloden, Preston-Pans; later still, of the Declaration of Independence and the freedom of the American colonies. Her correspondence notes and chronicles in detail the changes, gradual but vast, which in that epoch of change were transforming the quaint England of the Stuarts and the Tudors into the England of our own times, and planting the germs of what we call modern usage, literature, and habits of thought. Original letters, written in the frankness of family intercourse, during the eighteenth century, could hardly fail to be interesting; but those of Mrs. Delany and her correspondents possess the special advantage of being written from the inner circle, and they comment upon the noteworthy personages of the day with all the detail and freshness of familiar acquaintance."

This description is in a measure true, but it conveys an idea of attractiveness and readability on the part of the book which the book itself, we are afraid, will hardly be found to justify. With the utmost willingness to be pleased and entertained, we found the reading of the two stout volumes an undeniably tedious task, and long before the end was reached yielded to the irresistible inclination to "skip." The plain fact is that these memoirs of Mrs. Delany are characterized by precisely the merits and defects which we mentioned as pertaining to the memoirs of Baroness Bunsen. They are interesting and even edifying, for the intimate fidelity with which they portray a singularly fine and noble character; but the canvas is immeasurably too large for the subject, and the portrait itself is blurred and obscured by the vast mass of details. Nor are these details of sufficient intrinsic importance to justify the pains bestowed upon their reproduction. We cheerfully admit that "chops-and-tomato-sauce" revelations are sometimes more significant than any that are likely to be included in set compositions; but very much the larger part of the correspondence contained in these volumes differs in no respect from the hundreds of homely domestic epistles which are to-day exchanged between intimate family connections and friends, and which no one would ever dream of publishing. Even admitting that certain of the details which they contain are interesting as showing the changes which have come over the face of society between Mrs. Delany's time and our own; yet, even so, nothing can be gained by the incessant repetition of minutiae which do not even possess the merit of presenting the same facts in a new or fresh aspect.

Miss Woolsey, the American editor, "begs leave to say" that in her revision she has omitted nothing of real interest or value to the narrative, "the excluded portions being in almost all cases letters of insignificant interest or small bearing on the biography, and foot-notes of a genealogical character, which possess little meaning or attraction to the more distant public for which this work is intended." A

* The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany. Revised from Lady Llanover's Edition, and edited by Sarah Chauncey Woolsey. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo, pp. 465, 499.

more appropriate apology would have been for not having exercised her editorial prerogative more discriminatingly. As they stand now, save for the small circle of family relations for which they were originally designed, the Memoirs are fully four times too long.

WHEN called upon to describe Julian Hawthorne's new novel, "Sebastian Strome,"* the word which rises most naturally to the lips is "power"; it is a work of remarkable power, force, and vigor, both in conception and in execution. While conscious of this, however, from the beginning to the end of the story, the reader will be apt to lay it aside with a feeling of disappointment—with a feeling that the power is misdirected and misapplied. Though a much more finished and artistic production, "Sebastian Strome" has very nearly the same faults as "Garth," Mr. Hawthorne's previous story. Each starts out with the promise of being a really great novel; each seems to secure a commanding outlook upon those infinite horizons of the mind which render the study of man so interesting to other men; and both, it must be confessed, fail signally to fulfill the promise of the beginning. "Garth" failed because the author was unable to fuse and smelt the rich but crude ore which he had heaped together for his use. "Sebastian Strome" fails, not because of any deficiency of artistic power on the author's part, but from a defect that is more radical still—a defect of taste. Mr. Hawthorne probably knew that the story, as planned, must necessarily prove a very painful one; but we doubt very much if he had any conception of the extreme repulsiveness which its latter half would have for the average mind and taste. We doubt this because the lesson and value of the story depend wholly upon our sympathies being retained for the leading characters in their truly tragic situation, and by the constant assumption on the part of the author that such sympathy exists; yet the incidents are so managed that we are gradually brought to distrust and dislike—almost to despise—the whole group of characters, and to lose our faith in the reality of feelings on our sympathy with which the whole effect of the situation depends. The story is deeply, intensely interesting from beginning to end—this is its conspicuous and great merit; but toward the last it is less the interest which comes from enlisted sympathies than the sort of reluctant fascination with which one contemplates the commission of a crime. The regeneration of man through sin is one of those mysterious problems which always have possessed and always will possess the profoundest interest; but the method by which it is to be worked out has seldom been rendered more dubious and forbidding than in "Sebastian Strome."

It should be added that none of these defects, radical as they are, destroy the impression of *power*

which we mentioned at the outset as characterizing the book. If one should read the first half of it and then leave off, his feeling would be that the author had the power to do anything; and, after reading the whole of it, the feeling is that he would have the power to achieve the very highest in novel-writing if his taste and discretion were only equal to his imaginative grasp and vigor, and to his command of language.

In respect of style, and in a certain ease and confidence and grace of manner, "Sebastian Strome" is a marked advance upon any of Mr. Hawthorne's previous works. "Bressant" is still the most pleasing of his stories, and the promise of that remains as yet unfulfilled; but, in spite of all their faults, the later novels have shown a distinct growth in imaginative vigor and in technical mastery of the literary art.

THE little book of poems by William Young, from which the translations from the French of M. Coppée, given on a preceding page of this number, were taken, contains also some original verse of a very pleasing character.* The translated poems, it will have been observed, are mostly of a reflective, serious, and even tragic cast; but, when singing in his own proper voice, Mr. Young's preference seems to be for playful and whimsical poetic conceits, with a gayety and sparkle which bring them almost within the definition of *vers de société*. Here is a little poem which strikes us as very good, and which will serve to illustrate this feature of the volume's contents:

BOTH.

She was the laziest little woman
That ever set a mortal crazy;
'Twas marvelous how my erring spirit
Could be subdued by one so lazy.
To monosyllables addicted,
To use all else exceeding loath,
Asked which of two things she preferred,
She only murmured, "Both!"

It is no paradox to say so:
Her every movement was repose;
As on a summer day the ocean
Slumbers, the while it ebbs and flows.
Yet was there latent fire; her nature
That of the panther, not the sloth.
I asked her once, which she resembled:
She only murmured, "Both!"

Her person—well, 'twas simply perfect,
Matching the graces of her mind;
To perfect face and form she added
A keen perception, taste refined.
But when I challenged her to tell me,
What I knew not myself in troth,
Whether her wit or beauty charmed me,
She only murmured, "Both!"

Provoked at last at never hitting
This lazy little woman's point,

* Sebastian Strome. A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne. (Appletons' Library of American Fiction.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. Pp. 195.

* Gottlob *et cetera*. By William Young. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 16mo. Pp. 128.

I scanned her armor, and discovered
Haply therein one open joint.
In careless tone I asked her, knowing
Her word was binding as an oath,
"Shall love, or friendship, be between us?"
She smiled, and murmured, "Both!"

In the great work of popularizing science, as it is called, perhaps no book has rendered more effective service in times past than Johnston's "Chemistry of Common Life," and a still longer career of usefulness will doubtless be secured to it by the preparation of a new edition, revised and brought down to the present time.* Written at a period when chemical science was almost in its infancy, and before the general public had been prepared for the elaborate expositions which are greedily devoured now, the original work deliberately ignored many important and interesting topics, while the progress of discovery has rendered obsolete much of what it did contain. In spite of these defects, however, it has as yet found no equal among the many books of a similar character which its success called forth, and it steadily maintains its preëminence in the popular scientific literature of the day. For this reason, no changes would be likely to be acceptable which radically altered the character of the work; and it is gratifying to know that, in preparing the new edition for the press, the editor has scrupulously respected Professor Johnston's matter, method, and style. "Only such corrections," he says, "and such omissions have been made as the progress of science demanded, while the additions which I have introduced are confined to subjects congenial to the original plan of the book, and such as will, I hope, prove useful in filling up a few blanks in the sketch." In making his changes and additions, the editor has had the opportunity of consulting Professor Johnston's private and corrected copy of his book, and also of incorporating many fresh details which the Professor had gathered; and there can be no doubt that the result of his revision has greatly enhanced the usefulness of a work which well deserves to be kept up to the most advanced stages of the science which it expounds.

... Another book which is, in a sense, a new edition of a well-known and highly valued scientific treatise, is Dr. Henry Maudsley's "Pathology of Mind";† but in this case the changes introduced are so great that the new edition is practically a new work. The relation which the present work bears to the original upon which it is based is thus explained by Dr. Maudsley in his preface: "The first

edition of the 'Physiology and Pathology of Mind' was published in the year 1867, and the second edition in the year following. A third edition of the first part was published in the year 1876 as a separate treatise on the "Physiology of Mind." In the order of time and development this volume on the 'Pathology of Mind' is therefore a third edition of the second part; but in substance it is a new work, having been recast throughout, largely added to, and almost entirely rewritten." Among the new material added are chapters on "Dreaming" and on "Somnambulism and its Allied States," covering those abnormal mental phenomena which are exhibited in dreams, hypnotism, ecstasy, catalepsy, and like states. The valuable chapters on the "Causation and Prevention of Insanity" are also to a great extent new, while those on the symptoms and treatment of mental disease have been largely expanded and improved. The book has been from its earliest publication a standard and authority in its field; and in its present shape its value has been very greatly increased.

... The repertory of amateur actors will be considerably increased by the collection of "Comedies for Amateur Acting" which Mr. J. Brander Matthews has edited, with a prefatory note, for Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. There are six pieces in the collection, each in one act, and all except one translated or adapted from the French, with such changes as will render them better fitted to please an American audience. The excepted play is an entirely original little comediotta, by Julian Magnus and H. C. Bunner, who have also assisted in translating the other plays. Mr. Matthews's prefatory note is pungent as well as practical, though it is hardly adapted, we should imagine, to increase the enthusiasm for "amateur theatricals."

... The practice, long familiar with us, of writing "campaign biographies" of political leaders on the eve of any great political struggle seems to be gaining a foothold even in conservative England. Several "lives" of Lord Beaconsfield have recently appeared, and now a voluminous record of Mr. Gladstone's services is opportunely placed before the public just at the moment when voters are about to be called upon to decide the respective claims of him and his rival. It is only just to say, however, that Mr. Barnett Smith's "Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone"* is of far higher quality than the average of political biography with us. Save for the constraint which an author must necessarily place upon himself when writing of a living man, the work is adequate and trustworthy as well as useful; and, being based largely upon the speeches and writings of Mr. Gladstone, it has enough of personal flavor to make it interesting. One point worthy of special recognition is that it is written in a praiseworthy spirit of fairness and decorum. Mr. Smith is a Liberal and an admirer of Mr. Gladstone; but he is not so blinded by political bigotry that he can not perceive the ability or good faith of his opponents.

* The Chemistry of Common Life. By the late James F. W. Johnston, M. A., F. R. S. S. A New Edition, revised and brought down to the Present Time. By Arthur Herbert Church, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. Pp. 592.

† The Pathology of Mind. Being the Third Edition of the Second Part of "The Physiology and Pathology of Mind," recast, enlarged, and rewritten. By Henry Maudsley, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 580.

* The Life of the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M. P. By George Barnett Smith. With Portraits. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 516.